Dec. 13, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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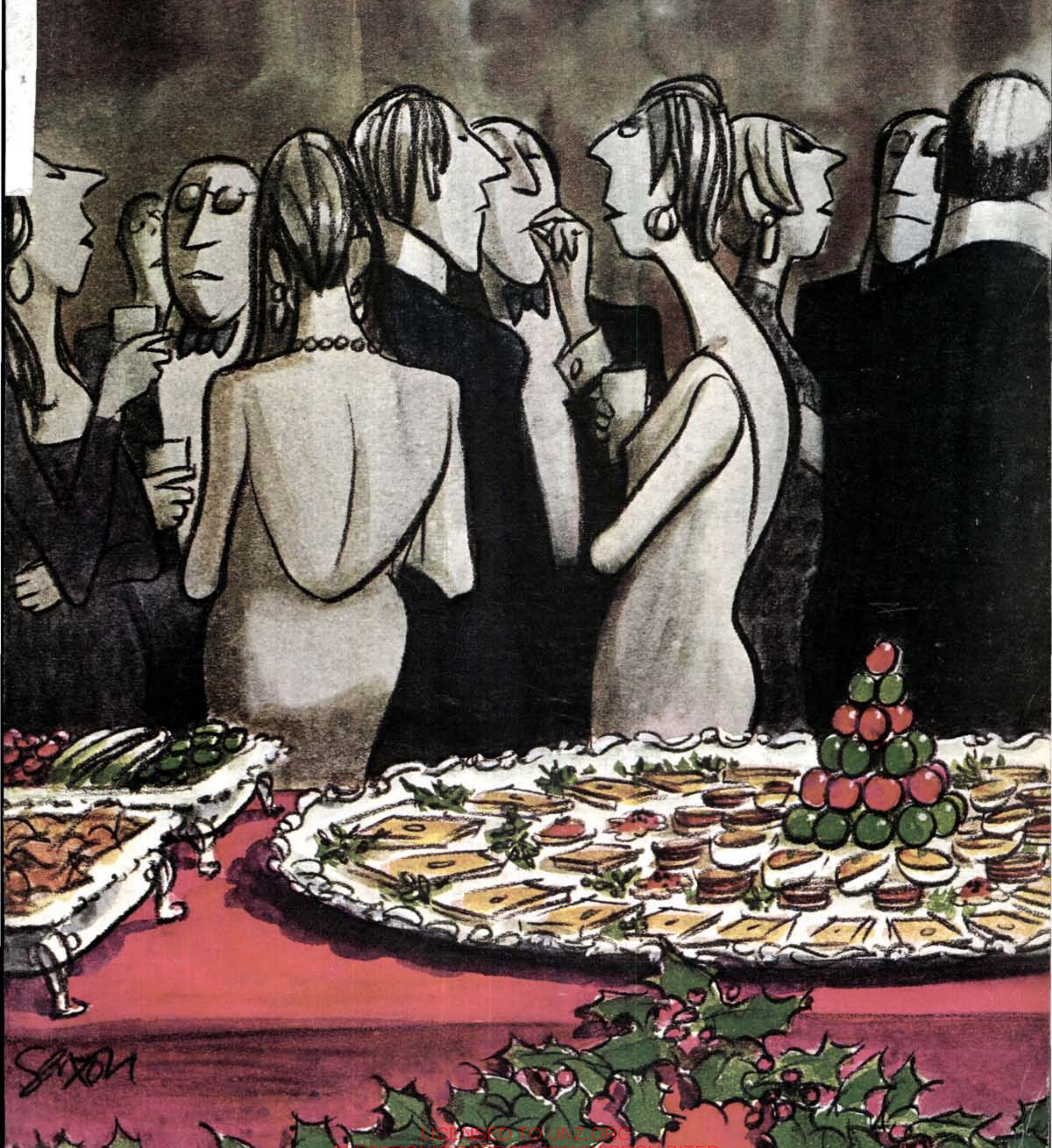

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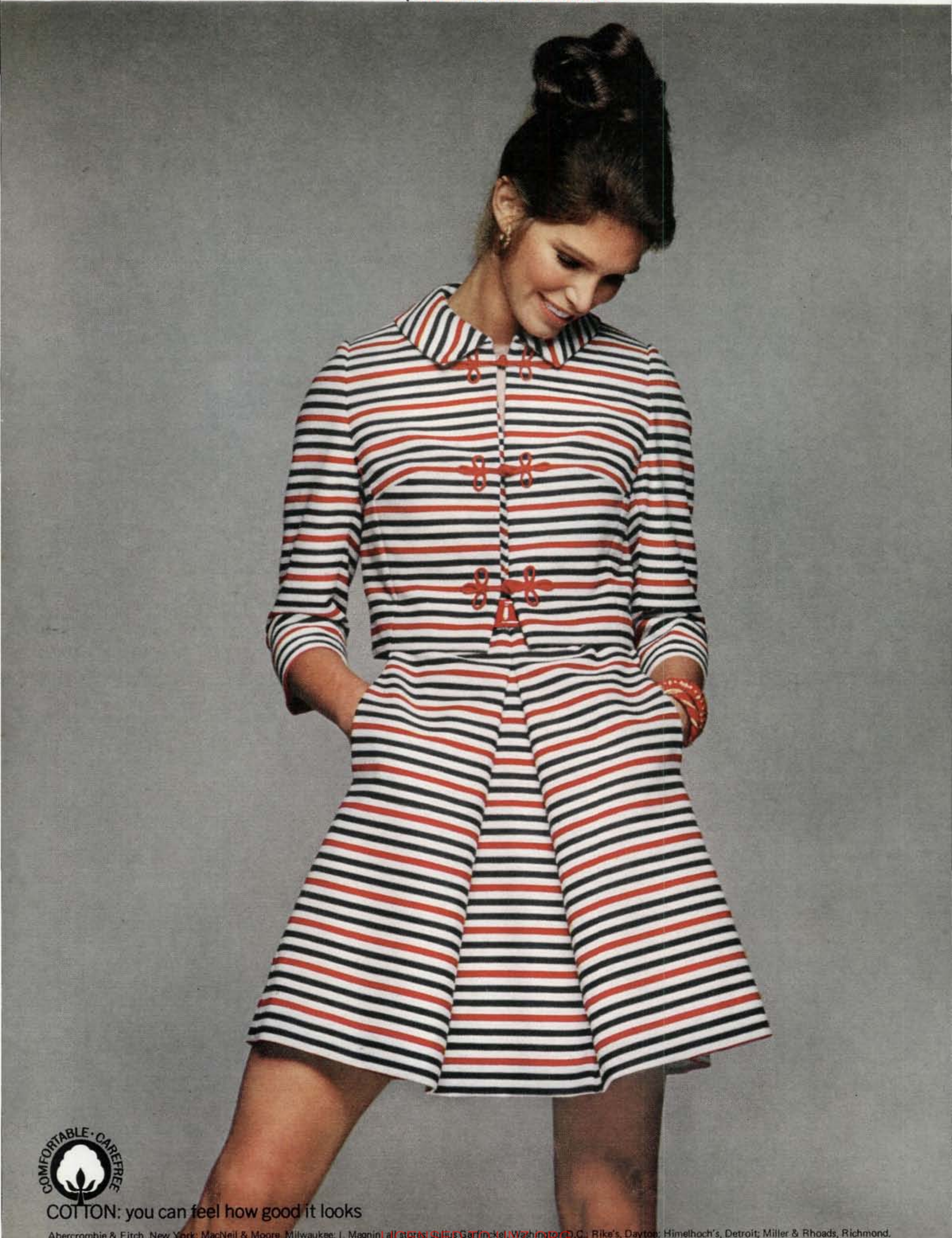

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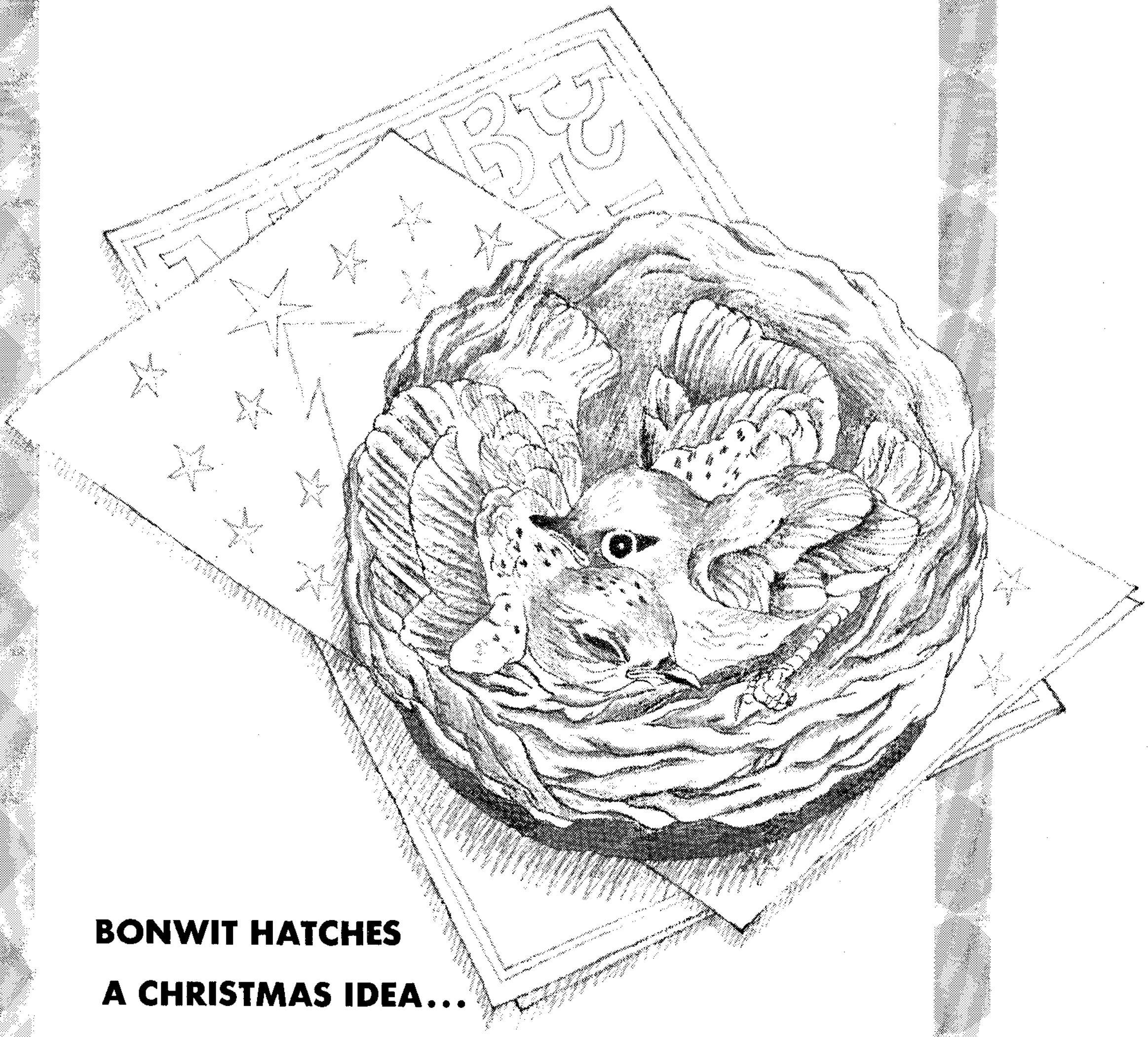

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BONWIT
TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dream of a Blacklisted Actor—Rip Torn, John Strasberg, Janet Ward, and Cathy Burns in a play by Conrad Bromberg. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the third program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 15, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 10, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 31. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Indians—Arthur Kopit uses Buffalo Bill Cody and his Wild West Show as a court in which to indict our ancestors for their brutal mistreatment of the Indian. Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill with splendid verve. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Little Boxes—A pair of one-acters by John Bowen, each of them set in a house in London. The second, and by far the better of the two, is a traditional farce about a young actor who is hired by a couple of lesbians to impersonate both their beaux, for purposes of visiting parents. Tony Tanner is appropriately comical in the role. The first play tells a depressing (though mechanical) tale of leftover vaudevillians. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Makbeth—A strenuous exercise, with moments of ingenuity here and there, that gets very tiresome after a while. Any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

The Moon Dreamers—A play by Julie Bovasso. (Ellen Stewart Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mundy Scheme—Jack Cassidy, Patrick Bedford, Godfrey Quigley, and Dorothy Stickney in Brian Friel's play, imported from Dublin. Donal Donnelly is the director. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 11. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Our Town—Thornton Wilder's dark and sunny examination of small-town life and death has been given an agreeable production by the Plumstead Playhouse. On hand are Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Elizabeth Hartman, Ed Begley, and Harvey Evans. Directed by Donald Driver. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sun-
days, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 an
Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, De
27.)

Passing Through from Exotic Places—Rober
Loggia and Vincent Gardenia in a triple bi
by Ronald Ribman. (Sheridan Square Play
house, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan S
CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays
8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sun
days at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Polish Laboratory Theatre—Five additional per
formances of APOCALYPSIS CUM FIGURIS,
dramatization of quotes from T. S. Elio
Dostoevski, and other sources, directed b
Jerzy Grotowski. (Washington Square Meth
odist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Thursda
through Monday, Dec. 11-15, at 8:30. Th
notice is primarily for the record; tickets ar
virtually nonexistent.)

Private Lives—A very successful revival
Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy abou
four people, three marriages, and a divorc
that refuses to take. With Tammy Grime
and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephe
Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-551
Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinée
Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Willia
Saroyan's romantic comedy, THE TIME OF YOU
LIFE, about low life in San Francisco is thirt
years old and, alas, seems older. Neverthele s
the cast is able and the set a miracle of dust

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DRAWINGS: *F. B. Modell, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, Alan Dunn, Vahan Shirvanian, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, William O'Brian, Donald Reilly, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Eldon Dedini, Robert Day, Henry Martin, Dana Fradon*

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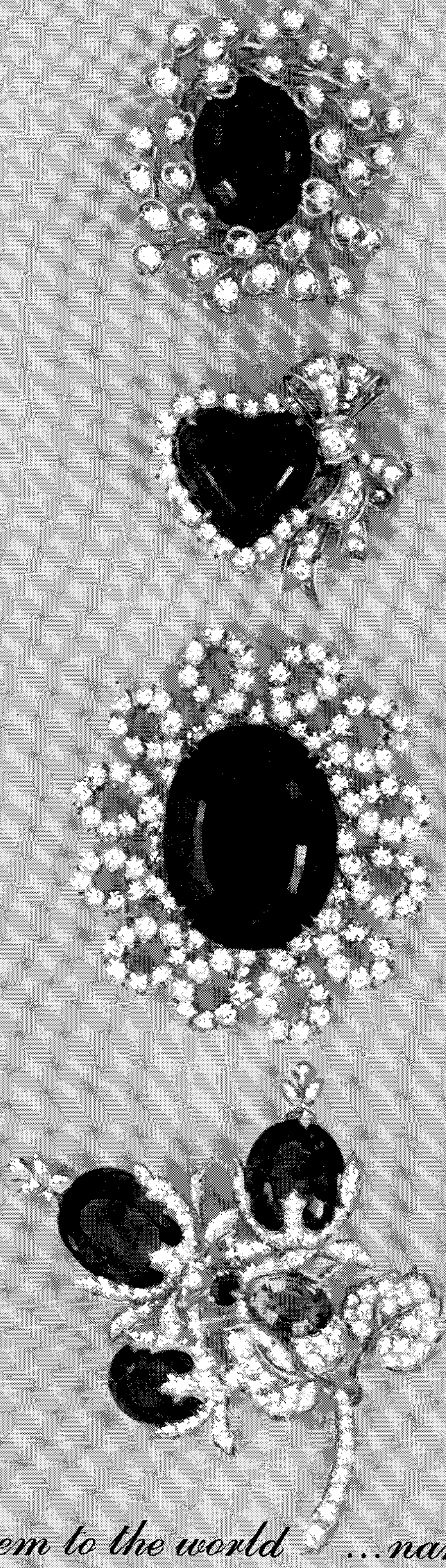

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

aptness, so the evening is far from being a waste. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 20.)... ¶ At the Forum in the same building—Vaclav Havel's **THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY OF CONCENTRATION**, a heavily ironic farce that aims at satire. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 27.)

A Scent of Flowers—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Slave Ship—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-5111. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 20, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

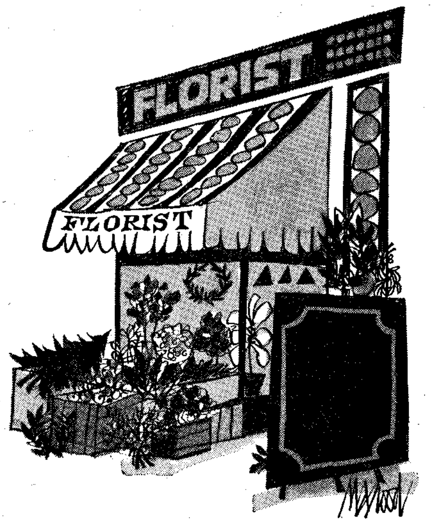
Three Men on a Horse—The John Cecil Holm-George Abbott comedy of thirty-five years ago is still very funny, and the admirable cast includes Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, and Paul Ford. Directed by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Trees Die Standing—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation, available over transistor radio, is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total pleasure. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Friday and Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2, Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Happy Now?—A slapdash but often funny play about the peculiar domestic life of a family in Texas. The setting is a bar. With Teresa Wright and Rue McClanahan. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matineés Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Julie Harris, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** Yaphet Kotto in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen and decorated with girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



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MUSICALS

Coco—Katharine Hepburn in a musical with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and music by André Previn. Directed by Michael Benthall. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 18. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy—A big musical comedy that keeps bumping along the ground, unable to take off. Frank Gorshin impersonates Mayor Walker, and others in the cast are Anita Gillette, as his sweetheart, and Julie Wilson, as his wife. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

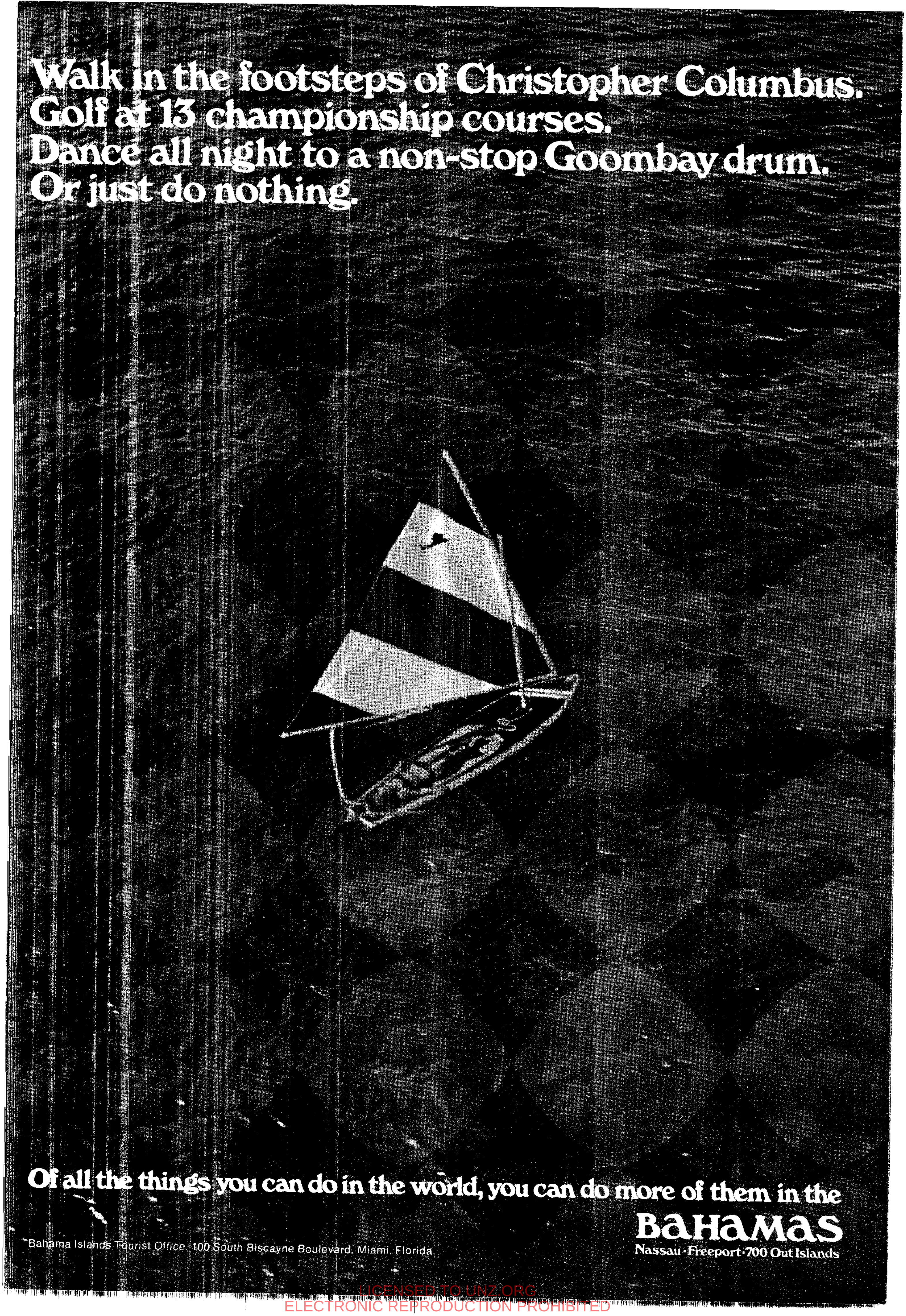
Sambo—A musical with a score by Neal Tate and words by Ron Steward. Opens Friday, Dec. 12, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

La Strada—A musical based on the Fellini film, with music and lyrics by Lionel Bart, book by Charles K. Peck, Jr., and a cast that includes Bernadette Peters, Larry Kert, and Stephen Pearlman. Directed by Alan Schneider. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 14. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 11. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8:15; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 14, at 1:15 and 7:15; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 16-19, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: "Pulcinella Variations," "Brahms Quintet" (première), "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: "Las Hermanas," "Brahms Quintet," "Caprichos," and "Pulcinella Variations."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2: "Coppélia." ...¶ Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: "Brahms Quintet," "Gala Performance," "The Eternal Idol," and "Etudes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, all at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30: "Post Meridian," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Churchyard" (première)...¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: "Piece Period," "Private Domain," and "Public Domain." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN—With his dance company. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Mondays through Fridays between 9 and 4. Tickets also at the door on the day of the performance.)

MISCELLANY

PRINCETON TRIANGLE SHOW—A rock musical, "Call a Spade a Shovel," is this year's undergraduate production. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singer-pianist David Ackles and a rock outfit known as Morgan are onstage. On Wednesday, Dec. 17, folk singer Andy Robinson will replace Mr. Ackles. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

LA BOHÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Nothing Bohemian, and little to shout about, except the music. Beginning at eight-thirty, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and the Teddy Charles orchestra play. Dining and dancing. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Zoot Sims quartet provides the music six nights a week in this easeful spot. On Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is also on the bill. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, George Reed, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

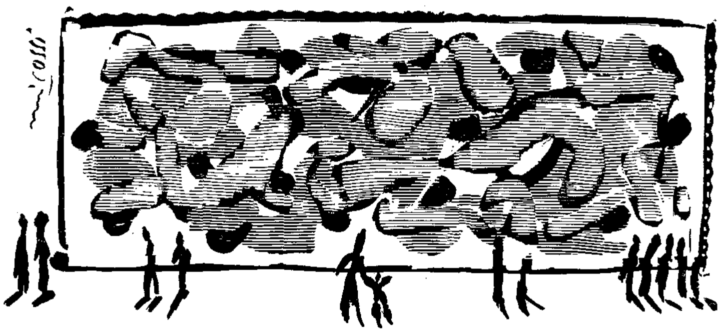
SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. The Lee Morgan quintet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, Dec. 16, the Charles Mingus quintet will arrive. Mondays are devoted to the *bizarreries* of Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra.

TONY PARENTI'S CLUB, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—As it was in the beginning, farther east on the same street—catch-as-catch-can surroundings and basic early jazz. The makers are Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Freddie Moore, and Graham Stewart. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio and Toshiko's piano. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, the Miles Davis quintet can be heard. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, the stage will be turned over to the Tony Williams Lifetime, the Elvin Jones trio, and Rural Free Delivery.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. The McCoy Tyner quartet takes the stand six nights a week, through Sunday, Dec. 14. On Thursday, Dec. 18, the Roland Kirk sextet will move in. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the big sixteen-piece band of Duke Pearson.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Train until Tuesday, Dec. 16, when Moka Chip comes in. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, What Four does some singing and playing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Flow alternate with high-powered records. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The celebrated old conference room—a room for improvement these last few years—*is* improving under the care of Billy Reed, its new and experienced *hôtelier*. The music (George Cort's band) runs from eight-thirty until three. No action on Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): A place to let bygones be bygones, for Ray McKinley's orchestra, looming up out of the past, is doing most of the music. The remainder of the music is just remainders. Six until two, in general, but one to eight on Sundays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick look, and not a discouraging one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The songs of Felicia Sanders indicate that she is all by herself a veritable drama club, but big as that is, she can walk and sing softly, and humorously, too. She enacts her many roles on Mondays at eleven, Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and twelve, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. A rather special threesome, led by Irving Joseph, is part of the party. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and humorist) is Avram Grobard. The music, which is practically perpetual, is also wily Oriental, except when an inappropriately electronic foursome takes the floor. Home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

The Twelve Steps, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—A grass-roots rock musical in an urban setting. (Some of the portrayed characters may inhale grass and are certainly without roots.) It is largely the work of A More Perfect Union, a modest and deserving set of rockers and composers. Wednesday through Saturday every week, at nine and eleven. Both meat and drink are on the tables.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent mixed-triples revue (three boys, three girls), is quite aware of what has gang agley in the world, and more than half the time it expresses its feelings in the matter wisely and even wittily. The cast is largely without guile, but Pam Myers nevertheless shows promises, promises. At nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

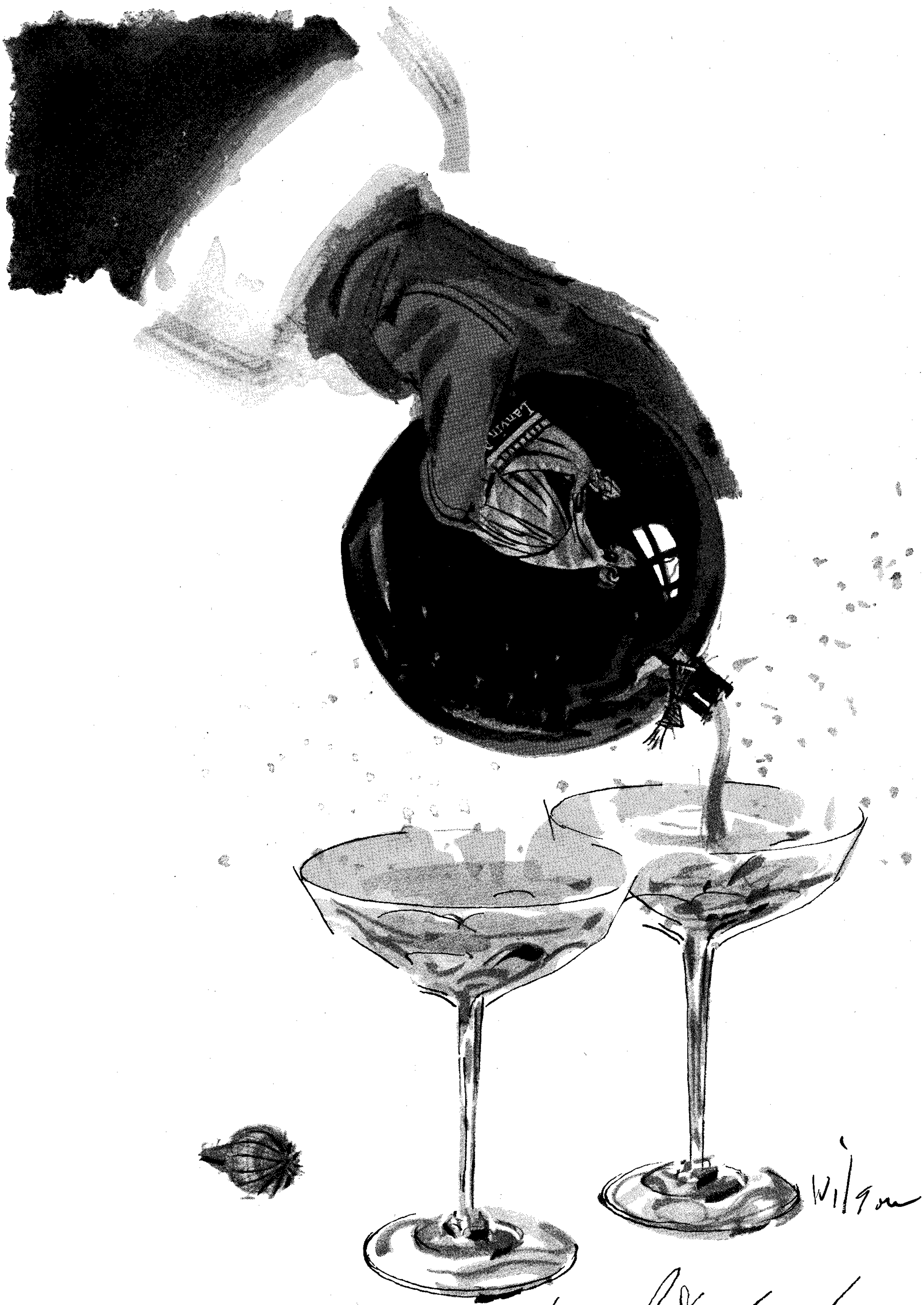
Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are Bavarian, like the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the architecture is beer-hall; the ambience is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Tony Sandler, a knowledgeable and personable import from Europe, passes the dinner and supper hours by bouncing lyrics and banter off a very straight straight man. The artful orchestra assembled by Lee Evans for the rest of the evening is a benefit performance for every listener.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The head coach of Los Chavales de España has given these jolly boys a complete set of new plays, none of them designed for offense. The merrymaking happens during dinner and supper night after night. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on the no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Leo Rivera) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The pastoral pursuits of Bobby Hackett's solid-silver horn turn listeners lightly to thoughts of love; its bolder moments drive his henchmen (Vic Dickenson, John Ulrich, Jimmy Madison, Franklyn Skeete) to doughty deeds. Not much chance of trumping these aces, but Teddy Wilson and trio have a lusty go at it anyway. Six-thirty until two is the schedule. No Sundays, and no dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Rolling adeptly with the punches of the rock band behind her, Barbara McNair sounds great throughout her dinner and supper sets in the Persian Room. She does talk a bit much, but that is woman's right. On Wednesday, Dec. 17, she will be succeeded by Roslyn Kind, an oriole who is half-sister to oriole Barbra Streisand. She sings only for dinner that night; later on, she'll show up twice an evening. In between sets, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

keep on waxing mellow. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Earl Hines clearly enjoys the privilege of playing stride piano (and with seven-league boots on). His quintet is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The current Jupiter on Olympus is Jonah Jones, who can hurl real thunderbolts from his horn when he feels that there is not enough electricity in the air. His quintet hangs around until one. Dance music, by other hands, begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band is shorthand for Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr. Their jazz represents not a murky subconscious but a forthright unself-conscious, and it ranges as far back as the chanteys of the old Tenderloin, as far forward as Burt Bacharach. Further sound comes from Joe Venuti, now nearly four-score years on this earth, but as spry on the fiddle as an infant prodigy. His sidekicks are Jack Lesberg, Lou Stein, and Cliff Leeman. Dancing as well. The hours are seven to one (two on Saturdays). Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Marguerite Piazza, *in absentia* for some years, is paying a brief visit to New York, proving, in the course of it, that she is still a fine figure of a soprano and, as well, a fine soprano. Her collateral reading during her hiatus has brought her abreast of such as McKuen and Brel, who only improve her faultless repertory. She withdraws from the Maisonette, and her dinner and supper activities, on Wednesday, Dec. 17; next evening brings along Thelma Carpenter, another rarely heard singer of whom Manhattanites have fond memories. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band do all the other honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Julie London, a purposeful and even flamboyant girl, ends her vim-and-vigor dinner and supper song recitals in the Empire Room on Saturday, Dec. 13. On Tuesday, Dec. 16, the Four Seasons, led by Frankie Valli, will reopen the premises for their demonstrations of pop-art song. The dance band of Charles Turecamo will be staying on.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Triple plays, and ploys, are an every-night occurrence as Bobby Short uplifts his lyrics and piano to the background of Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's tympany. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur*, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Part of the ground swell is Muriel Roberts, whose muted jazz piano and voice carry on from cocktails until nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. part is Scott Reed, whose voice and milder piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Lynn Richards is in firm command of the piano in the bar. When matching lyrics occur to her, she lays them on, too. Nine until two, but not on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory; a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini with his faithful violin and Herman Arminski with his faithful piano begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's newest concept of Imperial Rome is architecturally Mod on the surface, but the architects in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by Enrico Pianori's Roman voice and guitar, from seven until one every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a musician to whom the Ring means not Bayreuth but Vienna, plays indigenous piano from eight-thirty and lasts until half past one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Jacques Kayal's voice and piano, both of which speak more than one tongue, do it softly and intelligently. Seven to nine, every night but Sunday, and then a reprise (ten to one) among the bottled goods in the ornate Gotham Gate. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an

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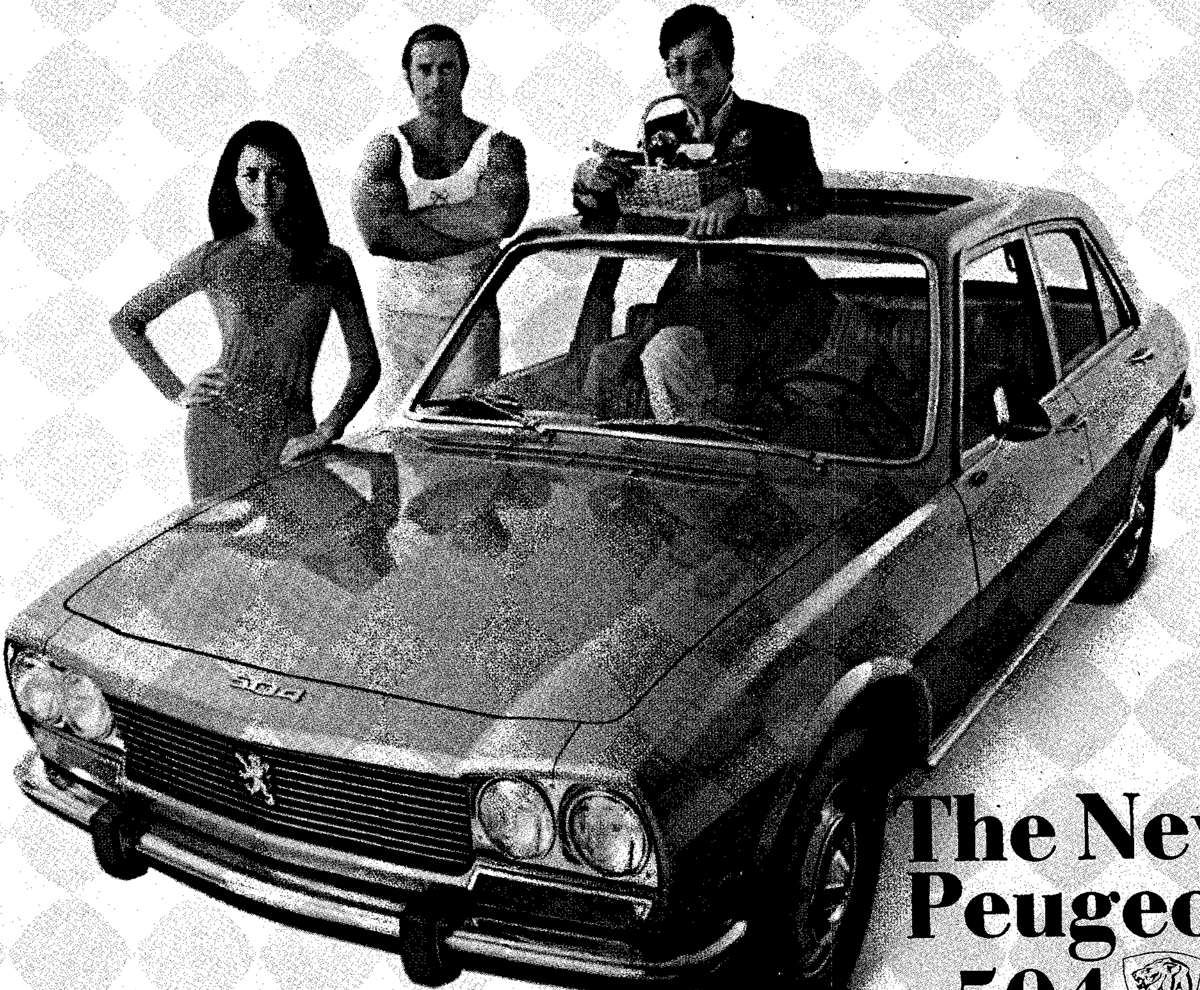

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as the night before Christmas when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, will be exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

GALLERIES

ANNE ARNOLD—Larger-than-life cats, made of canvas stretched on wooden frames; through Thursday, Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ARONSON—Figurative sculptures and reliefs in bronze; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ELMER BISCHOFF—Figure paintings and drawings by this West Coast artist; through Jan. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BLANCH (1896-1968)—Drawings of landscapes and nudes; through Friday, Dec. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

RUDY BURCKHARDT—Paintings by a well-known art photographer; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; open Friday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30.)

MARC CHAGALL—Watercolors, drawings, and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Abstract paintings suggestive of landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM DRAPER—Landscapes; through Dec. 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—A small retrospective of his paintings and sculptures, together with works by artists—Oldenburg, Christo, Tinguely, Yves Klein, and George Cohen—related to or influenced by the French "anti-culturist;" through Jan. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

HENRY GASSER—Watercolors of Italian, Greek, and French subjects by a member of the National Academy; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

DOMENICO GNOLI—Paintings and sculptures of hyper-realistic details of human bodies and clothing; through Dec. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—A hundred and fifty drawings related to important themes in the artist's work; through Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

TONY HARRISON—Large color abstractions; through Dec. 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILL INSLEY—Scale models, drawings, and photographs of terrestrial projects; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

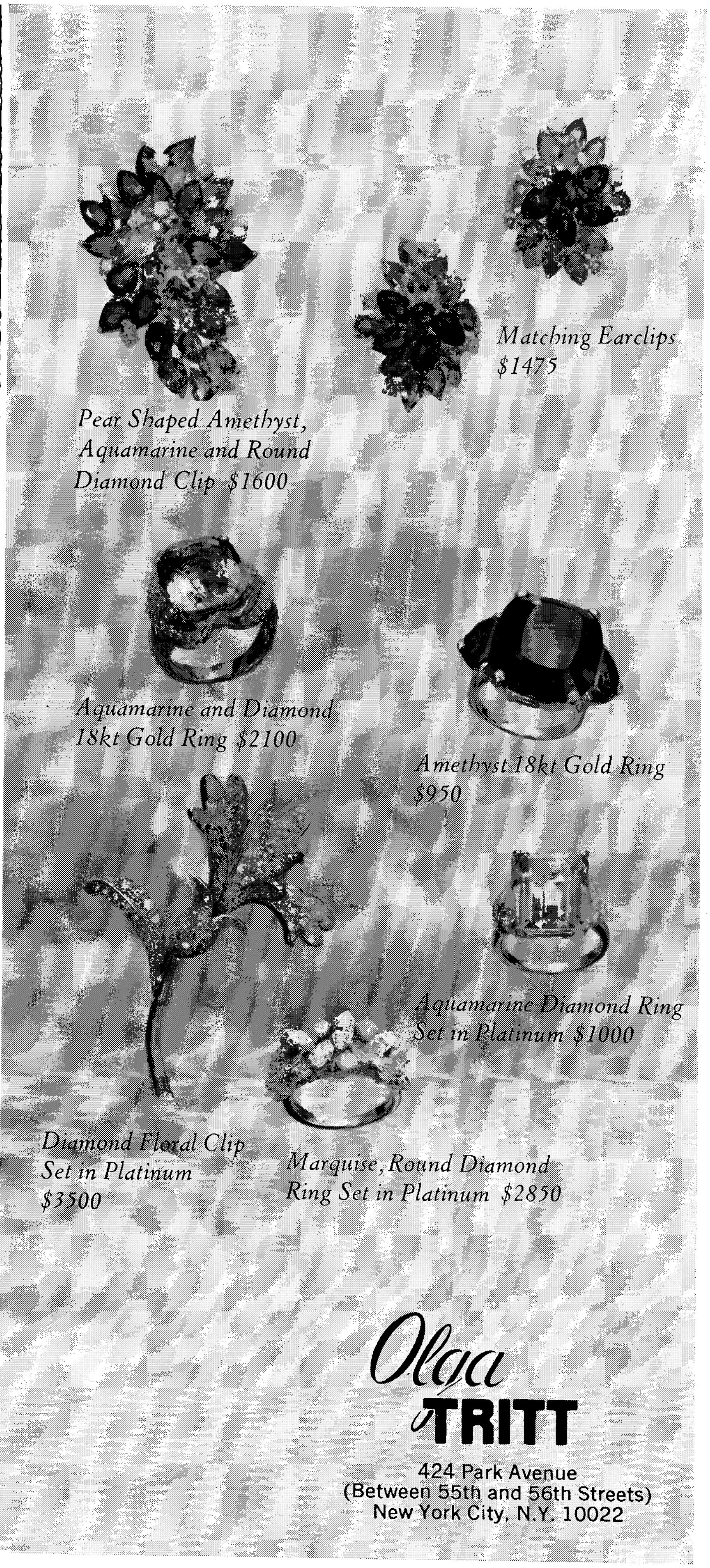
HORST EGON KALINOWSKI—Leather wall sculptures of physiological motifs; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

KEN KAMIHIRA—Landscapes of Spain and figure compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Sculptured canvases of basketball players, based on photographs; through Dec. 31. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ROBERT KULICKE—Paintings of roses in a precise



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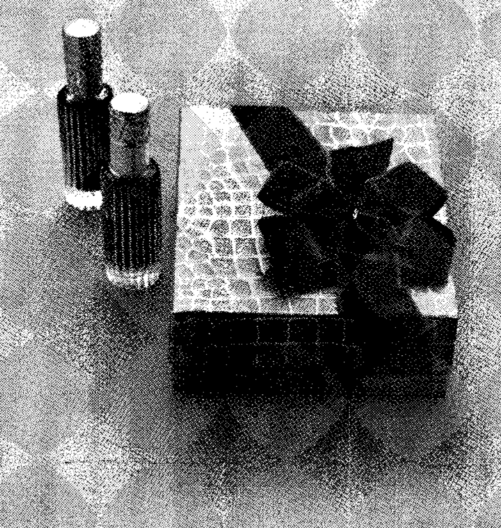

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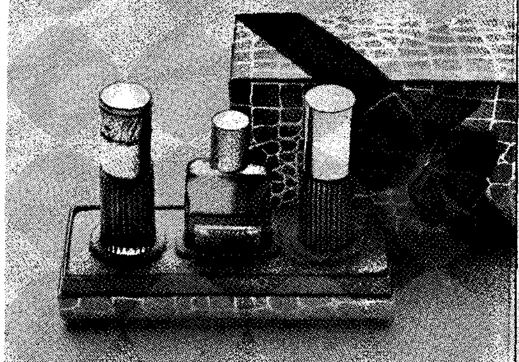

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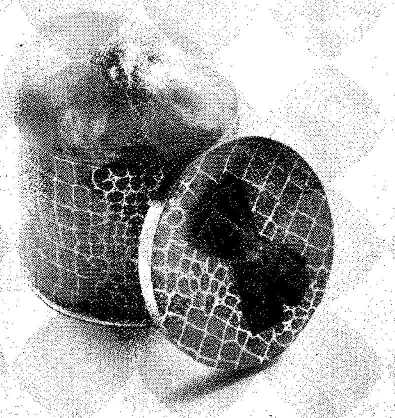

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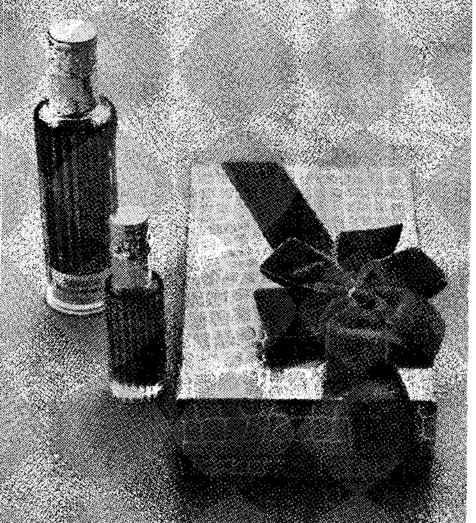

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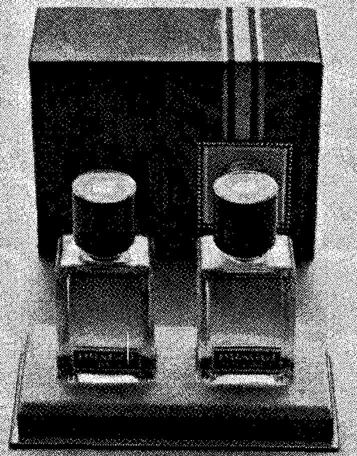

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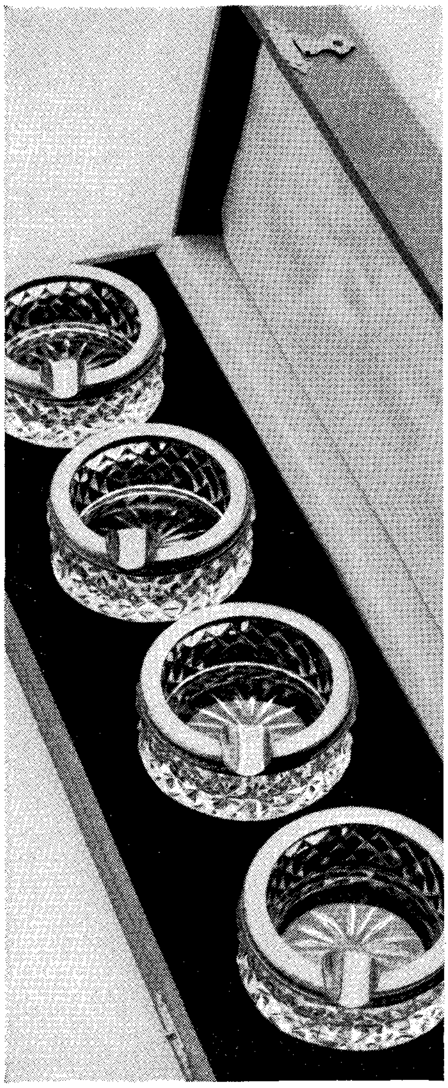

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

style; through Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isadore Levy—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

René Magritte—Eight sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Dec. 27. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings by America's most popular primitive; through Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Black wall sculptures and columns; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Dec. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Romantic portraits and figure sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Ogden Pleissner—Recent oils and watercolors of Europe and Vermont; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Herman Rose—Paintings and drawings by an artist who has long specialized in Bronx rooftops; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors of Abstract fantasies; through Jan. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Serra—Large objects made of lead; starting Tuesday, Dec. 16. (Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Dec. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—Twenty-eight paintings by this artist, who is infrequently shown in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Margaret Stark—Drawings, watercolors, constructions, and assemblages; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Clyfford Still—The first show in twenty years of paintings (done between 1947 and 1966) by this leading Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions in acrylic, making use of the oval form; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Watercolors of New York skyscrapers by an important American modernist; starting Tuesday, Dec. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

John Wesley—Paintings of everyday subjects with a comic-book slant; through Dec. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Three large geometric constructions in transparent colored plastic; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by about twenty-five artists, among them Ernest Briggs, Charles E. Martin, and Sybil Wilson; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: More than fifty paintings, drawings, and sculptures by leading Surrealists; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **CARAVAN**, 132 E. 65th St.: Puerto Rican *santos;* starting Saturday, Dec. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, noon to 6.) ... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and objects by Arman, Man Ray, Marisol, Ossorio, Bearden, and others on the theme of the hat block; through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and objects of pre-Columbian and colonial Peru; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Dada and Surrealist drawings; through Jan. 3.... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works on paper by such artists as Balthus, Brauner, de Kooning, and Klee; through Dec. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and graphics by artists of the first three decades of the century, featuring John Sloan, and with Glackens, Bacon, and Biehl, among others; through Dec. 27.... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Selections from the New York University and Longview Foundation art collections, by (to mention a few) Newman, Brooks, Steinberg, and Vicente; through Thursday, Dec. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and forty-five drawings from the sixties by a hundred prominent American artists; through Jan. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee, and Léger; through Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Art produced by light effects, gas pressures, motions, and sounds; through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Works by new members; through Dec. 30. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by the major twentieth-century sculptor Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; starting Tuesday, Dec. 16.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Martin J. Heade, a nineteenth-century itinerant painter of landscapes, portraits, and tropical birds and flowers; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-one works (by, for instance, Raymond Saunders, Sidney Goodman, Lowell Nesbitt, Hans Moller, and Stefano Cusumano) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 23.... ¶ Sculptures and graphics by Institute members; through Dec. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays

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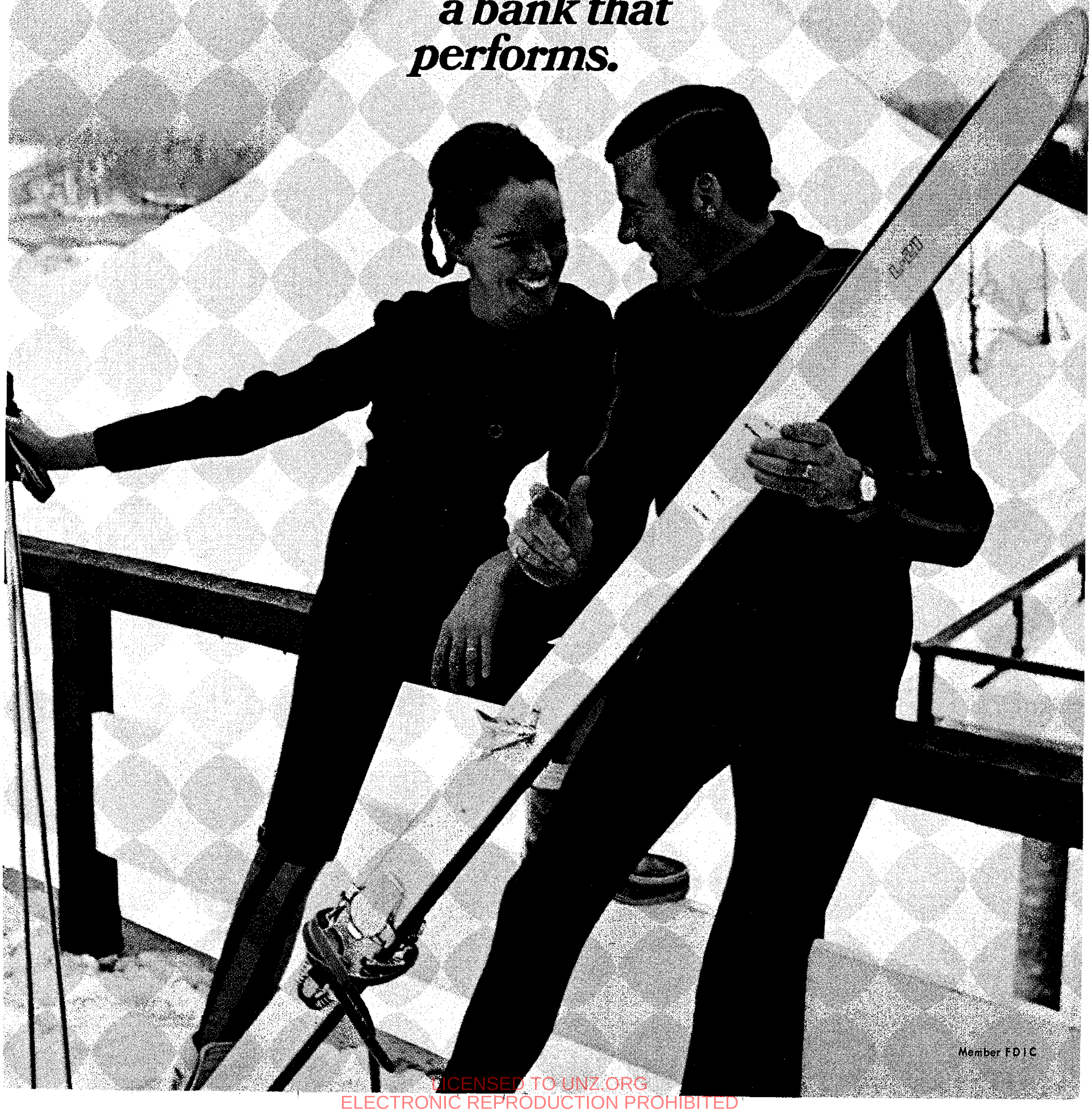

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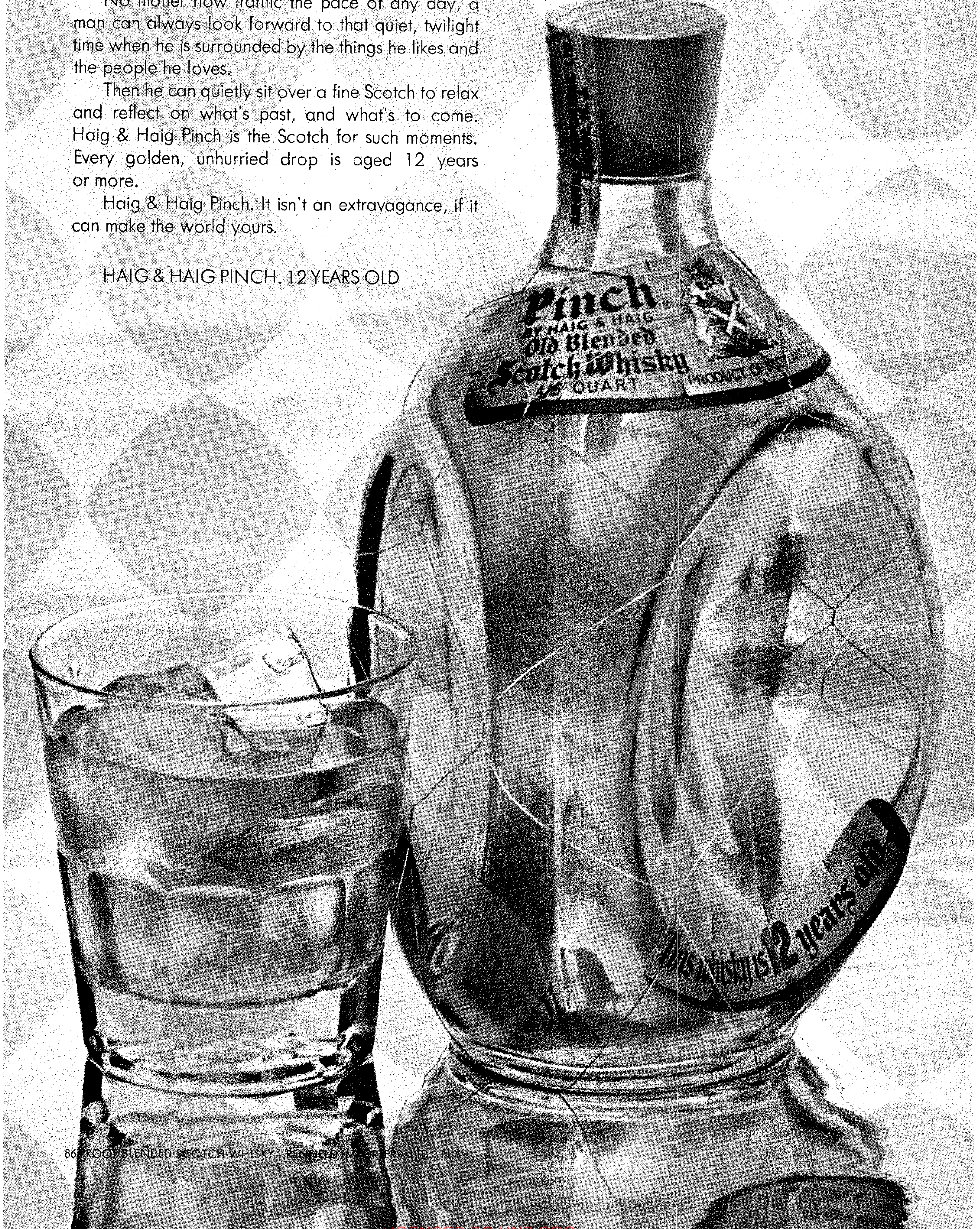
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through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with his show at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; starting Thursday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—One work each in plastic materials by forty-nine artists, among them Louise Nevelson, Frank Gallo, Les Levine, and Rockne Krebs; through Jan. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A handsome display, with room settings, of handicrafts of the Shaker sect, designed to portray the Shaker "order of Christmas;" through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A family Christmas scene of 1850, complete with furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan School; through Sunday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Sculptures depicting the human condition by Rhoda Sherbell; through Sunday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ A private collector's hundred and fifty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ The story in images, sounds, and words of the migration of child refugees to Israel and of their life there; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, by six artists, based on photographs and photographic reproductions; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Fourteen black artists from Boston; through Jan. 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

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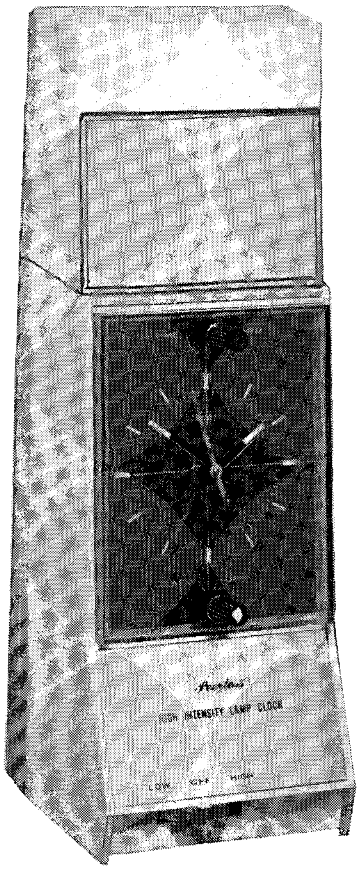

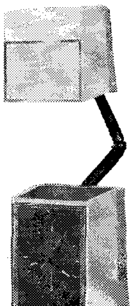

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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OPERA

THE PLAY OF DANIEL and **THE PLAY OF HEROD**—Two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, players, and actors. "The Play of Daniel": Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 16-17, at 7 and 9:15. . . . ¶ "The Play of Herod": Friday, Dec. 19, at 7, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 7 and 9:15. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7713.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Istvan Kertesz conducting—Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 (all with Olga Szonyi, mezzo-soprano, and Andras Farago, baritone); and Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30 (no soloists).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30, both with Evelyn Lear, soprano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; no soloists.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Paul Paray *conducting, with Philippe Entremont, piano.* (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Pierre Fournier, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Natasha Gutman, cello, and the American Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting a program of vocal chamber music, with Joy Zornig, mezzo-soprano; Steven Kimbrough, baritone; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8.) . . . The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Jonel Perlea conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Frisch, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Elmer Iseler directing the Festival Singers of Canada and the Bach Aria Group Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first two in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY MEN'S AND WOMEN'S GLEE CLUBS—E. Jon de Revere directing, with a chamber orchestra and brass and percussion ensembles. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a benefit concert. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 737-0700.)

MANNES CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Harold Aks directing. (Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, 316 E. 88th St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 9. No tickets necessary.)

NATIONAL CHORALE—Martin Josman directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists and a chamber orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

NOTE—On Saturday, Dec. 20, at noon, the New York University Chorus and Choir, plus brass ensembles, directed by E. Jon de Revere, will present a concert of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

RECITALS

WILLIAM MASSELOS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 7:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: Charles Treger and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and the Orford String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 9: Raphael Hillyer, viola; the Messrs. Parnas, Arner, Goode, and Wadsworth; and the Orford String Quartet.

GUARNERI QUARTET—The third in a series of six concerts *presenting the Beethoven cycle.* (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

JOHN EMERY RANCK—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

JAMES MATHIS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—A program of music by Piston, Cowell, and others, performed by Joanna Hodges, piano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

HILDE SOMER—Piano, in an all-Scriabin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Conducting the International Bach Society Orchestra and acting as piano soloist in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

JOHN BROWNING—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

HÉLÈNE BACHELET—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller, this one devoted to the music of David Jones, Istvan Anhalt, and Arne Nordheim. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—The last in a series of programs of woodwind chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:40.)

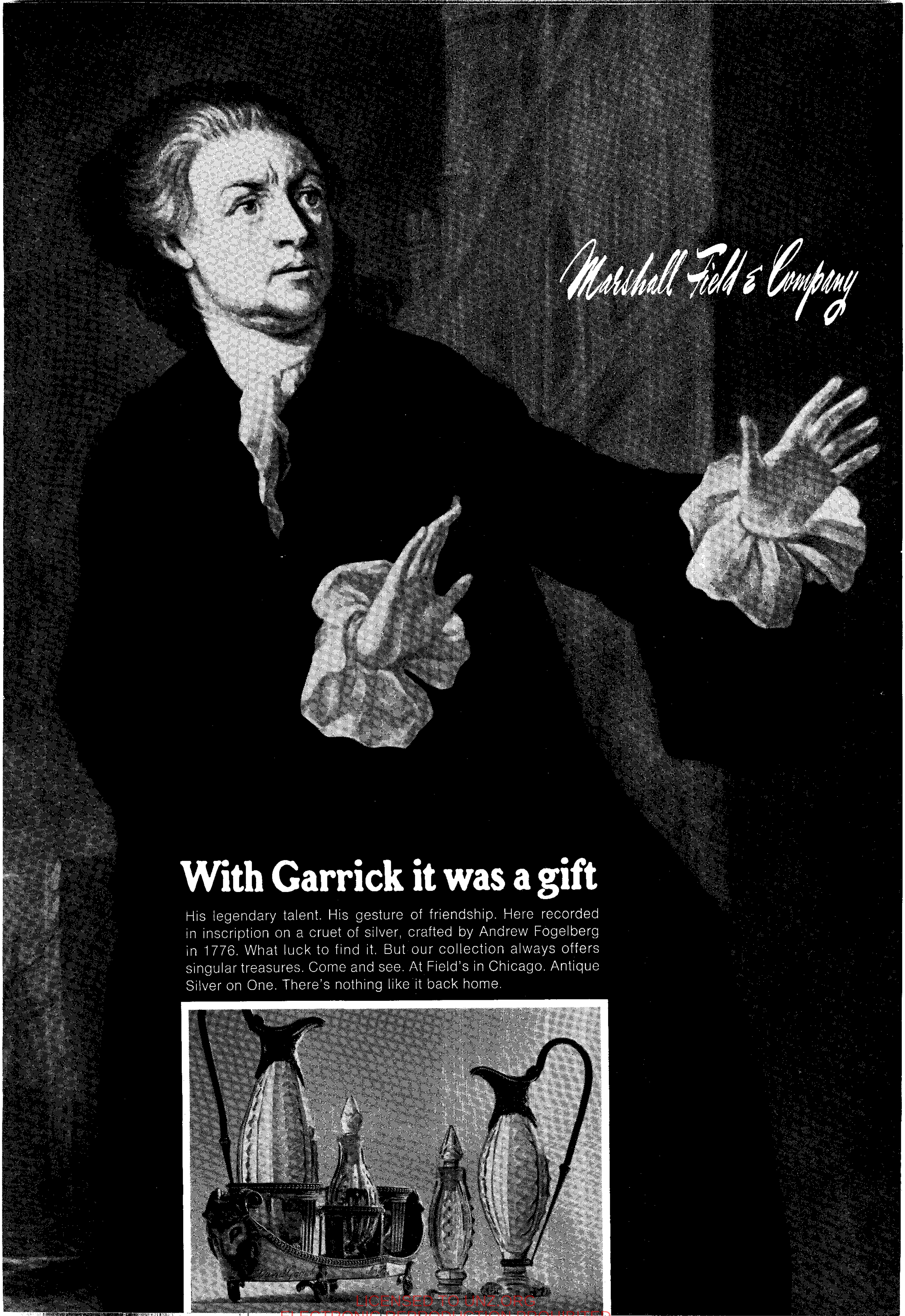
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley and Edmond Haines, performed by Zita Carno, piano; Sue Kahn, flute; Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Edward Zeiman, bassoon; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets will be available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after noon on the day of the performance.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

RICHIE HAVENS, NINA SIMONE, AND ISAAC HAYES—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND—Fillmore East. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7:30.

JANIS JOPLIN AND THE PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.

BYRDS, THE NICE, AND SONS OF CHAMPLIN—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8 and (plus Dion) at 11:30.

EVERLY BROTHERS—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7:30.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, a benefit concert, and Sunday, Dec. 21, both at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

BOXING—Jerry Quarry vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 15. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 3.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 21. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary. Women admitted only after noon.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Magic Flute," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Dandelion." (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 4.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Tuesday, Dec. 16), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions

THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.

Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

The following morning M. Guerlain returned to his laboratory and began work. For almost a year he struggled to capture that vibrant hush, the beguiling sweetness of closing flowers, the tender, infinite something that had overwhelmed him.

The result was L'Heure Bleue, a finely balanced perfume composed with the passion of Musk and Rose de Bulgarie, and the naive loveliness of Iris and Heliotrope, subtly blended with fragrances from the far corners of the earth.

What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you? Ah . . .

That's another story.

Twilight on the Seine: Today.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

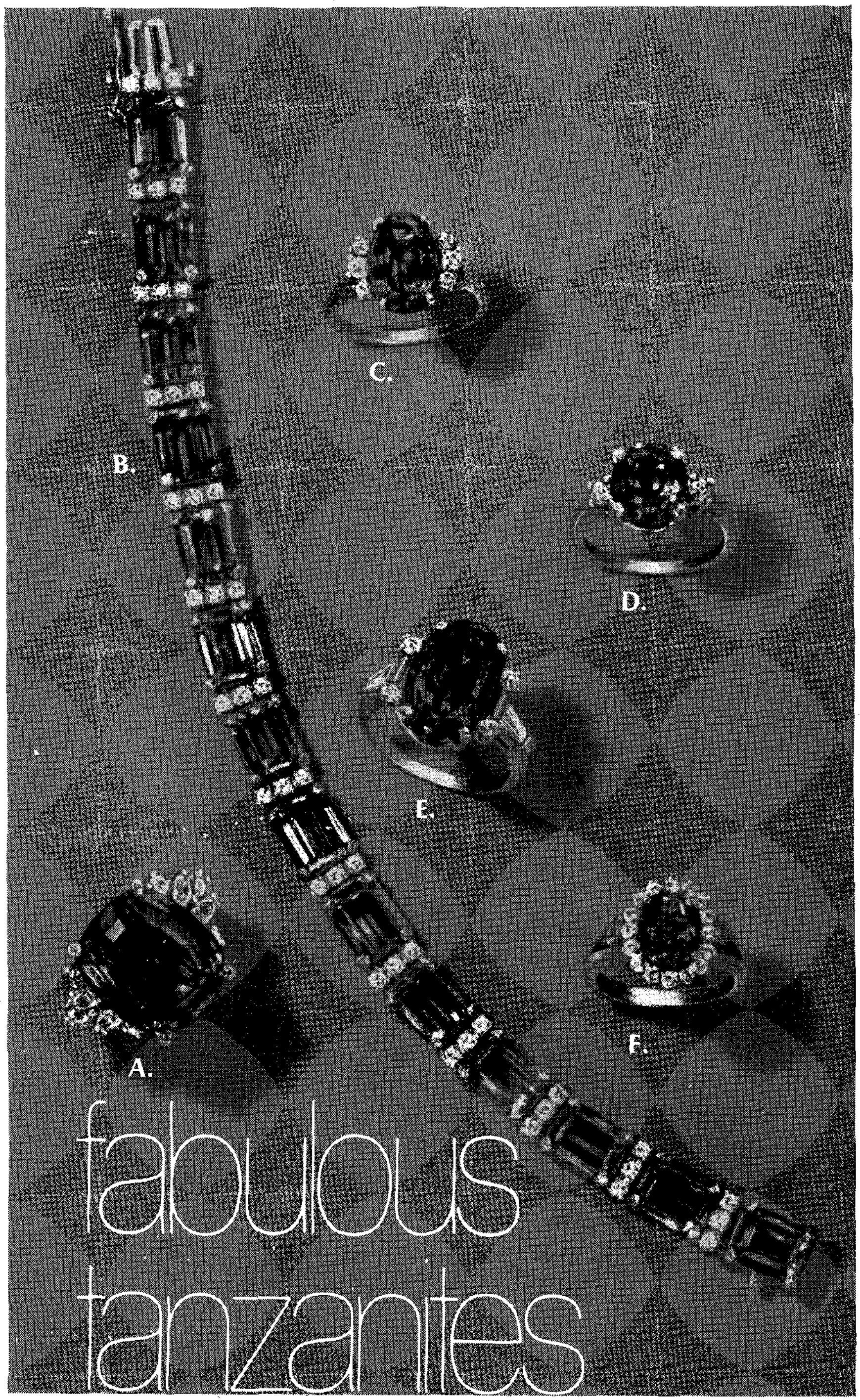
Poetry and Drama Readings—Arthur Miller reading from his new play. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Galway Kinnell, James Wright, and Mark Strand reading from their own poetry. A benefit performance. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call 799-2440.)

Lecture—"The Future of Jazz," by Nat Hentoff. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 10: Japanese art, from several sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8: A hundred Picasso prints, from various collections. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 1:45: *Objets de vertu* and watches, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 10 and 1:45: Chinese ceramics and paintings, belonging to the Richard Bryant Hobart collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 10: African and Oceanic art, including dance masks, fetishes, and bronze and brass sculptures; from a New York collector. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 1:45: American furniture and decorations, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8: A benefit auction of modern American and English fiction and other books and manuscripts, donated by scholars and bibliophiles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 1:45: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8: Modern drawings by such artists as Utrillo, Chagall, Seurat, and Dali; from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 11.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Dec. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "La Libération de Paris" (1944), in French, no English titles; and "The Liberation of Rome" (1944). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2, 5:30, and 8: Two films by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Me and My Brother" (1968), a Robert Frank film. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 11:30: "Die Nibelungen, Part I: Siegfried's Death" (1923), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 3 and 5:30: "High School" (1969), a documentary film, directed by Frederick Wiseman. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "The Mammal Palace" (1968) and "Encyclopedia of the Blessed" (1969), both George Kuchar films. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Out There, a Lone Island" (1969), with residents of the island of Ullung-do, in the Korean Straits. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2: "Stereo" (1969), a film by David Cronenberg. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5:30: "Flesh" (1968), a film by Paul Morrissey. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2 and 5:30: Outtakes from Robert Flaherty's "Louisiana Story". . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2 and 5:30: Four films by Donald Richie. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Duet for Cannibals" (1969), in Swedish, written and directed by Susan Sontag. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "The Films of Humphrey Bogart:" Dec. 10: "Sahara" (1943). . . ¶ Dec. 11-12: "Key Largo" (1948). . . . ¶ Dec. 13-14: "Casablanca" (1942). . . . ¶ Dec. 17: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954). . . . ¶ Dec. 18: "The Petrified Forest" (1936). (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



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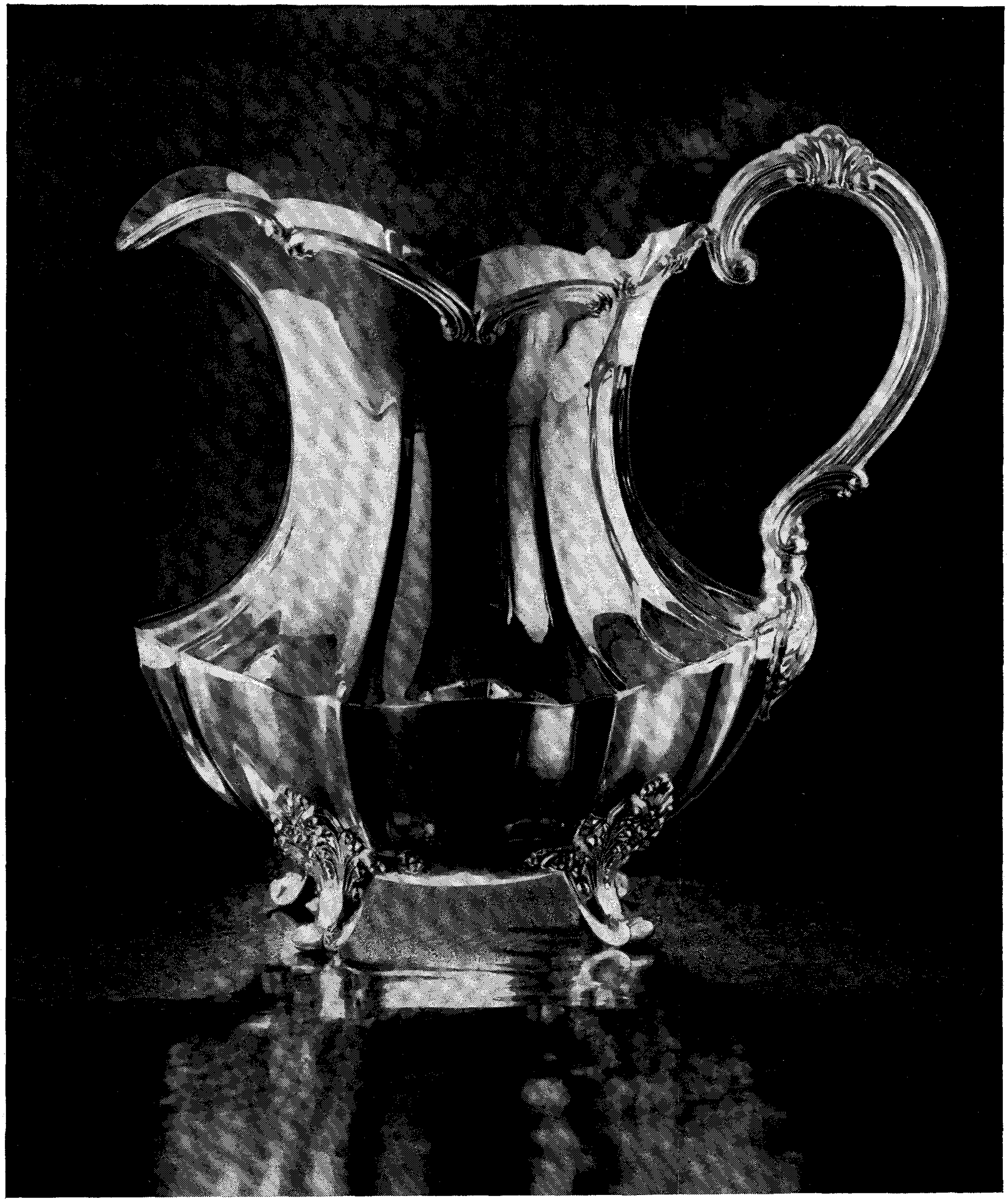

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 10.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; starting Dec. 18.)

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the new land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 11.)

The Arrangement—Elia Kazan probably really believes that people can't hear unless they're shouted at, and since he wants to be heard he shouts. He mistakes the noise for having something to say. Kirk Douglas is a suicidal advertising man, Deborah Kerr and Faye Dunaway his wife and his mistress. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just like in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical and romantic film. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 10.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 16.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 17-18.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—That great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through the afternoon of Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; starting Dec. 17.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 11.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 16.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Some good things, but not top-drawer Chaplin. Not that that makes it *bad*. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 15.)

The Comic—Carl Reiner's inventive re-creations of silent comedies are some compensation for his uninventive treatment of the silent comedian "Billy Bright," who is, however, well played by Dick Van Dyke. With Mickey Rooney, Michele Lee, the late Pert Kelton. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 13.)

Coming Apart—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This sex-exploitation movie is (briefly) funny, until it begins to take its theme seriously. Then it becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 14-18.)

Downhill Racer—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is pretty awful, but Gene Hackman is a great coach, the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie, the director, has some talent, besides. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Dec. 16.)

Duet for Cannibals—Two couples and the games they play, which would be more entertaining if we could figure out the rules, or discover if there is anything at stake. The actors have so little to do they seem to be stranded on the screen. Written and directed by Susan Sontag. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting Dec. 17.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 14-15.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 13.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 17-18.)

La Femme Infidèle—Although the material isn't exciting—sensuality, adultery, and crimes of passion being the oldest French movie staples—Claude Chabrol polished this new super-civilized thriller until he ran out of spit. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through Dec. 16.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—More pleasant than might have been expected, though Chip's life is unduly prolonged, as if James Hilton's provincial England were his Shangri-La. Peter O'Toole gives a romantic performance of great distinction, and Petula Clark, as his wife, has a fine glow. The director, Herbert Ross, tries his best to conquer the Leslie Bricusse score. Really, it's immoral to write such bad music. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Dec. 11-17.)

Intimate Lighting—Country people, their love of music, and their eccentricities. Ivan Passer's little droll comedy may be the closest thing lately to the English thatched-roof comedies of the fifties. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Khartoum (1966)—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 17.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Dec. 14. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lions Love—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong in matters of substance. Viva and Gerome Ragni and James Rado play house in Los Angeles, watch television, and say a lot of dumb things as if they were smart things. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 16.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Dec. 10.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—The remnants of the Jean Giraudoux play can still be perceived in Edward Anhalt's vile modernization, and a lot of famous actors can be recognized even in the performances they give here. Bryan Forbes directed the cast, which includes Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Charles Boyer, Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 12.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 13.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 12-13.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution and doesn't do too well at it (though she looks lovely). Jean-Luc Godard's film has some brilliant moments—and some foolish ones. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 15.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 14-15.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusingly improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 16-17.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 17.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—The history of the First World War evoked in song and sketches. An anti-war musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al.; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013. No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 11, and Monday, Dec. 15.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Dec. 17.)

Paint Your Wagon—On the strange supposition that musicals will do better without singers, the producers have put a fairly pleasant score in the hands of Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, and Jean Seberg. The results are what you might expect. Still, at times, it has a certain cornball charm, and when a picture costs twenty million dollars, it has curiosity value, too. You want to see where all that money went. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, a splendid actor, as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through Dec. 17.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her face. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Dec. 10.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's coekahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1220; starting Dec. 17.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli's version. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Dec. 16.)

The Scalphunters (1968)—A rousing comedy Western with an amiable tone. Burt Lancaster, Ossie Davis, Shelley Winters, and Telly Savalas. Directed by Sydney Pollack. One of the most entertaining American films of recent years. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 17.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife, Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—The title is unfortunate, but it's a good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. No afternoon performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 16-17.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 18.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—A documentary on Mexico by Sergei Eisenstein. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 18.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. GR 5-1660; Dec. 14-18.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 14.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Dec. 11-17.)

Z—A powerful political thriller. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 16: **LIONS LOVE.**
From Dec. 17: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 16: "de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia" (1968), Dudley Moore.
From Dec. 17: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 13: **THE COMIC**; and **FACES.**
Dec. 14-18: **ULYSSES**; and **DAVID AND LISA.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Futz," performed by the La Mama Troupe.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Dec. 10: **LITTLE CAESAR**; and **THE PUBLIC ENEMY.**
Dec. 11-17: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Dec. 18: "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here," Robert Redford, Katharine Ross.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 14: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**
From Dec. 14, at 7: "John and Mary," Dustin Hoffman, Mia Farrow. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 765-5100.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE ARRANGEMENT.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?," Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 16: **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Dec. 17: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Killing of Sister George" (1968), Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Dec. 14: "Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.
From Dec. 15: "Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 14: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Dec. 15: "A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO. (On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, Dec. 17-18, "My Side of the Mountain," with Ted Eccles and Theodore Bikel, will be shown instead.)

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 14: "The Subject Was Roses" (1968), Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson; and "The Fixer" (1968), Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.
From Dec. 15: **THE CIRCUS** (silent).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 15: "Hail, Hero!," Michael Douglas, Arthur Kennedy; and "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve. (No evening performances on Friday, Dec. 12.)
From Dec. 16: "Cactus Flower," Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 15: "The Minx," Jan Sterling.
From Dec. 16: "Gaily, Gaily," Beau Bridges, Brian Keith.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 17: **POPI**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From Dec. 18: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," George Lazenby, Diana Rigg.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
DUET FOR CANNIBALS (in Swedish).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 17: "3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom; and "The Illustrated Man" (1969), Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
From Dec. 18: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," George Lazenby, Diana Rigg.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Dec. 10: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (in French).
Dec. 11: **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).
Dec. 12: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French).
Dec. 13: **MASCULINE FEMININE** (in French).
Dec. 14: **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (in French).
Dec. 15: **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (in French).
Dec. 16: **LA CHINOISE** (in French).
Dec. 17-18: **FAHRENHEIT 451**; and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
INTIMATE LIGHTING, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Kaya, I'll Kill You," a Yugoslav film.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 16: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Friends and Lovers," Anne Linden.
From Dec. 17: **EASY RIDER.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 15: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957), Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
From Dec. 16: A program of underground films.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 11: "Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.
From Dec. 12: "Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968), Judith O'Dea.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 16: "The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.
From Dec. 17: **OLIVER!**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Popcorn," a rock film.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 17: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From Dec. 18: "The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 16: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French).
From Dec. 17: "Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 14: **THE LION IN WINTER.**
From Dec. 15: "Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR. (No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 11, and Monday, Dec. 15.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Dec. 17: "Battle of Britain."
From Dec. 18: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 16: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 15: "Me and My Brother" (1969), a Robert Frank film; and "Les Créatures" (1966; in French), an Agnès Varda film, with Catherine Deneuve.
From Dec. 16: "Moderato Cantabile" (1960; in French), Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; in Japanese).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 16: "The Subject Was Roses" (1968), Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson; and "The Fixer" (1968), Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.
From Dec. 17: **KHARTOUM**; and **THE SCALPHUNTERS.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 10: **ACCIDENT**; and "These Are the Damned" (1965), Macdonald Carey.
Dec. 11: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
Dec. 12-13: **MOROCCO**; and "Blonde Venus" (1932), Marlene Dietrich.
Dec. 14-15: **8½** and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian).
Dec. 16-17: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.**
Dec. 18: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and **TIME IN THE SUN.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 16: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Friends and Lovers," Anne Linden.
From Dec. 17: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**

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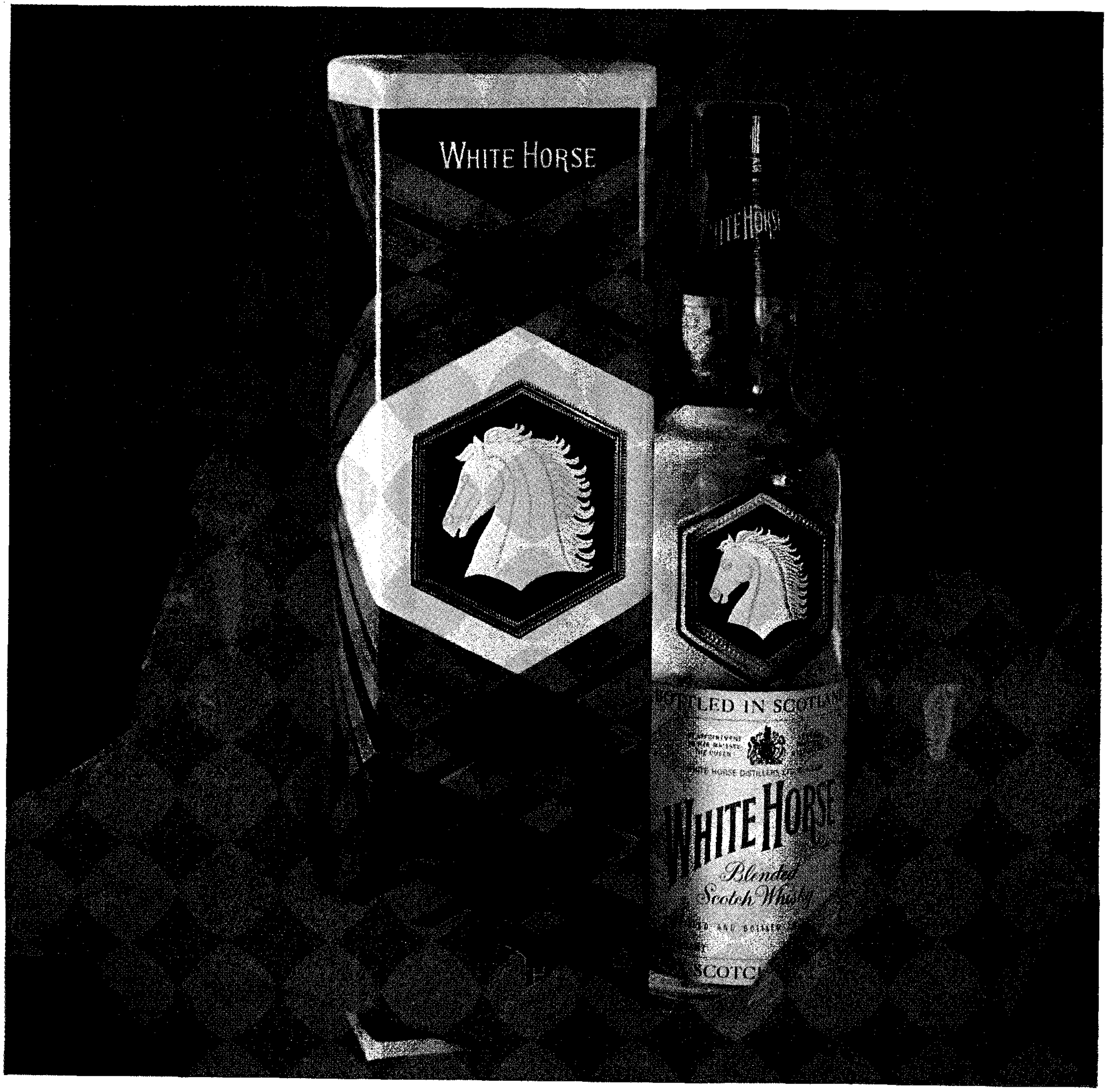
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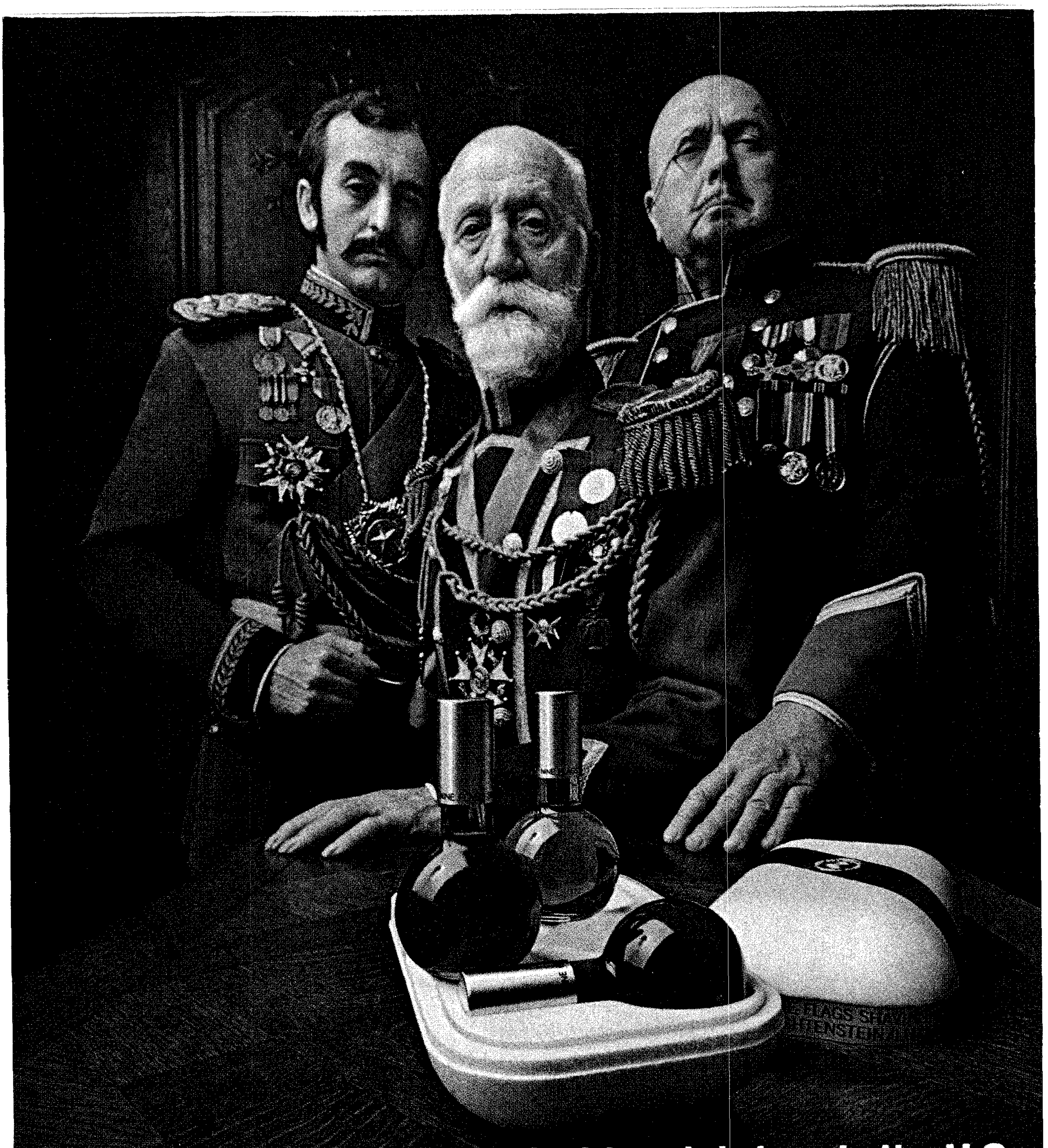

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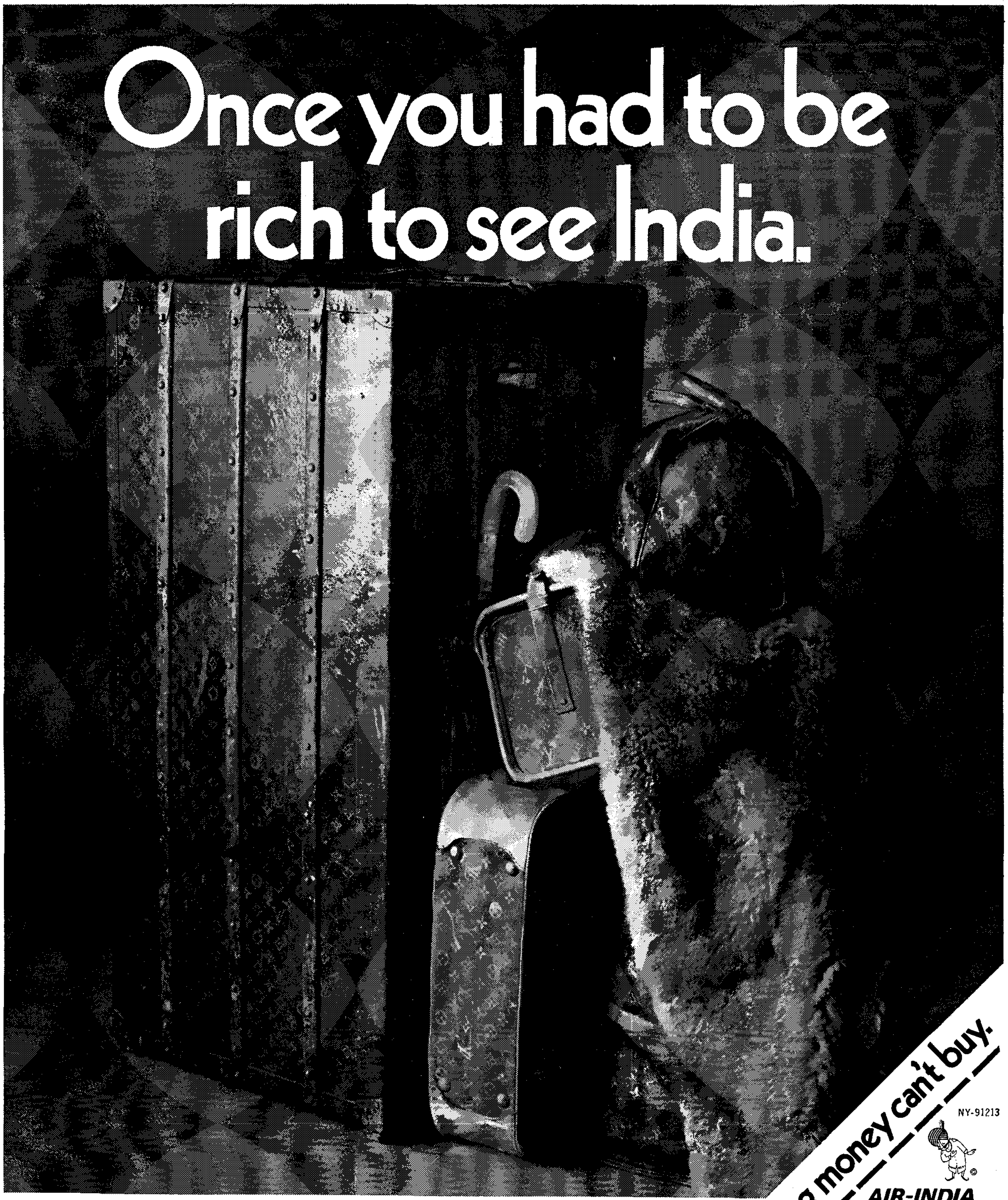

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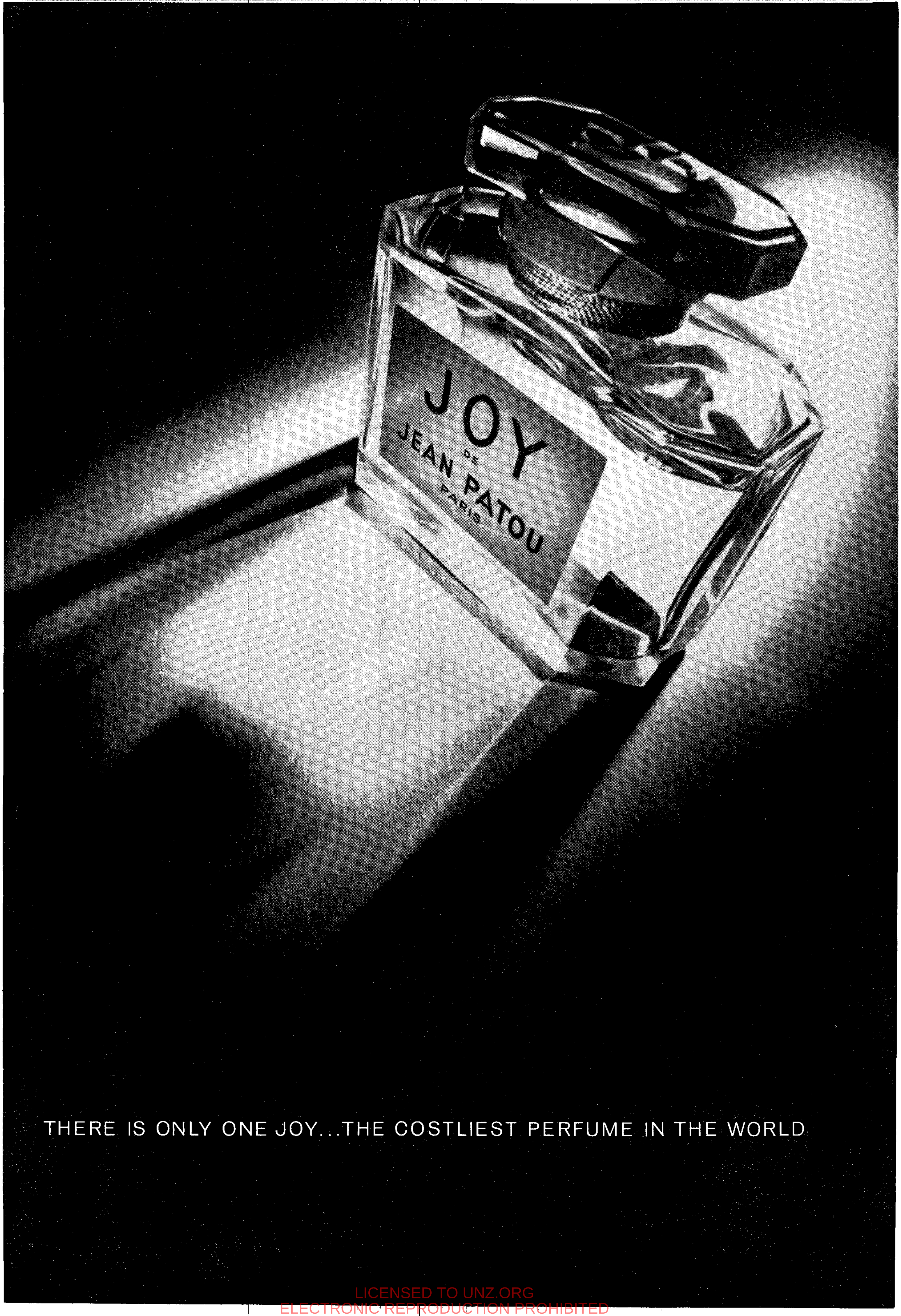
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And the entire world now knows (he continued) that we have selected Tuesday as the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

Are we possibly depriving some good people (he pursued) of one of the traditional joys of Christmas?

Well, look at it this way, sir (we hazarded). Through a peculiar bit of luck, Twelfth-night will fall on a Tuesday this year. By celebrating Twelfth-night somewhat in advance–say December 25th–all inconvenience should be avoided.

The Old Gentleman appeared considerably relieved and has authorized the publication of the above. Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la!

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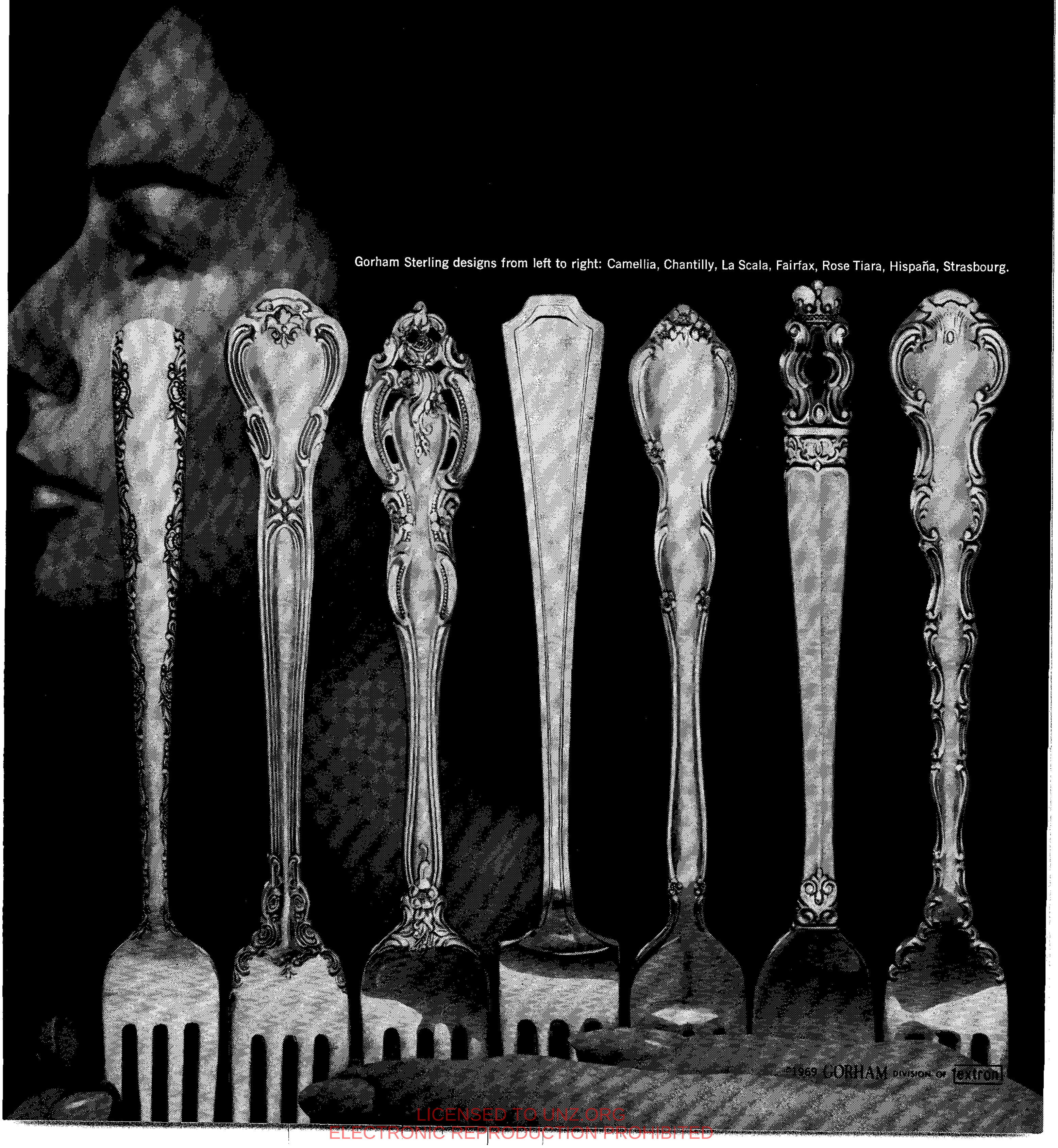
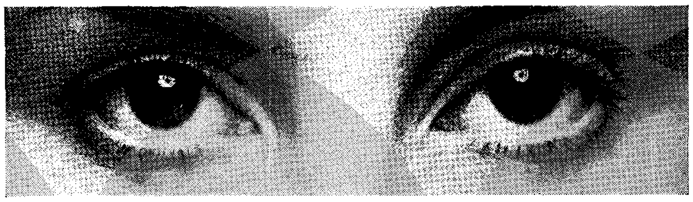


Gorham Sterling designs from left to right: Camellia, Chantilly, La Scala, Fairfax, Rose Tiara, Hispaña, Strasbourg.

An Eye...

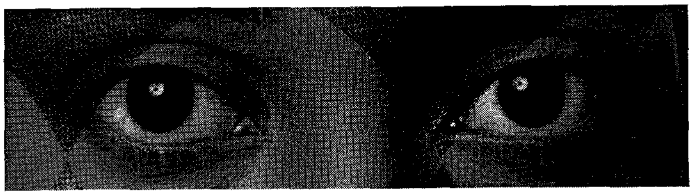
(YOUR PLAIN OLD EYE)

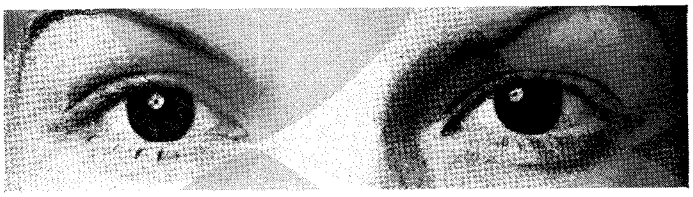

Almond-shaped?

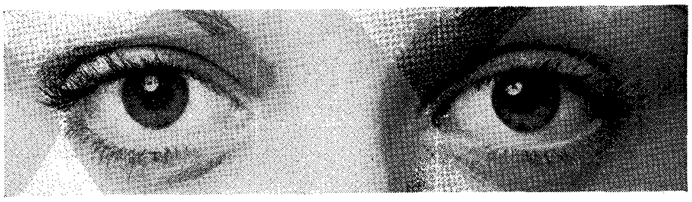
Round?

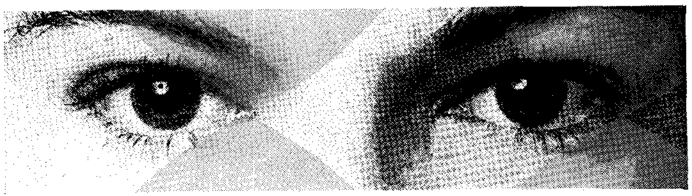
Narrow?

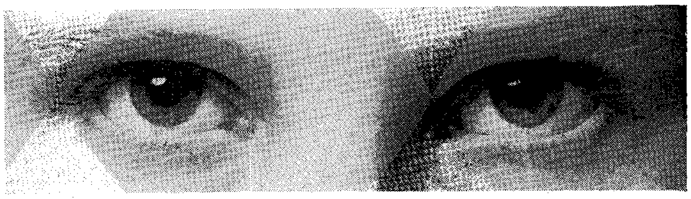
Half-moon?


Shallow-set?


Turned-down?


Big?


Small?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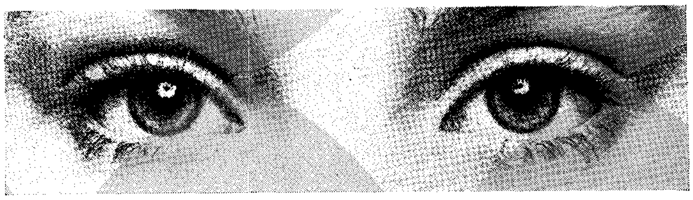
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Or:
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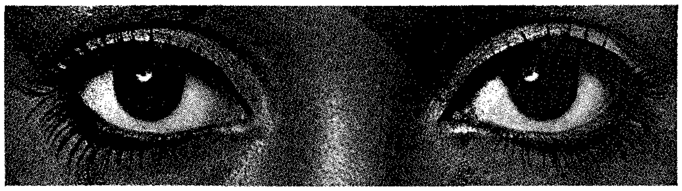
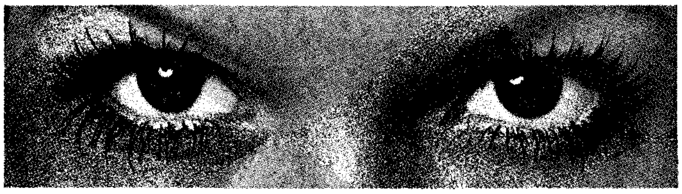
Wear
Heavy Demi Flutters
Or:
Flared Demi;
Natural Medium Demi

Wear
Natural Sunburst
Or:
Natural Heavy;
Standard Feathery


Wear
Sultry Fluffs
Or:
Natural Deluxe Flutters;
Glitter Lashes


Wear
Natural Heavy Flutters
Or:
Standard Sunburst;
Standard Spikey

Wear
Natural Starlite
Or:
Natural Deluxe;
Natural Shaggies

Wear
Medium Demi Flutters
Or:
Natural Medium Demi;
"Mini" Lash

Wear
Demi Starlite
Or:
Natural Fine;
Natural Heavy Demi

Wear
Demi Sunburst
Or:
Sultry Points;
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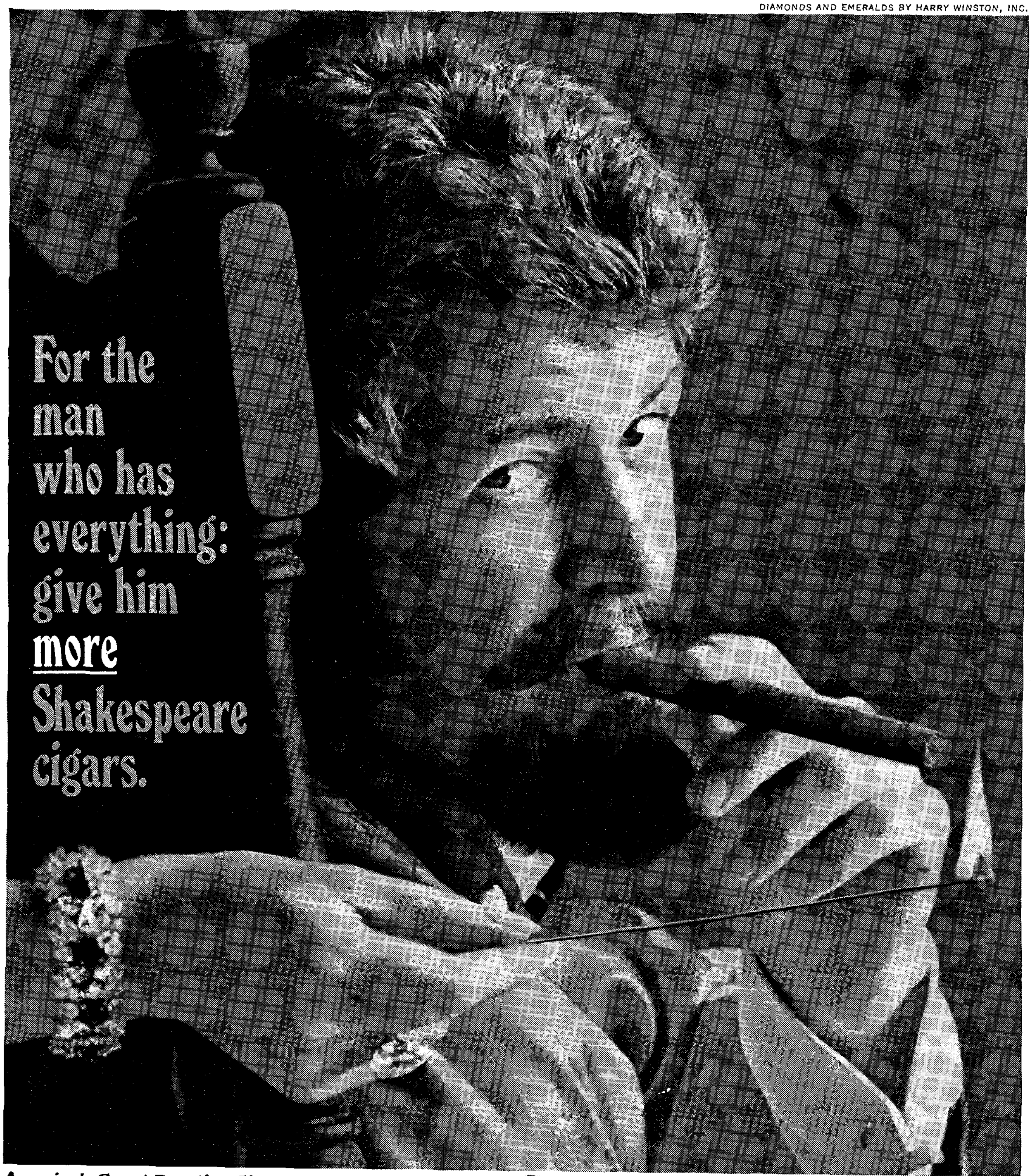
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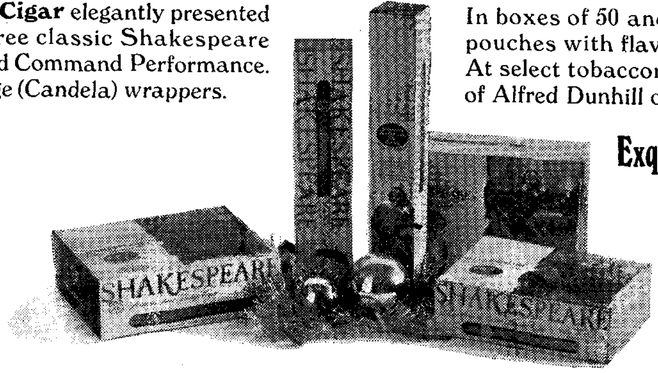
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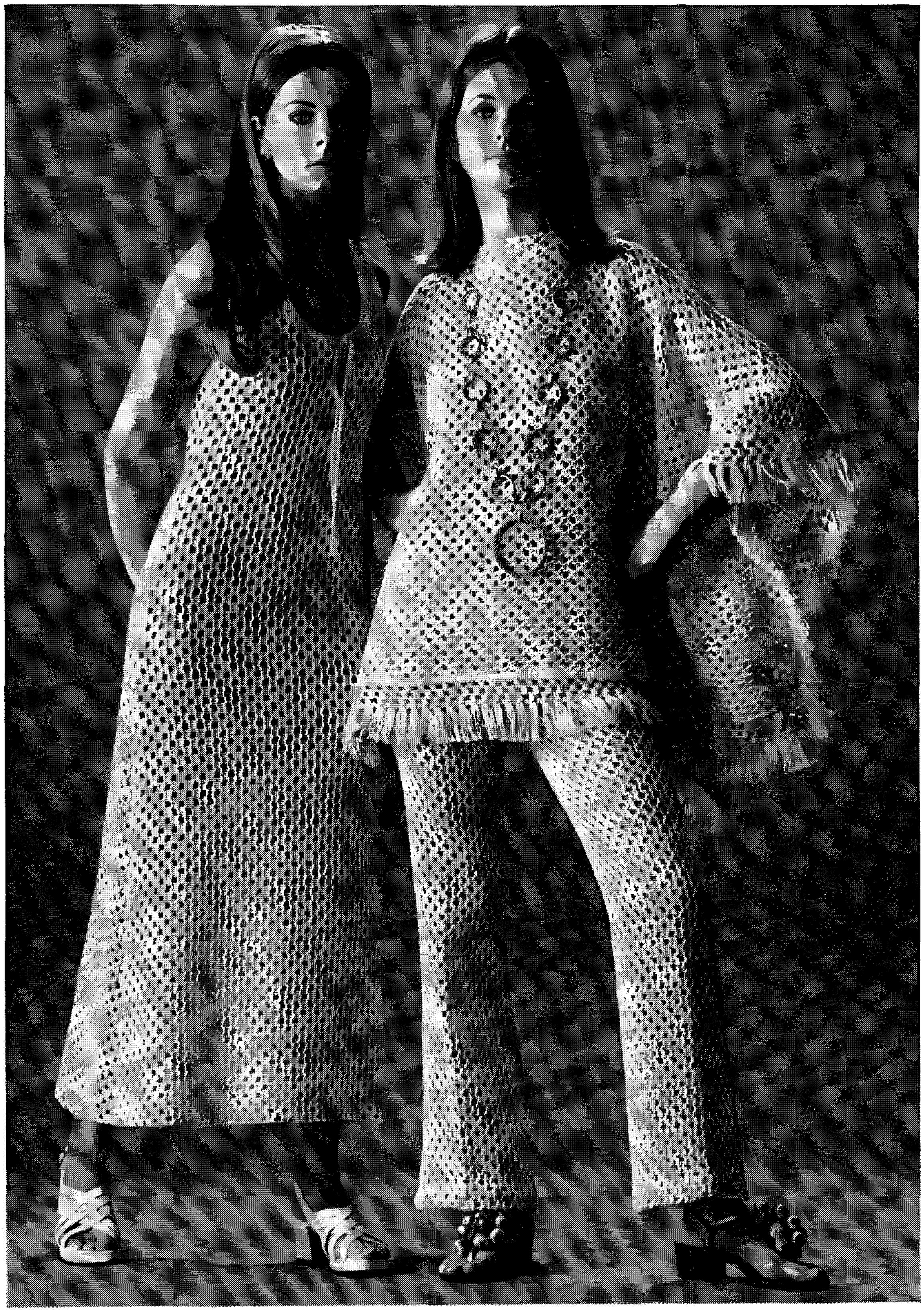

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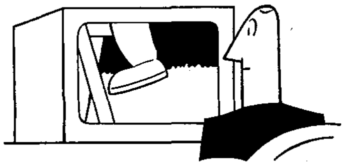
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We live in the midst of flux, needless to say. We notice around us changes in iconography, in the symbols whereby time's twin tyrant, style, announces itself. On television now, in comedy shows, a new stock skit may be seen; it involves two men in bulbous white suits treading floatingly on a surface that may or may not be tricked out with sand to resemble the moon. We don't need to see the moon; all we need, in order to know instantly where we are, is the single prop of that (it turns out) hilarious stiff, shiny American flag. Yet it wasn't so very many weeks ago that we watched with awe and fear the original performance: Armstrong's shadowy leg eerily floating down where no leg had been before, and Armstrong and Aldrin setting up housekeeping with flag, aluminum-foil solar-wind catcher, scoops, and the seismometer that had the recalcitrant BB in the level. Even then, come to think of it, it looked like a television skit, but we were too astonished to laugh.



Astonishing also, at the time, were those first photographs of the earth seen entire from space—that cloud-swirled blue orb where we miraculously hang out. All too quickly, it has become an unpatented trademark, stamped on magazine covers, corporation ads, news roundups on television—wherever a pretty bit of portentousness might help, like a Shakespeare quotation in the old linear days. It is as if Columbus had returned to Spain and found everyone strumming guitars shaped like San Salvador. Discovery and publicity are now nearly simultaneous; from prodigy to gimmick the decay time is perhaps two months.

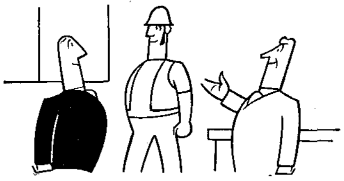
If you notice church pamphlets and broadsides, you will see that the illustrations look more and more like "Peanuts." Charles M. Schulz, America's leading cartooning Christian layman, has engendered a race of anonymous imitators in the ranks of ecclesiastical publicity; the crucifix and the bearded shepherd have yielded to a new, evidently more potent image—that of the roundheaded, childlike Everyman with a worried look. That worried look, we suppose, contains the residue of Original Sin, or at least guilt, or at least angst, or at least the suspicion that one should stay off the golf course on Sunday morning.

Speaking of golf, Dwight D. Eisenhower can look down from his celestial game and see himself enthroned as a hero of the New Left. Eisenhower is In, Truman is Out. Truman invented the Cold War and foisted it on the guileless Russians, whereas Eisenhower got us out of Korea and kept us out of Suez, Indochina, Cuba—indeed, out of everywhere except Guatemala, Lebanon, and Little Rock. What the good General makes of hearing his praises sung by old mockers like I. F. Stone we can't imagine; a quizzical aloofness was always his style.

On the streets, the maxicoats move in like autumn clouds, and the gay summer of minimal dress is over. Young people look lumpy, frumpy, swaddled; they are bespectacled in steel and scarved in oil rags. The proletarian look swings. What a strange foe capitalism must seem, so cheerfully voracious, letting Chairman Mao reign as a Camp hero and making Socialist dreariness a moment of fashion. Decadence has its resourceful turns. When nothing is sacred, everything is. Flow, flux.

Silent Sam

The other day, as we were driving across the Triborough Bridge, we spotted a cheerful, energetic-looking figure waving a bright-red flag to warn us of some road-repair work up ahead. The figure, dressed in a bright-blue shirt and trousers, a red helmet and vest, and brown work shoes, was standing on a red-and-white striped pedestal and seemed altogether human until we got within twenty feet of him, when we realized that he was a robot. Back in our office, prompted by thoughts of the robot as the ideal construction-site employee (no wages, vacations, or fringe benefits; no sassy comments to pretty female motorists; no complaints about long hours or inclement weather), we phoned the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority and asked what they could tell us about the robot. "Yeah. Silent Sam. We've got two of them, and they seem very effective," the man at the T.B. & T.A. said, and then he gave us the name and phone number of Daniel Berne, the general manager of Queens Devices, Inc., Silent Sam's manufacturer. We called Mr. Berne and accepted an invitation to come out to his office, in Long Island City, for a chat and an even closer look at the first robot on the T.B. & T.A.'s payroll.

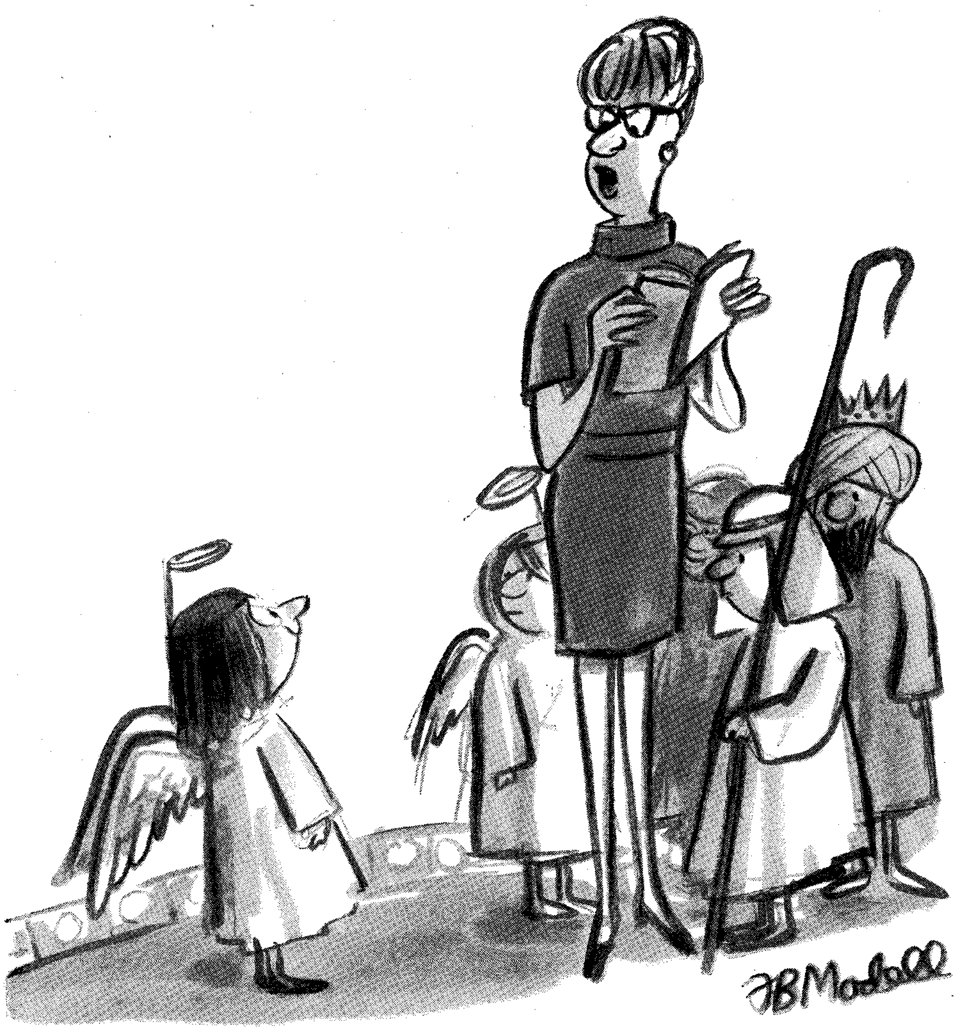


Mr. Berne turned out to be a Brooklyn-born, wavy-haired, soft-spoken man in his fifties. Silent Sam turned out to have pleasant features (honest brown eyes, strong nose, quiet grin), fashionably long sideburns, and an olive complexion. "That's the color the first model came out in, and we decided it was a good way to keep it," Mr. Berne said. "Not black, not white—racially acceptable. He could be Latin-American. With his weather-bronzed face, he represents the typical outdoor worker." Silent Sam appears to be in his late twenties or early thirties, and he looks healthy. He is six feet tall, but, thanks to his pedestal, which is eighteen inches high, and to larger-than-life proportions (broad shoulders, muscular arms), he seems taller than that. His price, nine hundred dollars, includes a D.C. motor but not a twelve-volt battery (thirty-five dollars), which is what keeps his right arm waving—at a choice of speeds—for between five and seven days at a clip. He is made of heavy-duty plastic, and his vest, flag, helmet, and base are painted with Day-Glo paint, which fluoresces when light hits it.

We asked Mr. Berne who had thought up Silent Sam, and when, and why, and he told us that the responsible party was Martin Kaltman, a friend of his and one of the owners of the Queens Lithographing Corporation. "Marty was driving to my house one night back in early '67," Mr. Berne said. "He was annoyed by the poor way traffic was being handled at a construction site between his house and mine. There were no flagmen on duty. Marty knew that several flagmen were killed by cars and trucks each year, and he thought that a three-dimensional mechanical flagman might be a good idea."

Mr. Kaltman turned his idea over to Mr. Berne, and Queens Devices, Inc., was launched. Two years, three artists' sketches, and several models and motors later, Silent Sam in his present incarnation (earlier versions had "sloppy clothes" and an impractical A.C. motor) was ready for the marketplace. "In early '69, we exhibited Sam in Chicago at the Construction Equipment Convention and received tremendous raves," Mr. Berne said. "But then we ran into the realities of life. Before anyone could use Silent Sam in a particular state, the commissioner of highways of that state had to give his approval. We started working on getting approvals from the commissioners of fifteen states, and you can imagine the red tape, the lethargy, and the time involved. Meanwhile, we realized that there was another market for Silent Sam—the independent authorities, like the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, that don't come under any state's supervision or control. The Port of New York Authority has a Silent Sam, and the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission is using two, and we're staging demonstrations across the country. Silent Sam was tested in Indiana by radar engineers and was found to be more effective in slowing down traffic than flagmen, signs, or a combination of flagmen and signs. We've sold just a handful so far, but we expect to be in mass production very soon."

We asked Mr. Berne whether the unions had indicated any opposition to Silent Sam, and he said they hadn't, because they were able to fill only twenty-five per cent of the available flagman jobs. "No one wants to stand in rain and snow with cars and trucks whizzing by him at sixty miles an hour," Mr. Berne told us. "It's a dull, dangerous job. Sam is popular with his co-workers. He makes them feel safer. Flagmen take coffee breaks; Sam doesn't. Even if his battery runs down and his arm stops moving, he will still give good protection just standing there. A few months ago, on a rainy night, there was a bad fire in Mamaroneck. The Fire Department knew a man who works in our company who lives there, and asked to borrow Silent Sam. Sam replaced three policemen who had been directing traffic. Our man ran into one of the cops in a coffee shop across the street. 'If that guy is stupid enough to stand there in the rain and wave his flag while I'm drinking hot coffee, let him do it,' the cop said."



"No, we would not like to hear the same line as delivered by Phyllis Diller."

Trend

WE want to report that there is an important trend coming up involving Big Business and the Arts. Patronage of the Arts by Big Business, a preliminary study shows, is no longer *merely a tendency; it is the first* important trend of the nineteen-seventies. If trends were named after young ladies (as hurricanes are), the Increasing Involvement of Big Business in the Arts would be known as Trend Alice. For the results of our preliminary study we have to thank a vivacious lady of our acquaintance, Mrs. Betty Marshall, who works in the public-relations line, and who knows her Big Business—and her Arts, too. We have long recognized such obvious manifestations of the Business-Art symbiosis as Environmental Sculpture in Office-Building Plazas, but it was Mrs. Marshall who showed us what is going on at the grass-roots level. She took us recently to two important Business-Cultural events. The first, held at the Felt Forum, in Madison Square Garden, was "Care-a-Van," a musical comedy staged

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by the people who make Whirlpool appliances. There were a small orchestra, screen projections to create a multi-media environment, and three live performers. A pink program sheet told us that one of the performers had "half a dozen major Shakespeare credits," that another had played Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," and that the third had played Madame Butterfly "herself." The object of their efforts in "Care-a-Van," Mrs. Marshall told us, was "to help bridge the communications gap between the appliance dealer and the appliance customer," and she went on to say, "The Whirlpool chairman, Mr. Elisha Gray II, feels very strongly that we should bridge this gap. He really does feel this strongly. Whirlpool is spending five hundred thousand dollars on this show, and it really hardly ever mentions any Whirlpool product specifically, except for the Trasher-Masher, which actually isn't even on the market yet. It's really sort of a public-service-entertainment thing." We watched "Care-a-Van" (the title has to do with appliance manufacturers and dealers who care about their customers) and found it very professionally done. The performers acted out little skits and sang songs like "Doing Your Laundry Thing" while the screens showed pictures of appropriate appliances or (sometimes) psychedelic test patterns.

Mrs. Marshall then took us over to the Hotel Americana to see something called Video Matrix, which she said was a very exciting exhibit that made revolutionary use of the television medium. We found ourself in a trade show ("It's the Frozen Food National Something," Mrs. Marshall said. "I'll tell you about it later"), and we were soon introduced to Mr. Harvey Lloyd, whose company, Harvey Lloyd Productions, produced Video Matrix for the American Can Company. Video Matrix, he told us, was constructed of two-foot cube modules that housed fifty-six television monitors, six videotape playback units, six vidicon live cameras, and the necessary switching circuitry and control equipment. Mr. Lloyd explained that Video Matrix offered the viewer a message and "involvement." He said that television was an untapped medium, the captive of the broadcasting industry, and that, just as underground filmmakers had taken film away from Hollywood, he and some others were working to take television away from the networks. We then talked with Mr. James R. Chowning, who works for the American Can Company. He said that the use of Video Matrix had given American Can the jump, "or quantum leap," on everyone else at the frozen-food exhibit. "Art, technology, and industry have got into an embrace," he said. "You see this at the Museum of Modern Art. The modern American corporation, to survive, has to do this sort of thing—has to marry art. This sort of thing turns a tremendous spotlight on the company. It's very dangerous to anyone in the company who is not swinging with the future. The aesthetic of the thing has to be total. I think we have a piece of kinetic art here." Mr. Chowning told us that it had cost the American Can Company two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to develop Video Matrix. "We have the feeling of being a patron. This has its precedent back in the Renaissance."

After our talk with Mr. Chowning, we spent a brief while looking at the messages displayed on the fifty-six monitors of Video Matrix. On Color Channel C we heard Market Manager Rip Rundle discuss citrus packaging. On Channel 4 we watched Mr. Don Mueller explain the Boil-in-Bag Packaging System. And then we left. We asked Mrs. Marshall if any of her clients were behind the times in getting into the Art-Technology-Business embrace. "Some," she said. "We handle the Emily Post Institute, for instance—she was the Etiquette Queen, you know—and *they* really don't do anything like this."

Homecoming

CARL REINER revisited the Bronx one day last week, and we went with him. We have been a fan of his since the early days of television, when he and Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca and Howard Morris made us laugh for an hour and a half a week, without fail. In recent years, Mr. Reiner has become a Californian, and has been all over the place—in television (as the creator of "The Dick Van Dyke Show"), the theatre (as the author of "Enter Laughing"), in the movies (as the director of "Enter Laughing" and, most recently, "The Comic"), and in miscellaneous comedy (as Mel Brooks' interviewer when Brooks played the Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man on the now famous record). He has also been active in the anti-war movement, first as an early supporter of Senator McCarthy's candidacy last year, and lately as a participant in both the October and the November demonstrations. Columbia Pictures had rented a limousine to take Mr. Reiner to the Bronx, where he was to make an appearance at the Loew's Paradise that evening on behalf of "The Comic." "Imagine!" he said as we settled in. "My movie opening at the Loew's Paradise! That's where my high-school graduation was held, because the school auditorium wasn't big enough. So as long as I'm going up there, I thought I'd make a day of it. A classmate of mine from Evander Childs High School is chairman of the English Department there now, and

I'm going to talk to a class. And I want to see if my old apartment house is still standing."

Mr. Reiner appeared to be in excellent health. He is bald on top but has plenty of dark-gray hair in front of his ears and above them. He is getting a trifle jowly, and this, happily, makes him look a bit like Ed Wynn. He was wearing a mustard-colored shirt and suit, and a tie with a pattern resembling a Spanish omelette.

We asked him what he had been up to lately, besides making movies, and he said, "I was the m.c. at the big peace rally in San Francisco on November 15th. The police said there were a hundred and fifty thousand people there, but our impression was that there were at least a quarter of a million. They were still arriving in thousands when the sun went down. I was standing between Wayne Morse and Ralph Abernathy, and they were just thunderstruck. I asked Abernathy if he had ever seen such a crowd, and he said, 'No, not even in India.' "

We asked Mr. Reiner what he was going to tell the kids.

"Actually, I don't know," he said. "When I was there, the visiting dignitary would come and tell us to keep our noses to the grindstone, and we'd just sit there. But now kids are less apt to put up with hypocrisy and dishonesty. Kids are glum nowadays. You don't see so many smiles on their faces. Maybe we were glum, too, but it was our own glumness, so we didn't notice it. I look at my own kid, who is nine years old and still gets excited about a new trumpet, or something, and I keep asking myself, 'When is he going to get *glum*?' "

By this time, we were in Mr. Reiner's old neighborhood, on Crotona Avenue, and he began to describe the points of interest. "Murray Eisenberg's back yard was right behind that house," he said. "He died two years ago, and he was one of the nicest human beings I ever knew. He was a statistician. He looked like Cary Grant. Now, this is Oakland Place, where Warren Wessel, one of my best friends, used to live. His mother was the corset lady, which fascinated us, because we knew for a fact that the ladies would go into her shop and get naked. The barbershop I went to was right around here. The barber told the same joke every time. He'd brush your hair with the wrong side of the brush, and he'd say, 'Hey, whatsa matta witha you head?' "

A few blocks farther on, Mr. Reiner said, "When I lived here, this was a tough neighborhood, and I had to walk through it to get to school. I got robbed every day by the big kids. But they'd never take your last nickel, because they had honor and they knew you had to have subway fare. So if you had fifteen cents they'd take a dime and half your lunch. Look, there's the De Luxe Theatre, where I saw my first movie. It was 'Faust,' and it scared the hell out of me."

We looked, and saw that a double bill—"The Bizarre Ones" and "To Turn a Trick"—was playing.

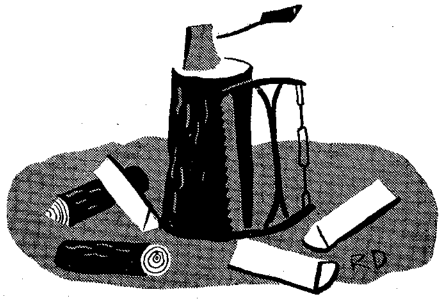
"This was the dime movie," Mr. Reiner said. "The Fairmount, down the street, was fifteen cents, and the Loew's Paradise was half a buck. We only went there on dates."

"I grew up in this neighborhood myself," the chauffeur, Tom Russo, put in.

"No kidding!" Mr. Reiner said. "I was wondering how you knew your way around so well."

The limousine stopped, and we all got out. "This is it," Mr. Reiner said. "Six sixty-five East 179th Street. We lived here from 1922 to 1935, when I was thirteen." He went into the lobby of the building—one of those plain, anonymous brick apartment houses that went up by the hundred in the Bronx in the nineteen-twenties—and jiggled one of the mailboxes. It was empty, and the door to it was hanging loose. "This is my old letter box," he said. "I haven't been in this lobby since I was a kid, and it's still the same. But what am I so amazed about? This must be the only country in the world where people are amazed when something stays the same for forty years."

Mr. Reiner went outside again and began walking slowly around the building. "I used to sit in that cellar window and play watchmaker, because my father was a watchmaker," he said. "And that sewer—when we didn't have any money for a ball, we would take off the manhole cover and climb down. Balls would collect down there from blocks around." He stopped, and began tapping the wall of the building thoughtfully. "Why am I tapping this brick?"



he said. "Ah—now I remember. A guy named Izzy—Crazy Izzy. He was about twelve, and I must have been about eight. He had a skin problem, and he always wore salve on his face. He claimed he was in the Secret Service. He said you could tell because he always kept the top button of his shirt buttoned, with no tie. He said that was very significant."

"What does that have to do with tapping the brick?" we asked.

"Oh, yeah. Well, this guy Izzy used to tell us that the Secret Service had installed a special brick in all these buildings, and that if you tapped the right brick the building would fall down. We tapped for years. Crazy Izzy!"

Mr. Reiner got back in the limousine for the ride to Evander Childs High School, and so did we. The school was old and grimy. Inside, Mr. Reiner was greeted by the principal, a compact man with wavy white hair named Bernard Weiss, and by Rosalyn Reich, a tiny blonde in a red minidress, who was the teacher of the senior drama class we were about to visit. There was a lot of excitement in the noisy hallways, and Miss Reich said to us, "I had to tell them *something*, so I finally told them there would be a visitor from the Board of Education. But they seem to have found out by themselves."

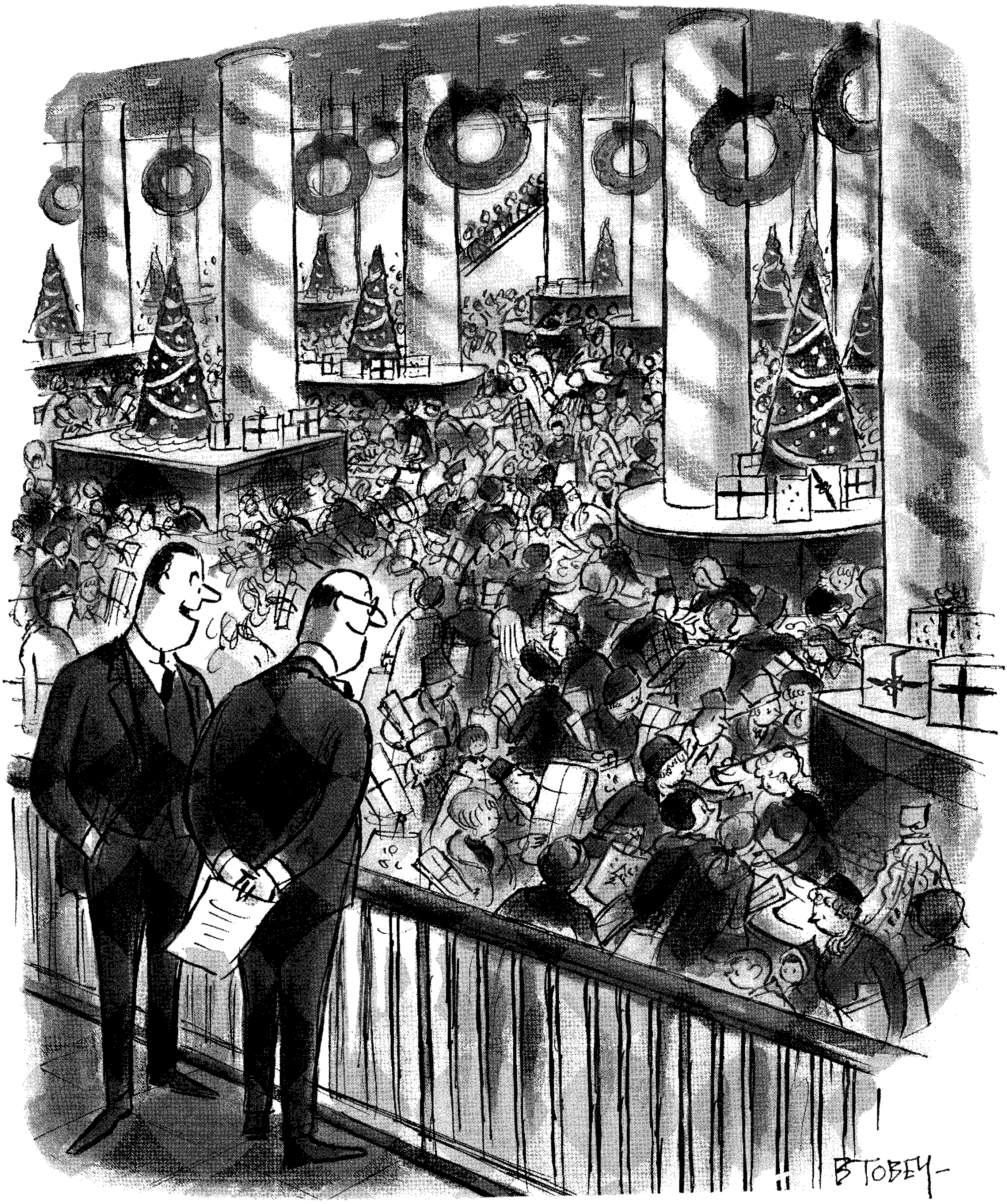
Mr. Weiss led the group to a classroom on the second floor and introduced Mr. Reiner to the kids, who applauded politely. We took a seat in the last row.

"I'm here to talk with you, not at you," Mr. Reiner said. "There's no one standing over me saying, 'Hey, you can't say that,' so ask me anything you like."

A girl asked him about his background, and he began to talk, a bit uncertainly, about his days as a student, as a machinist's helper, and as a young actor working for a dollar a week carfare. Some of the students, especially several long-haired boys in the back of the room, looked rather doubtful, as if they suspected (not entirely without reason) that they were being used to promote a movie.

"Write your name on the board," Mr. Weiss, who was standing behind us, said to Mr. Reiner. "I want you to know that feeling of turning your back on a class."

Mr. Reiner turned and began to scribble his name, then stopped and, instead, wrote it in huge Gothic letters. "That should give you some insight into how a comedian's mind



"The name of the game is Christmas."

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works," he said. "You take a situation and do something unexpected with it. I could have written a naughty word. Or maybe I should have written this." He drew a peace symbol on the blackboard.

The students brightened up, and a young man from the school paper asked a question about Vietnam. Mr. Reiner talked about his opposition to the war and his participation in the November 15th rally, and the class applauded—more warmly this time, with the long-haired boys joining in.

The hour passed quickly, and when the buzzer went off, kids poured into the room and Mr. Reiner found himself at the center of a thick knot of questioners and autograph seekers. One of them turned to her girl friend and whispered, "I'm going to kiss him," and she plunged in and did so. "She always wants to kiss," the girl friend said. "Crazy Lenore!"

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY

WELL, weather is a little cooler here today, as we had a nice rain and electric storm last night. We needed the rain—it's been 90 and 91 the past week. Said I'd write my life story. Well, I was born in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, on April the 15th, 1886. My given name Myrtle Mae High. Was raised on farm at Cicero, Kansas, and was one of family of eight children—five boys and three girls. Cicero was very small. The Santa Fe tracks ran through, it had the depot, post office, mill, the grocery store, and about five houses. It was just a place between Wellington, Kansas, and Belle Plaine, Kansas. We had a country school about a half mile from our farm. I never attended any other school. Went only through the eighth grade, though my brothers attended high school in Wellington.

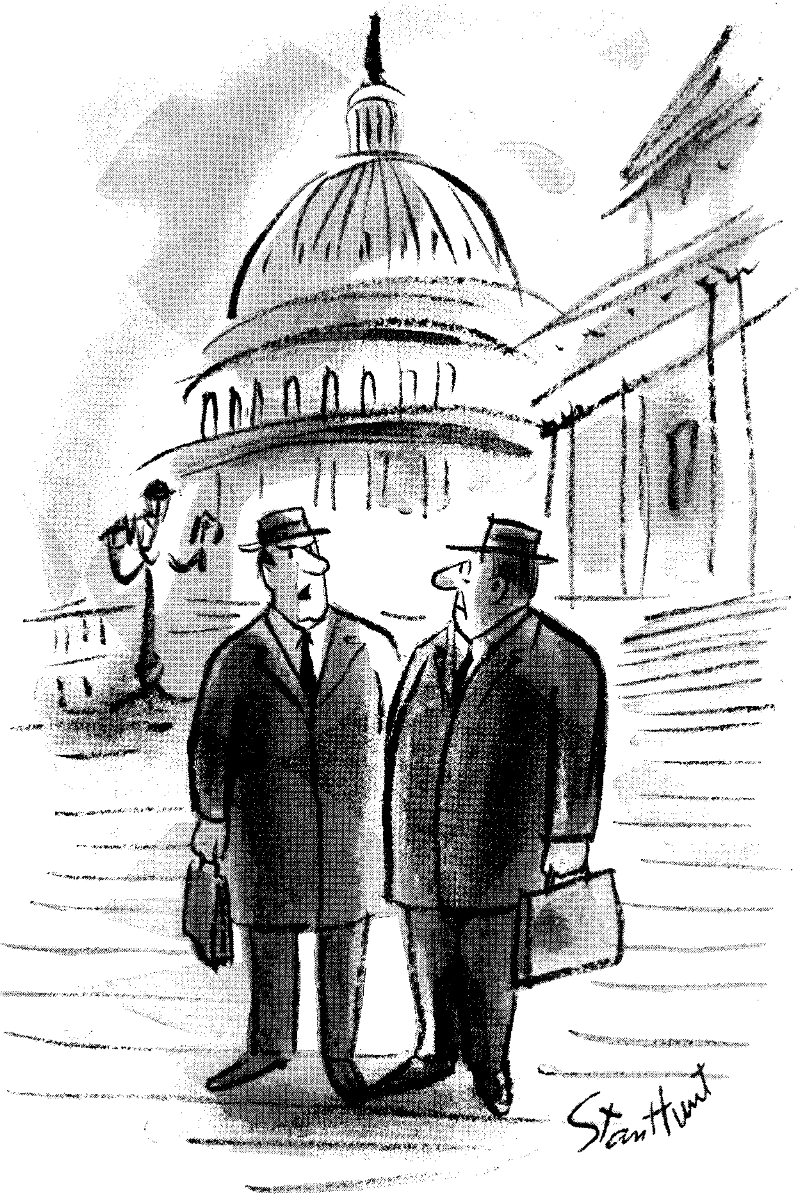
When I was growing up, I never heard of movie shows, radios, or TV. Our only source of entertainment was a box supper at the school house or a spelling bee. We had a kerosene lamp to go out to the toilet at night. We young people went to dances, usually at one of our friends' houses, as we young people ran in a group, and we seemed to have fun. Sometimes in the winter we took sleigh rides in the country. We were raised very strict and my father wouldn't let us girls stand out on the porch after dark and talk to boy friends, or even stand at the front gate when we came home from a date.

I only went with two other boys besides my husband. My husband and I knew each other since I was eight years old. He lived on a farm three miles from our place and it was rather funny how we started dating. I was going with his cousin, Jesse, and Jesse and I had a date for a Sunday night to go to church, but he never came. I sure felt bad over that, so I wrote him a letter. But he never answered. Jesse and I were supposed to be going to a dance the next Friday night, at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Smart. Harvey Smart was the boy I married. I thought I'd have to stay home, but my brother and his girl friend took me with them. At the dance, when I was dancing with Harvey Smart, he asked me if I had a date for that Sunday night, and I told him no. He asked me to go to church with him and I said yes. I thought of Jesse, and was pretty blue. I wondered how he could have treated me that way. The second time we went out, Harvey Smart asked me to marry him. Harvey was living on an eight-acre farm of his own and he was a bachelor. He had three hired help and was looking for a cook. I told him that was the reason he proposed to me. He then kissed me and I slapped him, as I wasn't used to that. And I told him I couldn't answer until the next Sunday night. I thought about it all week, as I was only nineteen, and he was four years older. I finally told my mother about Harvey and asked her if I could, and she said if you think you love him. She said it was O.K. with her. And I thought I loved him, and I told Harvey yes.

THAT was the last of January, 1906, and we were married in my folks' home on Sunday, July the 15th, 1906, at 4 P.M. Well, we had a nice wedding, but it started raining that day around 9 A.M. and it really rained all day and all night. The morning of the day we were married, Harvey's brother, Jewell, hitched up a team of horses to an old-fashion surrey and drove to Belle Plaine, nine miles away in the rain, to get the preacher and then took him home afterwards in the dark.

We spent the first night at home in my room, and then the next day was a nice sunshiny day and we drove over to Harvey's folks for our wedding dinner, and the third day we moved into the four-room house two miles away where Harvey lived, and we sure were happy. Harvey had his wheat cut and thrashing all done and he was ready to start fall plowing. We lived there for two years, and then we sold the farm and moved into Belle Plaine, where Harvey took up house painting. Then in 1916 we moved here to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where I live still.

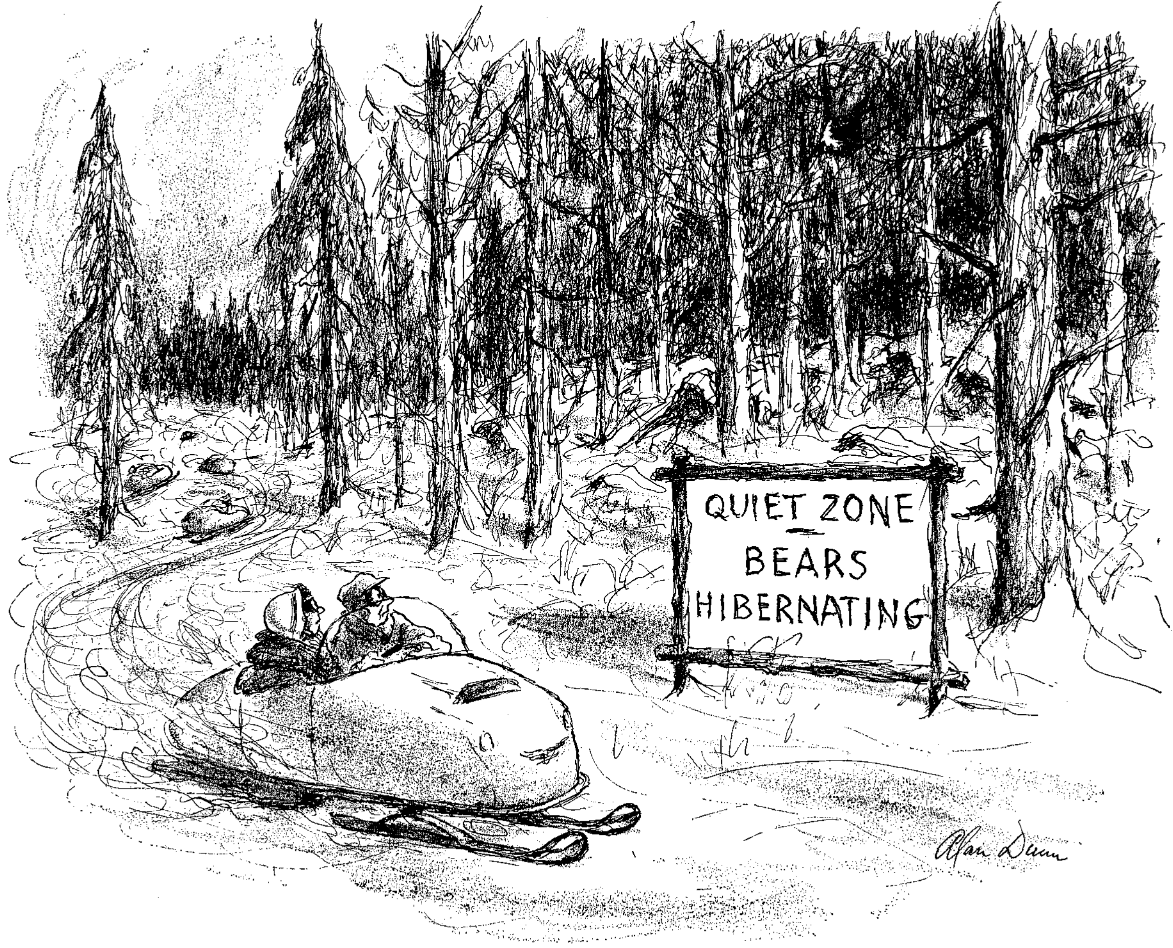
Well, our first baby, a boy, was born on December the 7th, 1908, and he weighed ten and three-quarters pounds. We named him Ira Lee Smart, but we always called him Lee. Lee was born during an election year, and my two daughters were also born during



"I'm as clean as a hound's tooth, and I'm as poor as a church mouse."

election years. Geneva Irene was born September the 28th, 1912, and she weighed nine and a half pounds. Velda Alveda was born September the 26th, 1916, and she weighed nine pounds.

Geneva Irene died November the 3rd, 1913, at Boise, Idaho, where we were visiting for a little time. One year, one month, and six days old. Velda Alveda died June the 25th, 1943, at Mercy Hospital in Cedar Rapids. She had double pneumonia. She died at the age of twenty-six years, and left a baby of thirteen months. Seemed so sad to go so young, and so much to live for. When Velda died, I could hardly take my grief.



That was a lot of sorrow for me in those days, as two years before, in 1941, my husband had dropped dead with a heart attack. It happened about five minutes after we came into the house on a Sunday evening from church. I was all alone when Harvey died, and a flower shop about a half block from our house was all lit up. Before, I was wondering what they were all lit up for, and Harvey he'd said it was probably because they were making flowers for a funeral. So a neighbor came over to stay with Harvey, as he had fallen on the floor and we had no phone, and I went down the street to use the flower shop's phone. The man in the flower shop said, "Who is your doctor?" and he said for me to go back home and he would call the doctor, but he said Harvey must be dead. When the flower man came to my house, he had the doctor and an undertaker friend with him, and I didn't think he needed to do this until he came first just with the doctor. As it happened, the undertaker would not touch Harvey till I got his Social Security card. As Harvey wasn't working, he didn't have it in his billfold, so I had to look for it, and this took me about a half an hour and I was so nervous that when I found it I just passed it into the undertaker's hand without saying anything. So the undertaker and the flower man picked up Harvey's body and put it in a black bag and carried it out. Velda's husband ran a confectionery store down by the Iowa Theater, and after the undertaker was gone I went down there. My son, Lee, was living at Olin, Iowa, and I had quite a time getting in touch with him. Well, that was February the 22nd, 1941, and Velda died two years later, and the day Velda died Lee was at Anamosa, Iowa, getting in the Army. He left for the Army three weeks later, and I'm telling you that with all the worry and sorrow my hair turned white.

Lee was gone for three and a half years, but he was lucky and his life was spared. He returned to his wife, who he had married on June the 25th, 1935—the same day that Velda died eight years later—and he was the only child I had left. Lee was married for thirty-four years this summer, but no children. Still, I have one dear grandchild, Velda's son, George, and he was twenty-seven on May the 31st, 1969, and he is the only grandchild I have and the one I raised after his mother died. George is married, but no children, and they are married four years.

I FORGOT to mention, when I was a girl on the farm at Cicero we raised chickens, ducks, and geese. In the summer there were so many cyclones. The farmers' telephones had eight to ten families on one line, and all the houses had kerosene lamps. When Harvey and I moved to town off the farm, electric lights soon came and everybody was so happy.

Nowadays, I baby-sit five days a week, and I got TV. I'm a TV fan and I sure enjoy the stories. Celebrated my sixty-third wedding anniversary last July the 15th, and not many make it that long, but you see I've been alone twenty-eight years. Still, I have the one son, Lee, and he is over sixty now and has been retired from the Post Office four years. They live a block from me, Lee and his wife, and I live alone.

Well, it is P.M. now and has rained again most all A.M. Another flood at Waterloo, as a special news report came over TV several times today and said probably some people would have to be moving out of their homes. Sure is tough. I'm glad I don't live there.

This is not a very good story of my life, but it is all true, and my family have all passed on except my son and he is dear and precious to me. I don't know what I would do without him and his wife.

—Mae Smart

SIX POEMS

THE KEEPER OF THE BOOKS

Here they stand: gardens and temples and the reason for temples;
exact music and exact words;
the sixty-four hexagrams;
ceremonies, which are the only wisdom
that the Firmament accords to men;
the conduct of that emperor
whose perfect rule was reflected in the world, which mirrored him,
so that rivers held their banks
and fields gave up their fruit;
the wounded unicorn that's glimpsed again, marking an era's close;
the secret and eternal laws;
the harmony of the world.
These things or their memory are here in books
that I watch over in my tower.

On small shaggy horses,
the Mongols swept down from the North
destroying the armies
ordered by the Son of Heaven to punish their desecrations.
They cut throats and sent up pyramids of fire,
slaughtering the wicked and the just,
slaughtering the slave chained to his master's door,
using the women and casting them off.
And on to the South they rode,
innocent as animals of prey,
cruel as knives.
In the faltering dawn
my father's father saved the books.
Here they are in this tower where I lie
calling back days that belonged to others,
distant days, the days of the past.

In my eyes there are no days. The shelves
stand very high, beyond the reach of my years,
and leagues of dust and sleep surround the tower.
Why go on deluding myself?
The truth is that I never learned to read,
but it comforts me to think
that what's imaginary and what's past are the same
to a man whose life is nearly over,
who looks out from his tower on what once was city
and now turns back to wilderness.
Who can keep me from dreaming that there was a time
when I deciphered wisdom
and lettered characters with a careful hand?
My name is Hsiang. I am the keeper of the books—
these books which are perhaps the last,
for we know nothing of the Son of Heaven
or of the Empire's fate.
Here on these high shelves they stand,
at the same time near and far,
secret and visible, like the stars.
Here they stand—gardens, temples.

JUNE 1968

On a golden evening,
or in a quietness whose symbol
might be a golden evening,
a man sets up his books
on the waiting shelves,
feeling the parchment and leather and cloth
and the satisfaction given by
the anticipation of a habit
and the establishment of order.
Stevenson and that other Scotsman, Andrew Lang,
will here pick up again, in a magic way,
the leisurely conversation broken off
by oceans and by death,
and Alfonso Reyes surely will be pleased
to share space close to Virgil.
(To arrange a library is to practice,
in a quiet and modest way,
the art of criticism.)
The man, who is blind,
knows that he can no longer read
the handsome volumes he handles
and that they will not help him write
the book which in the end might justify him,
but on this evening that perhaps is golden
he smiles at his strange fate
and feels that special happiness
which comes from things we know and love.

CAMBRIDGE

Morning and New England.
I turn down Craigie
and think (what I have thought before)
that this name Craigie is Scots
and that *crag*, the word, is of Celtic origin.
I think (what I have thought before)
that this winter holds in it all winters past,
back to those of the elders who wrote
that our way is marked out,
that we already belong to Love or to Fire.
The snow and the morning and these walls of red brick
perhaps are forms of happiness,
but I come from other places,
where colors are soft and gray
and where a woman, when evening falls,
will water the plants in the patio.
I lift my eyes and lose them in the fathomless blue.
Farther on are the elms by Longfellow's house
and the ceaseless sleepy river.
No one in the streets, but it's not a Sunday.
Nor is it a Monday,
which gives us the illusion of beginning.
Nor a Tuesday,
the day the red planet governs.
Nor a Wednesday,
the day of that god of mazes
who in the North was Odin.
Nor a Thursday,
which makes us feel Sunday impending.
Nor a Friday,
ruled by the goddess who, in the woods,

tangles the figures of lovers.
Nor is it a Saturday.
This day belongs not to successive time
but to the spectral realms of memory.
As in dreams,
behind the tall doors there is nothing,
not even emptiness.
As in dreams,
behind the face that looks at us there is no one.
Obverse without reverse,
coin of a single face, all things.
Those odds and ends of memory are the only wealth
that the rush of time leaves to us.
We are our memory,
we are this chimerical museum of shifting forms,
this heap of broken mirrors.

INVOCATION TO JOYCE

Scattered over scattered cities,
alone and many
we played at being that Adam
who gave names to all living things.
Down the long slopes of night
that border on the dawn,
we sought (I still remember) words
for the moon, for death, for the morning,
and for man's other habits.
We were imagism, cubism,
the conventicles and sects
respected now by credulous universities.
We invented the omission of punctuation
and capital letters,
stanzas in the shape of a dove
from the librarians of Alexandria.
Ashes, the labor of our hands,
and a burning fire our faith.
You, all the while,
in cities of exile,
in that exile that was
your detested and chosen instrument,
the weapon of your craft,
erected your pathless labyrinths,
infinitesimal and infinite,
wondrously paltry,
more populous than history.
We shall die without sighting
the twofold beast or the rose
that are the center of your maze,
but memory holds its talismans,
its echoes of Virgil,
and so in the streets of night
your splendid hells survive,
so many of your cadences and metaphors,
the treasures of your darkness.
What does our cowardice matter if on this earth
there is one brave man,
what does sadness matter if in time past
somebody thought himself happy,
what does my lost generation matter,
that dim mirror,
if your books justify us?
I am the others. I am all those
who have been rescued by your pains and care.
I am those unknown to you and saved by you.

IN PRAISE OF DARKNESS

Old age (this is the name that others give it)
may prove a time of happiness.
The animal is dead or nearly dead;
man and soul go on.
I live among vague whitish shapes
that are not darkness yet.
Buenos Aires,
which once broke up in a tatter of slums and open lots
out toward the endless plain,
is now again the graveyard of the Recoleta, the Retiro square,
the shabby streets of the old Westside,
and the few vanishing decrepit houses
that we still call the South.
All through my life things were too many.
To think, Democritus tore out his eyes;
time has been my Democritus.
This growing dark is slow and brings no pain;
it flows along an easy slope
and is akin to eternity.
My friends are faceless,
women are as they were years back,
one street corner is taken for another,
on the pages of books there are no letters.
All this should make me uneasy,
but there's a restfulness about it, a going back.
Of the many generations of books on earth
I have read only a few,
the few that in my mind I go on reading still—
reading and changing.
From south and east and west and north,
roads coming together have led me
to my secret center.
These roads were footsteps and echoes,
women, men, agonies, rebirths,
days and nights,
falling asleep and dreams,
each single moment of my yesterdays
and of the world's yesterdays,
the firm sword of the Dane and the moon of the Persians,
the deeds of the dead,
shared love, words,
Emerson, and snow, and so many things.
Now I can forget them. I reach my center,
my algebra and my key,
my mirror.
Soon I shall know who I am.

PLAIN THINGS

A walking stick, a bunch of keys, some coins,
a lock that turns with ease, useless jottings
at the back of books that in the few days left
me won't be read again, cards and chessboard,
an album in whose leaves some withered flower
lies pressed—the monument of an evening
doubtless unforgettable, now forgotten—
and in the west the mirror burning red
of an illusory dawn. So many things—
a file, an atlas, doorways, nails, the glass
from which we drink—serve us like silent slaves.
How blind and strangely secretive they are!
Past our oblivion they still live on,
familiar, plain, never knowing we are gone.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

UNCLE

I AM the monarch of all I survey, being the sole occupant of this rambling ancient house on Vinayak Street in Malgudi. I am five-ten—too huge for the easy chair on which I am reclining now. But I remember the time when I used to crane my neck to see what was on the flat arm of this chair, and my uncle, sitting in it, would torment me by pushing his glittering snuffbox just out of my reach. When I cried, my aunt would swoop down on me from somewhere and carry me off to the street door and point out to me the crows on the roof of the opposite house or the donkey chewing leaves and sheets of paper out of a garbage heap. I used to enjoy immensely the warm security of her enveloping arms and the kitcheny fragrance that lingered on her. Sometimes, when she was busy cooking, she set me in a corner of the kitchen and placed before me a little basin filled with water, which I splashed about. I also watched with wonderment the smoke curling up from the oven when she blew on the fire through a hollow bamboo pipe. Suddenly she would pick me up again, and, with a bowl of rice in her other hand, carry me off to the street door. She would carefully set me on the brick platform in front of the house, my back supported against the slender pillars, and feed me. If I averted my head, she gripped my neck as in a vice, and forced the rice between my lips. If I howled in protest, she utilized the chance to thrust more rice into my open mouth. If I spat it out, she would point at a passerby and say, "See that demon, he will carry you off. He is on the lookout for babies who won't eat."

At that stage I must have faced the risk of dying of over- rather than under-feeding. Later in the day, she would place a dish of eatables before me and watch me deal with it. When I turned the dish over on the floor and messed up the contents, Uncle and Aunt drew each other's attention to this marvellous spectacle, and danced around me. My uncle, though portly, possessed great agility.

My uncle stayed at home all day, his time divided between munching and meditation. The question of what he did for a living did not occur to me until I was old enough to sit on a bench at the Albert Mission School and discuss life's problems with a class fellow.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

"I don't know. I call him Uncle."

"Is he rich?"

"I don't know," I replied. "They make plenty of sweets at home."

"Where does he work?" asked the boy, and the first thing I did when I got home, even before flinging down my books and schoolbag, was to ask loudly, "Uncle, where is your office?"

He replied, "Up above," pointing heavenward, and I looked up.

"Are you rich?"

At that moment my aunt emerged from the kitchen and dragged me in there, saying, "Come, I have some very lovely things for you to eat. Uncle doesn't like to be asked questions."

"I will not ask hereafter," I said, and added, "Only, that Suresh, he is a bad boy and he said—"

"Hush," she said.

I CLUNG to my uncle all through the day—mornings in the garden in the back yard, afternoons inside, and evenings on the brick platform in front of the house, squatting beside him. When he prayed or meditated at midday, I sat in front of him, watching his face, and imitated him. He became ecstatic and cried aloud to my aunt in the kitchen, "See this fellow, how well he prays! He is going to be a saint some day." When he sat down to eat, I nestled close to him, pressing my elbow on his lap. Aunt would say, "Let Uncle eat in peace," but he always said, "Stay, stay."

After lunch he would move to his bedroom and throw himself on the rosewood bench where he slept, with a small pillow under his head. My aunt would invite me into the kitchen so that he might be spared my company and enjoy an hour's rest. I would fall into her trap at first, until I suddenly remembered that I was not with my uncle, and then I rushed back to him.

"Tell me a story," I would demand, just when he was falling into a doze.

"Let us both sleep," he would say. "We will have wonderful dreams. After that I will tell you a story."

"What dreams?"

"Shut your eyes, Balu, and don't talk and you will get nice dreams." And while I gave his advice a trial he closed his eyes.

All too brief a trial. I cried, "No, I don't see any dream yet. Tell me a story, Uncle." He patted my head and murmured, "Wait, wait," with such a hypnotic effect that within a few minutes I fell asleep.

TEN days after first broaching the subject, Suresh cornered me again. We were playing marbles in the school yard. Suddenly he said, "My father knows your uncle."

I felt uneasy. What I hoped was that Suresh would find it possible to wipe his mind clear of my uncle once and for all.

"What does he say about him?"

"Your uncle came from another country, a far-off place."

"Oh, good. So?"

"But he impersonated."

"What is that?"

"Something not so good. My mother and father were talking, and I heard them use the word."

"WHAT is the news in your school today?" Uncle asked.

"Know what happened, Uncle?" I swallowed the word "Impersonate," which kept welling up from the depths of my being, and invented a story. "A bad boy from the 3rd B—big fellow—jabbed me with his elbow."

"Did he? Were you hurt?"

"Oh, no. He came charging, but I stepped aside, and he banged his head against the wall, and it was covered with blood, and when the teacher saw it he came and hit him with his cane."

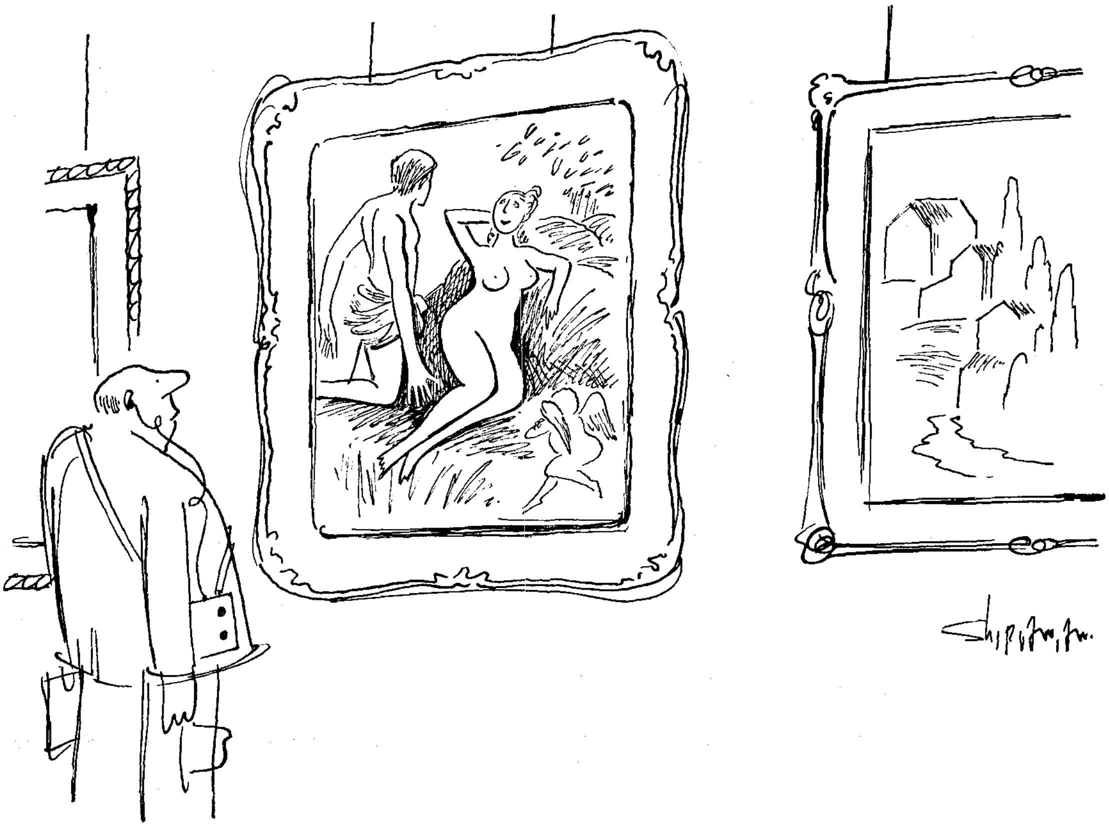
"For spoiling the wall, I suppose! Then?"

"And then they took him to the hospital."

My uncle cried out with joy at the fate overtaking my adversary. "Did he die?"

"Yes, yes, of course," I said, and stuffed glass marbles into my pocket and hopped over the wall and joined my friends. We played marbles or kicked about a rubber ball, blissfully unaware of the passersby and the traffic, until the street lamps came on and my uncle appeared at our doorway and called me in. My aunt gave my hands and feet a scrubbing, smeared sacred ash on my forehead, and made me sit with my uncle on the back veranda of the house and recite holy verse. After which I picked up my schoolbooks, and under my uncle's supervision read my lessons, both the tutor and the taught feeling exhausted at the end of it. By eight-thirty I would be fed and put to sleep in a corner of the hall, where I felt most secure.

They both rose at five in the morning and moved about softly so as not to disturb me. My uncle drew water from



"If you are under eighteen years of age and unaccompanied by an adult, please move on to the next painting."

• •

the well, the first thing in the day, for the family, and then watered the plants in the garden. In the morning light he looked like a magician. With a trowel he controlled the supply of water through the rows of plants by hand, scooping up the mud, and opening or blocking the water course. I floated little bits of straw or leaves, or picked up ants and helped them have a free swim along the current. Sometimes without my uncle's knowledge I scooped off the mudbank with my hands and diverted the water elsewhere.

When the sun came over the walls of the house behind our garden, my uncle ended his operations, poured a great quantity of water over himself, and went in dripping, in search of a towel. When I tried to follow him in, my aunt brought out a bucket of hot water and gave me a bath beside the well. Soon I found myself in the puja room murmuring prayers. A perpetual smell of incense and flowers hung about this room, which was actually an alcove in the kitchen where pictures of gods hung on the walls. I loved the pictures: the great god Krishna poised on the hood of a giant serpent; Vishnu, blue-colored, seated on the back of Garuda, the divine eagle, gliding in space and watching us. As I looked at the pictures and my tongue cited holy verse, my mind went off into fantastic speculations. Was the eagle a sort of airplane for Vishnu? Lakshmi stands on lotus! How can anyone stand on a lotus flower without crushing it? From the fireplace would come my aunt's voice, over the hissing of the frying pan. "I don't hear you pray. Why have you stopped?"

I would raise my voice and say, "*Saraswati namastubhyam*," which means "O goddess of learning, a bow to you," or some such thing. I secretly added a personal request to this prayer: "May you help me get through my school hours without being mauled by my teachers or other boys; may I get through this day unscathed." Each day I went to school with dread. My teacher was unshaven and looked villainous. He frequently inhaled a pinch of snuff in the class and spoke in a grating voice, the snuff having ravaged his vocal cords, and every now and then he flourished a short stubby cane menacingly at the class. I had never seen him attack anyone, but his gestures were frightening, and I sat on my bench shuddering lest he should turn in my direction and notice me.

My life was carefully supervised by my uncle. Seizing my schoolbag, he peered into it and probed its bottom with his fingers. He held a slate pencil up to the light in order to judge how much longer it could be used. He would sharpen its point on the stone floor, commenting, "You must hold it here and write, and don't bite the end. This can be used for a week more." It was painful to write with such a short stub; my thumb and forefinger became sore. And if my teacher noticed it he twisted my ear and snatched the stub away and made me stand on the bench as a punishment. I could not mention these problems explicitly, for I feared that my uncle might don his shirt and visit my school in order to investigate. I had a secret anxiety lest he should ever appear in our school. I thought that the boys might stand around and make fun of his girth. And so I had to manage with the stub as instructed. When he felt satisfied that I had used the pencil wisely, he would open his wooden cupboard, take out a lacquered casket and out of it a cardboard box, and from the box a package of long slate pencils. He would take out a brand-new one and hesitate. Guessing his intention, I would snatch it from his hand, crying, "Don't break it. I want it full-length!"

Sometimes he gave it to me whole; sometimes he broke it in two, saying, "Half is long enough." He then packed my books back into the bag and said, "Little man, if you don't read your lessons properly, you will never count for anything in life and no one will respect you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Uncle," I said, though not very clear in my mind as to what "respect" meant.

One evening I came home and announced, "They are going to photograph us in our school."

My uncle sprang to his feet. "Who?" he demanded. "Who is going to photograph you?"

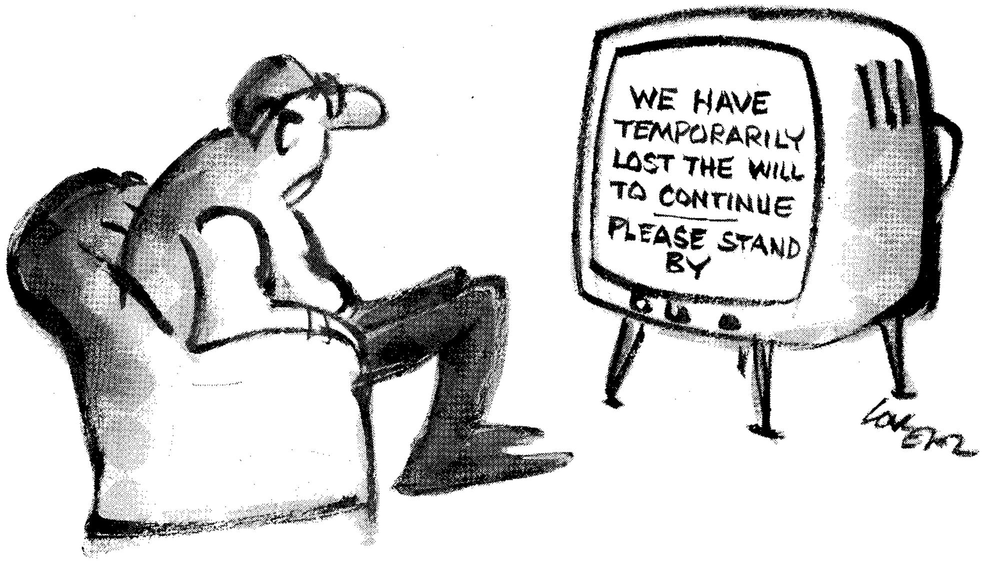
"My teacher's brother has a friend who has a camera, and he is going to photograph us."

"Only you or others also?"

"Our class alone—not even the B section will be allowed, although they asked to be photographed, too."

Uncle called Aunt and said, "Did you hear? This young man is going to be photographed tomorrow. Dress him properly."

Next day, my uncle followed me


WE HAVE TEMPORARILY LOST THE WILL TO CONTINUE
PLEASE STAND BY

about, uttering pieces of advice. "You mustn't scowl even if the sun hits you in the eyes. You must try to look pleasant. Only girls waiting to be married used to have their photos taken. Nowadays, everyone is being photographed."

When I came home from school that evening, both of them were waiting at the door to see my triumphant return from the photographer. My uncle asked anxiously, "How did it go?"

"Our teacher said, 'Come out, all of you, and stand in a line under the tree.' We marched out. A man came with a small camera, lined up all the tall boys first and all the short ones in the front row with our teacher in the center, and then he cried, 'Stand steady. Don't move,' and it was over. Our teacher has promised to give away a photo to whoever brings two rupees from home."

"Two rupees!" said my uncle, aghast.

Aunt said, "Never mind, it is the child's first photo."

"I thought the class would be let off after the photo," I said, "but we were marched back for geography lessons."

Before I left for school next day, my uncle thrust two rupees into my pocket, cautioning me, "Take it carefully to your teacher. Don't drop it on the way." He stood on the front step and watched me go. I turned round a couple of times, to assure him, "Don't fear. I will be careful," dreading lest he should suddenly don his shirt and decide to escort me.

FOR two weeks there was no sign of the photo. My uncle got quite agitated, and asked every day, "What did your teacher say about the photo?" I had to invent an answer each time, as I did not have the courage to confront my teacher on the subject. And so I generally said, "The photographer has been very ill. But tomorrow positively we are getting it."

Ultimately the photo did arrive, and we were given our copies at the end of the day. As I reached home, I shouted from the street, "Photo!," which brought my uncle and aunt down the steps of the house. I fished the photograph from my schoolbag. "Such a small one!" my uncle cried on seeing it.

"His camera also was small!" I said. They carried the print to a corner where a beam of sunlight streamed in through the red pane of a ventilator and observed it closely. Uncle put his spectacles on, but my aunt had to wait for her turn, since they managed with a single pair between them. "Why can't we go outside? It is brighter out there, and I won't need glasses," she suggested.

"No," he replied firmly. "Inquisitive fellows all around—fellows ready to peer through the wall if they could, to learn what is happening here." Passing on the spectacles, he commented, "Our boy has the brightest face in the group, but they have made him look so dark!"

I pointed out my enemies to them. "This is Suresh—always trying to kill me, if I am not careful. . . . This boy also is a bad fellow." My aunt's eyes met mine significantly at the mention of Suresh. "This is our teacher. He will not hesitate to skin alive anyone who is found talking in his class. The man who took the photo is his brother's friend. Own brother, not cousin. Suresh asked if he was a cousin, and it made my teacher so wild!"

My uncle counted the heads and cried, "Fifty? Two rupees each and they have collected their one hundred rupees! And not even a mount for the photo!"

NEXT day when I was leaving for school, my uncle said, "Come home early. We will go to the market and have the photograph mounted in a frame. Have you any important lessons?"

"No, none," I said with conviction. "I will come home for lunch and stay on."

"Do you wish to come with us?" he asked, aiming his question in the direction of the kitchen.

My aunt, with her years of experience behind her, shouted back from the fireplace, "Do you want me to go with you?"

"Not if you have things to mind at home," he answered.

This was a diplomatic game which, in spite of my age, I understood very well, and so I broke in, "Let Aunt come another day, Uncle. She will want a carriage to be brought, and all that trouble," which was a fact. Whenever she wanted to go out, she would send me running to the street corner to fetch a jutka, and it was not always easy. Some days you found six jutkas waiting for fares, under the margosa shade at the street corner; some days you couldn't find even one at a busy hour; sometimes the jutka drivers, who knew me, would tease and not take me seriously, or pass disparaging remarks about my uncle, referring to him as "that Rangoon man," and generally mumble and smirk among themselves at my expense. Now my uncle added, "Quite right. We could walk to the market."

"Yes, by all means," said my aunt, much to everyone's relief.

That day, I came home early, and at three o'clock Uncle and I sallied out, having finished our tiffin and coffee. Uncle carried the photograph in his hand delicately, enclosed in an old envelope. As we went down the street, a neighbor standing at his door hailed us and demanded, "Where are you taking the young fellow?" He was an engineer and worked in some distant project on the hills. He came to our house occasionally for a game of cards. He said now, "I am here for a few days. Can't we have a session sometime?"

"Of course, of course," said my uncle. "I will let you know," and moved on.

"Won't Aunt get angry?" I asked, remembering the arguments they had had after the cardplayers had been sitting around in the middle of the hall, demanding coffee and edibles, and playing far into the night. My uncle had lost a lot of money through card games, and my aunt was very definite that he should never play cards again.

As we walked on, I asked many questions. This was my opportunity to clear my doubts and learn about new things in life. I asked, "Why does not Aunt like playing cards? So many nice people gather in our house, and it is so interesting!"

He answered, "It is very expensive, my boy. Some people have lost all their fortune and become beggars. Gambling is bad. Don't you know how Nala lost his kingdom?" And he began to narrate the ancient story of Nala. Cyclists passed, a herd of cattle returned from the grazing fields beyond the river, some very young schoolchildren emerged from the town primary school—the sun scorching us all. But my uncle noticed nothing while he unfolded to me the fate of Nala, holding me by the wrist lest I should be run over or gored by the cattle.

I shrank behind him when we passed my school. I had skipped three classes in the afternoon and did not wish to be seen by my teachers or classmates. We could hear the voices from within the classrooms. Presently the bell for the three-thirty recess would sound, and the boys would rush out to drink water at the tap, or swarm around the ground-nut seller at the school gate. The headmaster was likely to prowl about to prevent the boys from fouling the road. It would be disaster for me to be seen by anyone now. Nor did I wish my uncle to get any ideas while passing the gate—such as stopping to have a word with my teacher.

"Do they have to make all that row?" my uncle said.

I quickened my steps and tried to divert his mind to other matters by saying, "What game did Nala play? Did he play cards?"

"I am sure he would have," Uncle said, "if they had invented playing cards in those days. He played dice." He went on to explain the game to me, and then continued the story. "The fellow played with his brother, but malevolent gods had got into the dice and affected his chances, and he lost his kingdom and everything except his wife, and had to march out of the capital like a mendicant, wearing only a loincloth."

We turned to our right and took a shortcut through Kabir Street to Market Road, where the frame maker's shop was. The frame maker's name was Jayraj. He had hoisted a signboard, which was rather pompously worded "Photographers & Photo-Framers," stretching the entire width of the outer wall of the market. Though he chose to display himself in the plural, there was only Mr. Jayraj. However, there was always a goodly company on the long bench sticking out from his threshold—friends, well-wishers, customers, and listeners—as Jayraj expounded his social and personal philosophy all day long. Now he gestured to us to be seated on the bench, and went on gently hammering tacks onto the sides of a frame covered with a cardboard. Presently he looked up and greeted my uncle, "Doctor, where have you been all these days?"

I was surprised at my uncle being addressed as a doctor, and asked, "Uncle, are you a doctor?"

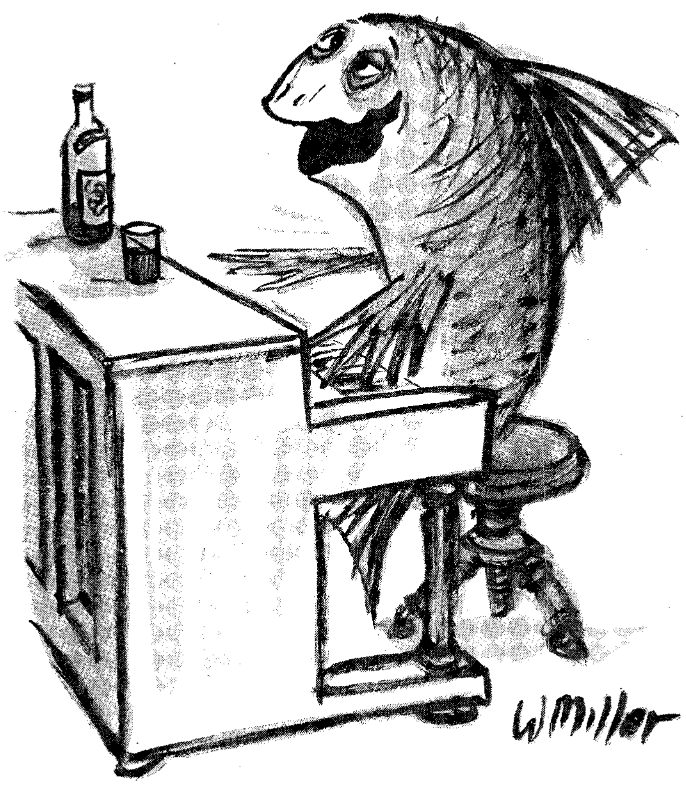
He merely rumpled my hair and did not answer.

Jayraj looked at me and said, "Brought this young man along—who is he?"

"He is my boy, our child at home," my uncle said. "Here is this young man's photo which must be framed. Will you do it?"

"Of course, anything for you, sir." Jayraj looked at the photo with disgust. I thought he might fling it into the gutter. He pursed his lips, shook his head dolefully, and said, "This is how people cheat schoolboys nowadays. Underdevelop and overexpose, or underexpose and overdevelop. Here I am in the heart of the city, ready to serve our townfolk. Why can't people make use of me instead of some tenth-rate camera meddler? I am open twenty-four hours of the day, in the service of humanity. I even sleep here when there is work to do." He pointed at his camera, a hooded apparatus on a tripod in a corner. "There it is, always ready. If somebody summons me, I respond immediately, no matter what the subject is—a wedding, a corpse, a prostitute, a minister of state, or a cat on a wall. It's all the same to me. My business is to photograph, and let me tell you straightaway that my charges are more than moderate. I don't believe in doing cheap work. I photographed Mahatma Gandhi when he was here. I was summoned to Madras whenever Nehru was on a visit. Dr. Radhakrishnan, Tagore, Birla—I could give you a big list of people who were pleased with my work and wrote out testimonials spontaneously. I have locked them in the safe at home. Any day, you will be welcome to visit my humble home and peruse them if you like."

While he talked, his hands were busy giving the finishing touches to a wedding group. He held the picture at arm's length and said, "Not my business, so many committing the folly every week, the government looking on, while people howl about the population problem, but why can't they ban all marriages for ten years?" He wrapped the framed picture in an old newspaper, tied a string around it, and put it away. Then he picked up my photograph, studied it again, and remarked, "Fifty heads to be compressed on a postcard. Unless you look through a magnifying glass, you will never know who is



"Aquarius, Aquarius."

who. Will you leave the color of the mount, frame, and style entirely to me, or have you any ideas?"

My uncle was bewildered by this question and said, "I want it to look nice, that is all. I want it to look *particularly* nice."

"I don't doubt it," said Jayraj. "Well, for the tone of this print there are certain shades of wooden frame and mounts suitable, and some not suitable. If you prefer something unsuitable according to me, it'll still be done. I will wrap it up, present it to you, and collect my bill—but let me assure you that my heart will not be in it." He placed my photograph on his desk and weighted it down with a steel measuring scale.

Meanwhile, more people came and took their seats on the bench, like men at a dentist's parlor. Jayraj did not bother to notice his visitors; nor did he notice the crowd passing through the market gateway—shoppers, hawkers, beggars, dogs and stray cattle, and coolies with baskets on their heads—all kinds of men and women, jostling, shouting, laughing, cursing, and moving as in a mass trance. They would have been able to pass in and out more easily but for Jayraj's bench sticking across the market entrance.

A very bald man came and gingerly sat down on the bench, announcing, "The Trustee has sent me." It made no impression on Jayraj, who had picked up a length of framing rod and was sawing it off noisily. The bald man repeated this announcement twice.

My uncle asked suddenly, "When will you give it?"

Before Jayraj could answer, the bald man said for the fourth time, "The Trustee has sent me. . . ."

Jayraj chose this moment to tell some other young man leaning on a bicycle, "Tomorrow at one o'clock." The young man jumped on his bicycle and rode away. Jayraj looked at my uncle and said, "It all depends when you want it."

The bald man said, "The Trustee is going away to Tirupati tomorrow and wants—"

"Wants me along? Tell him I have no time for a pilgrimage."

"No, no. He wants the picture."

"Where is the hurry? Let him come back from Tirupati."

"Will you be able to frame and give me the photograph now?" my uncle asked.

"It will take two hours," Jayraj said. "We must give the paste its time to dry. But before I can take up your work—you see that man on your side, whose scalp is shining today but who once upon a time had a shock of hair like a coir doormat?" and he nodded in the direction of the bald man. "One morning about ten years ago he came in with a calendar portrait of Brahma the Creator, to be framed, and I noticed that he was growing thin on top. Fortunately for us, we cannot know the top of our own heads. And I did not tell him, so that he might not feel discouraged about his matrimonial future. No one can question the why or wherefore of baldness; it is much like life and death. God gives us the hair, and takes it away when obviously it is needed elsewhere, that is all. Your picture shall be done immediately after the Trustee's, even if it means an all-night vigil."

"All night!" my uncle exclaimed. "I am not able to stay that long!"

"You don't have to," said Jayraj. "Trust me. You are determined to hang this young person's group picture on your wall tonight—perhaps the most auspicious date on your calendar! Yes, sir. Each unto himself is my philosophy. I usually charge three rupees for this size, Doctor—does it seem exorbitant to you?"

My uncle considered the offer and said meekly, "The print itself cost only two rupees."

"You are implying that frame and mount are in any sense inferior to the photo?"

"All right, three," my uncle said. He peeped out at the municipal clock tower. "It is past five. You won't take it up before seven?"

Jayraj said, "Not before eight."

"I have to be going. How will it reach me?"

Jayraj said, "I'll deliver it. Maybe you could pay the three rupees now. Don't think I am asking for money in advance. You see that room?" He indicated the inner room of the framing shop. "It is full of pictures of gods, demons, and humans, all framed in glass, ordered by people who never turned up again, and in the old days I never knew how to ask for payment. If a picture is not claimed immediately, I keep it for twenty years in that room. That's the law here. Anyway, I don't want to keep your picture for twenty years. I will bring it to you tonight." A sudden idea struck him. "Why don't you leave this little fellow behind? He will collect the picture and I will see that he gets home safely."

"Until *midnight?*" my uncle said.

"Oh, no. I was joking. Much earlier, much earlier."

"What will he do for food? He is used to his supper at eight."

Jayraj pointed to a restaurant across the street and said, "I will see that he is fed properly. I love to have children around."

My uncle looked at me and asked, "Will you stay?"

I was thrilled. Jayraj was going to give me heavenly things to eat, and I could watch the procession of people and vehicles on Market Road. I pleaded, "Uncle, don't be afraid. Please leave me and go. I will come home later."

Jayraj said, "Don't worry about him," and held out his hand. My uncle took out his purse and counted out three rupees on Jayraj's palm, saying, "I have never left him alone before."

After he left, Jayraj pushed my photo onto the floor and took in its place the one the Trustee had left with him. "Not a very good photo," he said, gazing at it. "That Pictograph man again! So proud of his electronic flash! They shut their eyes or open them wide as if they saw a ghost. For all the garland on his chest, and all his pomposity, the man at the center and all the others in the group look to me like monkeys surprised on a mango tree. . . ."

The bald head kept swaying in approval. Jayraj constantly looked up from his work to make sure that the fellow was listening. I sat between them until Jayraj abruptly ordered, "Child, move over. Let that man come nearer." I obeyed instantly.

As twilight came on and the street lamps were lit, I grew apprehensive. The world looked entirely different—the crowd at the market had seemed so entertaining before, but what if I got swept up in all those people and never saw my home again? I stole a look at Jayraj. He looked forbidding. He wore glasses with thick lenses, through which his eyeballs bulged, lending him a ghoulish look; unshaven chin and gray mottled hair covering his forehead; khaki shirt and a blood-red dhoti—a frightening combination. The moment my uncle's back was turned, his manner had changed; he became cold and aloof and ignored me. I kept looking at the restaurant across the road in the hope that he might follow my gaze and take the hint, but his hands were sawing, hammering, pasting, and smoothing, while his tongue wagged uninterruptedly. Having promised me nourishment, he was not giving it a thought. Suppose I reminded him? But I lacked the courage to speak to him. My mind was also busy as to how to retrieve my photo from this horrible man and find my way home. I had not noticed the landmarks while coming. There were so many lanes ending on Market Road. I was not sure which one of them would lead me to Kabir Street, and from Kabir Street one went up or down? A well right in the middle of that street and beside it the striped wall of an abandoned temple. One went past it and came through onto Vinayak Street somehow. Vinayak Street seemed a distant dream to me now. Once some gracious god could put me down there, at either end, I could always find my way home.

Jayraj paused for a moment to look at me and say, “When I promise a time for delivery, I keep it.”

What of the promise of food? What did “delivery” mean? Did it include eating? Was he implying that after delivering his picture to the bald man he would summon the restaurant keeper and order a feast, or did he simply mean that in due course he would nail my photo on four sides with wood and cover it with glass and then say, “That is all. Now get out.” When I tried to say, “I am very hungry. Are you doing anything about it? A promise is sacred and inescapable,” what came out was a croaking sound that attracted Jayraj’s attention but conveyed nothing. He looked up and asked, “Did you speak?”

He looked fierce under the kerosene power lamp hanging from the ceiling, and the huge shadow of its tin reflector left half the shop in darkness. I had no doubt that he enticed people in there, murdered them in cold blood, and stored their bodies in the inner room. How could my uncle leave me behind? Of course, if it came to it, I could hit him with the little ruler on the workbench and run away. If he asked me into the shop I should take care not to cross the threshold. But if he ordered food and then said, “Come in here and eat,” perhaps I could make a dash for the food, hit him with the metal ruler, and run.

Jayraj had risen to his feet and was now rummaging among old paper and cardboard, stacked in the inner room.

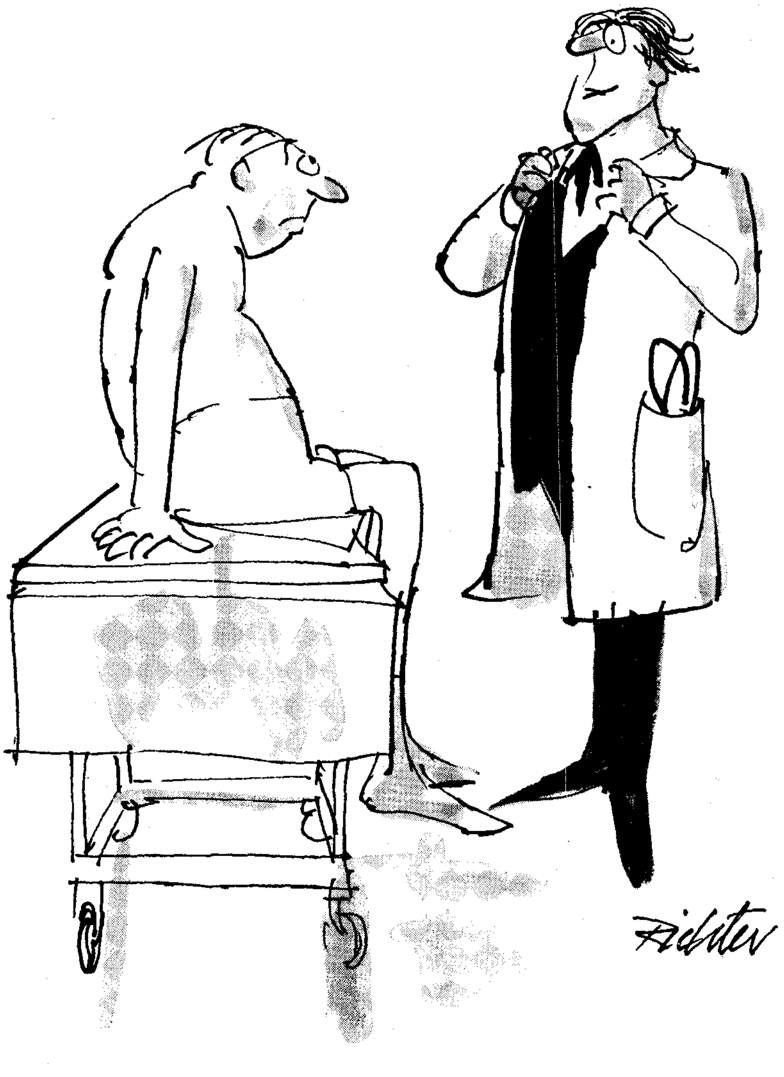
For a moment I was seized with fear at the prospect of fighting him. The bald man had also stepped into the workshop, anticipating some excitement, the light from the power lamp imparting a blinding lustre to his head. Jayraj cried, “Impossible to get at what one wants in this cursed place. I must set apart a day for cleaning up. . . . Ah, here it is.” And he brought out a portrait in a gray mount, took it close to the light, and said, “The print is rather faded.” They examined it with their heads close together. I pretended not to be noticing. I caught the words “. . . richest doctor in Burma.” They glanced at me and then turned away. I too looked away, trying not to miss a single word. “Ten doctors employed under him,” Jayraj said. “This fellow you saw was only a helper. He sterilized needles, and wrapped up powders and medicine bottles, and cleaned the syringe. Actually he must have started as this man’s”—tapping the photo—“personal bootboy. When the Japanese bombed Rangoon . . . trekked back to our country, leaving behind their palatial home and . . . but still they . . . jewelry and much gold . . . a bank account in Madras . . . fifteen-day-old baby in her arms. The doctor took ill and died on the way. There were rumors that he was pushed off a cliff by our friend. The lady reached India half dead . . . took charge of all the cash and gold and bank accounts, impersonating as the doctor . . . kept her a prisoner in the house, and gave her some injections and finished her. The cremation was a double-quick affair across the river. . . .” Jayraj resumed his seat and began working on a frame. The bald man asked some question that I couldn’t hear.

Jayraj replied, “Who could say? I think that the fat woman must also have been with them the whole time, and a party to it. What I know I learned from a servant maid who brought this picture for framing. I told her to call for it next day. Never came.”

“The same fellow who sat here a little while ago!” said the bald man, shaking his head in astonishment.

Jayraj lowered his voice. “When I called him Doctor—you saw his face?”

I could feel their eyes on me all the time they were talking. Finally the tap-tap of the hammer ceased. Jayraj said, “All right, this is finished. Let the glue dry a bit. Anyway it must be said to his credit: he tended the child and brought him up—only God knows the full truth. You, boy—” He held out to me the photograph that he had found in the dark inner chamber. “Do you wish to take this home? I’ll give it to you free.” The photograph was of a man in European clothes. I saw only that he had a mustache. If what they said was true, this was



“Orthodox medicine has not found an answer to your complaint. However, luckily for you, I happen to be a quack.”

my father. I looked at their faces, and got up without a word and began to run.

Jayraj shouted after me, "Come back, come back! I will frame your picture and give it to you, and then take you home!" But I kept on running. I bumped into people and was cursed. I was afraid Jayraj would shout, "Catch him! Don't let him get away!" Presently I slowed down my pace. I had no sense of where I was, until I recognized a sweetshop and knew that I was going back the way I had come. My head was drumming with Jayraj's speech. It was agonizing to picture my uncle cheating, murdering, and lying. The references to my father and mother touched me less; they were remote, unconvincing figures.

I reached the end of Market Street and began to saunter along, trying to look casual. The streets were less well lighted by the time I reached the foot of Lawley Statue. The houses there were tucked far back in their compounds—no way of knocking on their doors and asking for help. Nor did I dare speak to the boys leaning on their bicycles and chatting; they were older boys, who might make fun of me or beat me. A vagrant held out his hand and said, "Give me a coin, I will buy something to eat."

"I have no money," I said, "not a paisa, and I am also hungry." I turned my shirt pocket inside out to prove my statement.

"Go home, then," he ordered.

"I want to . . . but where is Vinayak Street?"

It was a grave risk betraying myself in this manner. If he realized that I was lost, he might kidnap me and sell me upcountry as a slave.

"If I go with you and show the way, will you tell your mother to give me a little rice for my trouble?"

"I have only an aunt—no mother," I said.

"Aunts don't like me. Go by yourself. Go back half the way you came, count three streets and turn on your left, if you know which is your left hand, and then turn right and you will be on Kabir Street."

"Oh, I know Kabir Street, and the well," I said with relief.

"Get onto it then, and take the turning beyond the well for Vinayak Street. Don't wander all over the town like this."

I must have gone out of my way several times before I found myself at the disused well on Kabir Street. When I reached Vinayak Street, I felt triumphant. In that feeling of relief, even Jayraj's words ceased to rankle in my mind. At that hour the street was deserted and the only guardians were the mongrels that roamed up and down in packs. They barked viciously at first, but soon recognized me. Escorted by the friendly dogs, who were wagging their tails and wetting all the lampposts in their delight at meeting me, I reached my house. My uncle and aunt were on the front doorstep.

"Your uncle was about to start out looking for you!" my aunt cried.

Uncle lifted me in the air in the sheer joy of our reunion, and asked, "Where is the framer? He promised to leave you here."

Before I could answer, my aunt said to him, "I told you not to trust such persons."

"Where is your photograph?"

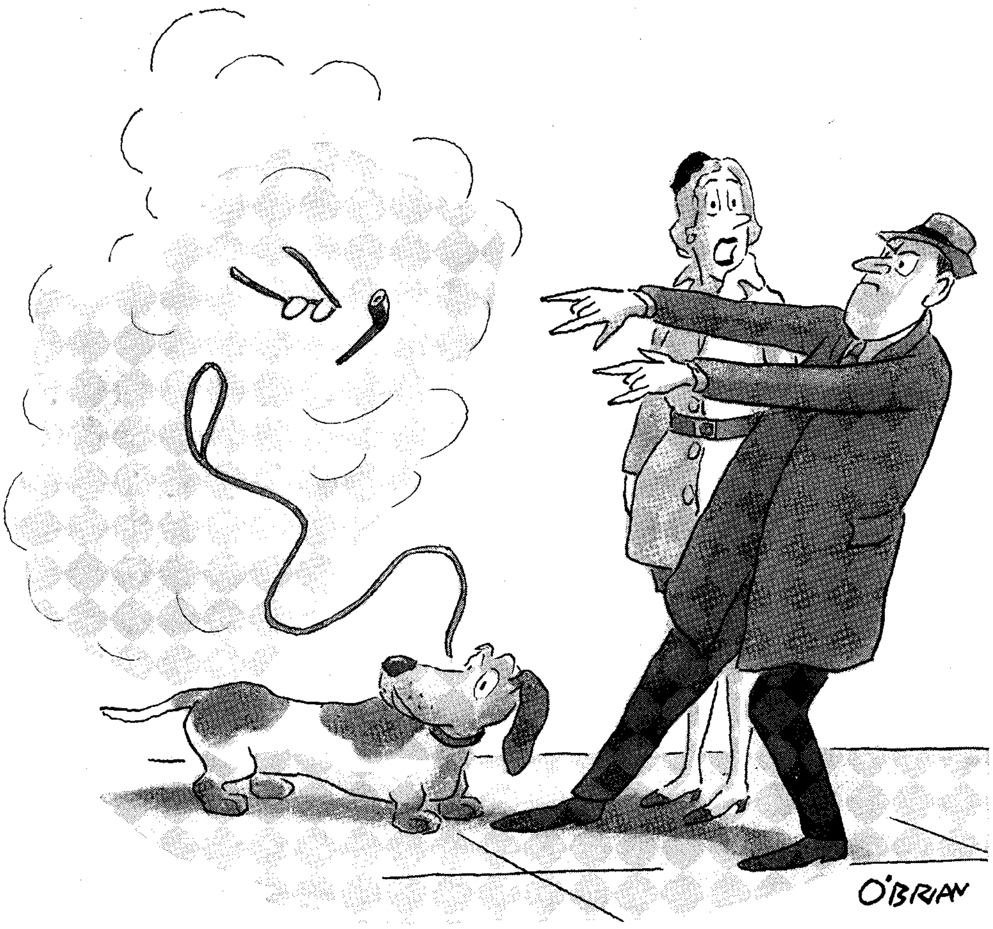
I burst into tears, and said, "He didn't give me anything to eat."

The next day, Jayraj managed to deliver the framed photo through someone who passed our way. My uncle examined it inch by inch and declared, "Wonderful. Good work. Worth three rupees, surely." Then he got a hammer and a nail and hung the photo over his easy chair, right below the big portrait of his grandfather in the gilded frame.

FROM time to time as I was growing up, I heard some insinuating remark about my uncle, and always ignored it. At the college hostel in Madras, I tried to strangle a classmate who had gossiped about my uncle. Sometimes I thought of my uncle as a monster, and felt like hurling accusations at him. But when I came home from college and saw him on the railway platform, waiting to receive me, his perspiring face full of joy, I could not say, "What am I worth? How much money did my parents leave me?"

When I studied "Hamlet," I thought how my uncle, too, had profited at my expense. He had probably gambled away a lot more money than he had spent on me. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. He had never denied me anything.

After his death, I examined his papers. There was nothing to show my connection with Burma, except the lacquered casket with a dragon on it. He had bequeathed the house and all his possessions and a small annuity in the bank to me and left my aunt in my care. —R. K. NARAYAN



"Harry, you must stop going 'Zap' to people who don't happen to see eye to eye with you."

PROFILES

THE ISLAND OF THE CROFTER AND THE LAIRD—II

IT is said on Colonsay that if you sneeze in Balnahard people will hear moments later in Machrins that you have pneumonia, and soon in Oronsay that you are dead. Nothing electronic has yet been developed that could outmode the gossip circuitry of this small island. People say that twenty years ago, when the population was two hundred and fifty, the gossip was extremely intense, but now that the population is half of that the intensity has doubled, for each person's turn comes up that much more often. A good thing it is, too, for not the least of the results is sanity. There is apparently a point at which gossip can become so intensely commonplace that it is not only beyond hurting anyone but is, in fact, a release.

"There is no mental illness on the island," the doctor said to me yesterday.

"I think they're all mentally ill," said the doctor's wife.

"Not from a medical standpoint," the doctor said. "You'll never kill them with quietness."

Sometimes eruptions are direct and brief. Two men were drinking side by side last night in the pub.

"I know you think I'm a bastard," said one, touching his cap.

The other said, "We'll let that pass. I've not come here to discuss that."

"I think it's time we buried the hatchet."

"Yes, and if I had one I'd bury it in your bloody head."

These face-to-face salutes are merely an intimation of what is said behind people's backs. In a sense, every house, hill, barn, and byre is a center of gossip, but there are several principal ones—The Shop, the post office, the potting shed at Kiloran Farm, and, above all others, the pub, which has no name and is in the rear of the inn in Scalasaig. What is said in these places will frequently include a high proportion of factual incorrectness, but truth and fiction often seem to be riding the same sentence in such a way that the one would be lonely without the other. A word or two will be said about almost everyone—"What Davidson fails to understand is that he is a foreigner here"—but far in excess of all competition the predominant subject of conversation is the laird, owner of the people's houses, owner of the land they work. The laird is a point of focus, a determining presence, the godhead of a small religion. The laird is a young man with a large family, an advanced sense of humor, and preoccupations with places other than Colonsay, but to the people of the island, where he spends his summers, he is the enigmatic embodiment of good and evil, hope and fear, keeper of the gates of Heaven and Hell, fate's own fulcrum, overlord, landlord.

It is 10 P.M. and, in the pub, time to drink up. A notice on the wall says, "Under the provisions of the Licensing Act, 1961, a period of ten minutes is allowed at the end of the morning and evening periods of permitted hours for the consumption of alcoholic liquors purchased during such hours. It is an offence for customers to consume alcoholic liquors after this ten-minute period. Maximum penalty 100 pounds."

"Ten minutes, gentlemen."

"The laird is an evil man in several senses of the word."

"As a boy, he took his sweets off and ate them by himself in the woods."

"That, I should say, is characteristic of him today."

"His two brothers and his sister—they shared sweets with others."

"His father had more money than he has, but once you get past the third million, what's money?"

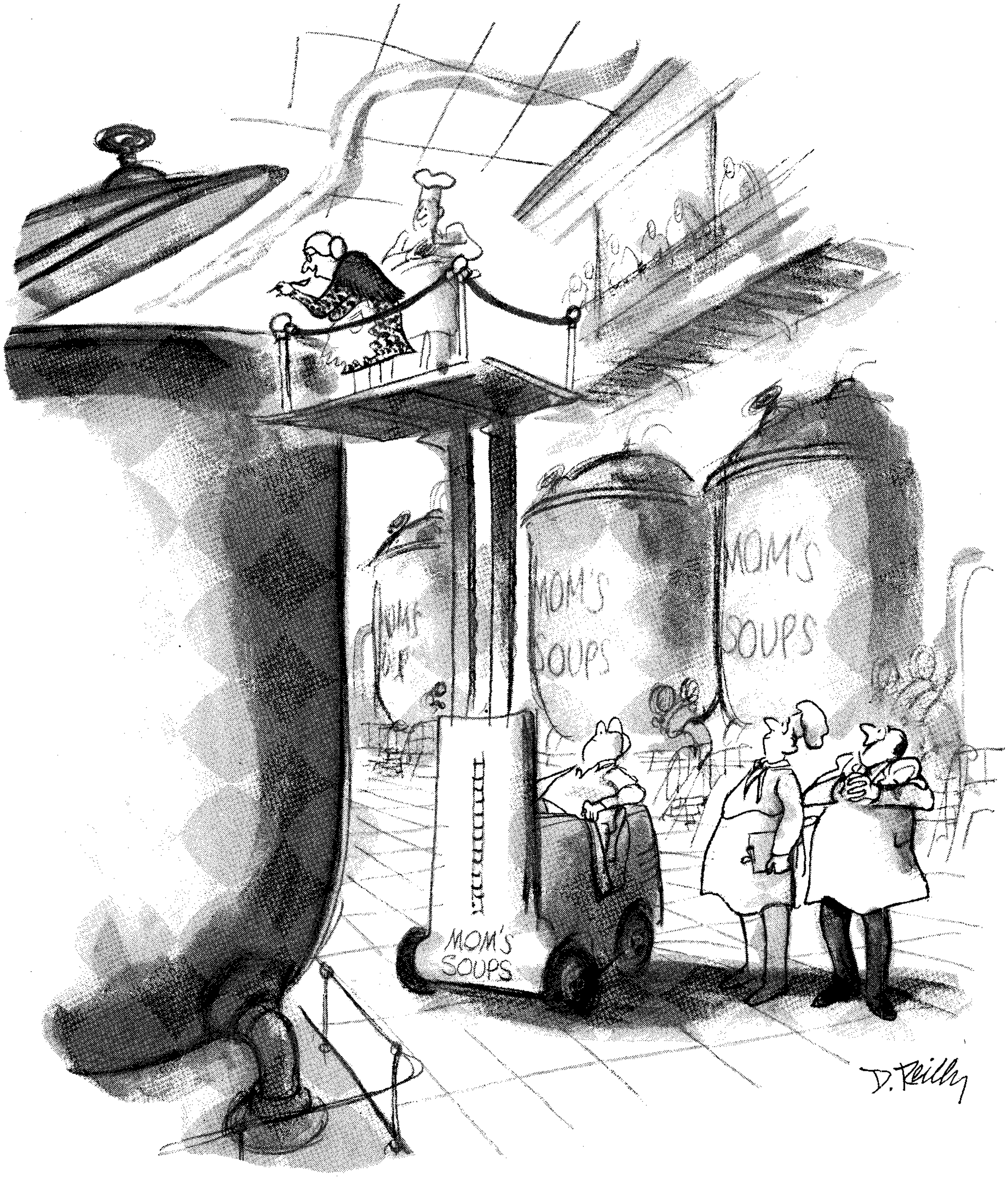
"His grandmother had seven million."

"In her day, the money was still new. The first Baron Strathcona, the laird's great-grandfather, was nothing more than an Aberdeenshire crofter's son—a herd laddie in his tartan rags looking over the cows. He went to Canada and sold firearms to the Indians—the old matchlock rifles—and he got skins for the rifles."

"And for the skins he got Colonsay, the finest island in the whole Hebrides."

"The finest island in the whole Hebrides to get the bloody hell out of."

Overhead, nailed high on a wall,



"If she says 'Yummy,' it's bonuses right down the line."

is a giant lobster claw, at least ten inches long. A sign behind the bar says, "Weights and Measures Act, 1963. Gin, rum, vodka, and whisky are offered in quantities of ⅕ of a gill or multiples thereof."

"The laird has no time for islanders. His father's attitude toward us was one of slight contempt. This one, I think, really hates our guts."

"I remember him saying once, 'When Daddy dies, things will change drastically.' I never forgot it."

"If the old laird had lived forever, things would have been all right."

"The new one says he is losing money. I have no idea where. He spends none on the island."

"He spent forty thousand pounds to restore his house in Bath."

"Och, it was a hundred and twenty thousand. That's why he lets the island go to subsistence sums."

"He is the chairman of the Bath Festival. He has no time for Colonsay."

"He doesn't have the money you think he has. There were death duties, you know."

"There are ways to circumvent them."

"The old laird's estate was only worth three hundred and sixty thousand pounds."

"Och, three million six hundred thousand would be more like it."

"The laird is a Lloyd's underwriter, and to be that you have to put down at least five hundred thousand."

"The old laird loved the wild geese, the graylag geese. Thousands of them stop here. He hoped they would breed here. No one dared to shoot a wild goose. The old laird would go around at night saying, 'Did you hear a shot?' "

"The old laird himself was a good shot."

"The new laird doesn't do much in the way of shooting. He's not a good shot. Before Calum the Gamekeeper became redundant, they were out shooting at snipes, and the laird kept missing, and he complained to Calum—'I'm not hitting anything,' he said. And Calum said, 'And I don't think you will, Milord, until you start using both barrels. The shells only cost eightpence apiece.' "

"Mean, parsimonious, close-fisted is the laird."

"He's a great yachtsman."

"A *very good* yachtsman."

"Seventy-five per cent of the time he's on the island is spent mucking about in his boat."

"When he goes to Kiloran Bay, if there's three people on the beach he calls it Blackpool."

"He thinks he's the cat's pajamas."

"He's a very vain man."

"Mind you, he's a broth of a boy."

"A blue-eyed boy."

"Lady Strathcona is of Norman aristocracy—well diluted, I believe."

"Her grandmother was a housemaid."

"She is of penurious stock, blue-blooded but not moneyed."

"And what have they done for the island? They have erected a sheep fank, and they have repaired two fences."

"They've let it seep out that the

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island can bloody well fend for itself."

"The factor has spread it around."

"Redundancies."

"People are in panic stations."

"Drink up, please."

"People complained about the old laird, too. Let us not forget that. They said he did what he pleased. Why shouldn't he do what he pleased? He was paying for it."

"This one isn't paying for it."

"His father spoiled the people of this island. He didn't want industry. He wanted the island unspoiled. When people were out of work, he took them on at the estate and paid them for doing damn all."

"Quite frankly, when this laird took over it was too late."

"People have been depending too much on Lord Strathcona. We have lost our sense of independence. There is too much soft living—National Health, Unemployment. You get money for sitting on your backside. It all adds up to a loss of independence."

"Lord Strathcona is a trained economist. The factor is one of the ablest factors in Scotland. We tenants sometimes—"

"The estate had two factors for a long time. I feel sorry for a laird who has not got enough sense to have one factor instead of two."

"There is where the money is pouring out. If the laird wants to save money, he should get rid of the other factor as well."

"We tenants sometimes have a biassed view of it all. The economic problem is people. If you get rid of people—all kinds of people—you are three-quarters of the way to solving the problem. More money is going out than is coming in. They have to get rid of the human problem—use professional labor instead of salary labor. Strathcona has done nothing diabolical. He has just got rid of the human problem."

"He's a feudal lord. You must remember that. He has responsibilities."

"Good night."

"Good night."

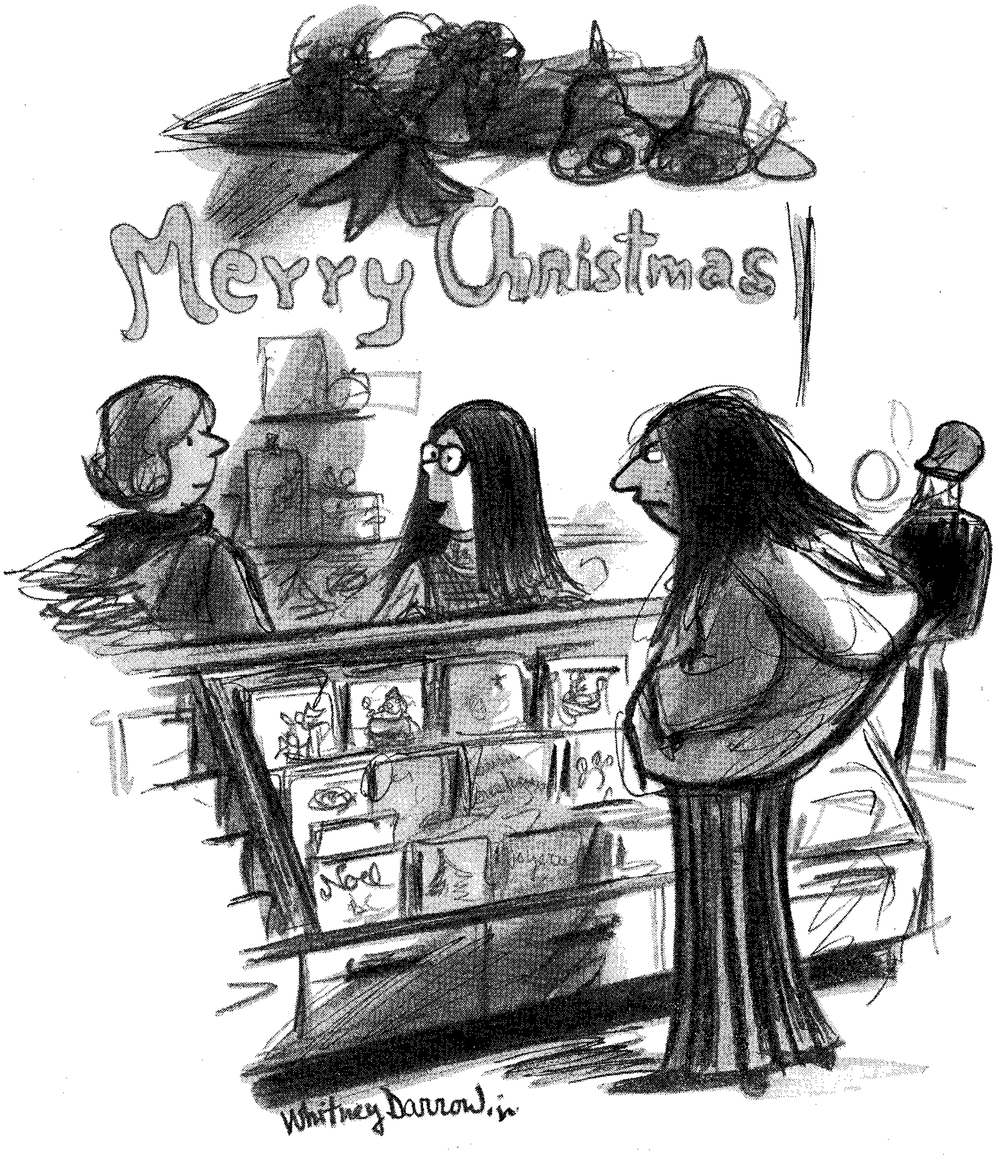
"Sleep well."

"Bye-bye just now."

If the people's favorite dartboard is the laird, their second choice is the factor. There is, of course, a powerful tradition in the Highlands of odium toward factors, and Colonsay, since time out of memory, has not been an exception. Some years after the murder of the last Colonsay chief, there was a period when the Campbells controlled the island, from their castle in Inveraray. They sent a factor to Colonsay whose name was Donald MacEwan but who swiftly became known as Spotted Donald. As factors went, Spotted Donald was particularly cruel, and when, finally, he expropriated the only cow of a poor widow, certain men of the island went to his house, tore him away from a dinner of seal meat and potatoes, dragged him to Balaromin Mor, and put seven bullets into him as he stood tied to the same standing stone where the last chief had perished. Word was forwarded to Inveraray that if another factor like Spotted Donald was sent to the island the same thing would happen.

In another era, there was a factor on Colonsay who was known as Gray Samuel the Lecher. Surrounded by women, whom he attracted through his fiscal powers, he lived in Dun Ghallain, a fortress on a high promontory over the waves at the western edge of Machrins. When he abused the island clansmen one time too many, they castrated him. Later, he was killed by accident when the roof of his house fell in, and a cairn—Gray Samuel's Cairn—now marks the site, by Foul Harbor. Seven hundred yards off Oronsay is an islet called Eilean Ghaoidmeal (the Island That Stole the Rent), and the story behind the name is that a factor once embezzled money and buried it there, but the money was never found, by him or by anyone else.

Tommy Findlay, of modern times and lately made redundant, was a friend of Andrew Oronsay. Findlay the Factor and Andrew Oronsay were once rival skippers in the annual sailing regatta, which is now defunct for lack of interest, but competition—between two-man sailing dinghies—used to be fierce. Andrew was a very good yachtsman, and before one regatta he acquired a new dinghy in order to favor his bid for the championship. Findlay the Factor sailed the laird's dinghy. Full of zeal, he carried too much sail, and in the course of the



"Do we have any anti-Christmas cards?"

"*I gave her the funniest years of my life.*"

• •

race tipped over. His crewman was Peter Bella. Standing on the shore, Peter Bella's wife, Bella Peter, screamed that Peter Bella could not swim and would drown. In order to save Peter Bella, Andrew had to lose the race, but he did not have to lose the day. Approaching the laird's dinghy, he found Findlay in the water hanging on admirably to the waist of the thrashing Peter. Cautiously and without hurry, he soothed Peter Bella with his voice and gradually hauled him to safety in his dinghy. By now, Findlay the Factor was so exhausted that he had trouble moving and could not pull himself out of the water. There had been other times when Andrew had had Findlay in a tight position. Andrew, so the story goes, had once invited Findlay to Oronsay for a weekend, and had put him in a room where the roof leaked, and Findlay had got soaked during the night. But Findlay had nonetheless neglected to have the roof fixed, and now, as he bobbed in the water, calling, "Haul me out, haul me out," Andrew seized him and pushed him under. Pulling him up into the air, Andrew said, "And when are you going to fix the slates on my roof?" There being no immediate answer, Andrew returned Findlay to the subsurface. Pulling him up again, Andrew said, "When? Now? This week?," and when Findlay nodded Andrew pulled him out. Findlay the Factor once expressed the belief that although incomers run the economy of the island, the island really belongs to the islanders—an ultimate insight if ever there was one, and that is exactly what it proved to be for Findlay, who was eventually made redundant, and left the island.

A third of all the rental income derived by the laird from the crofts, farms, and other properties of Colonsay goes to pay the salary of David Wardhaugh, the present factor. Wardhaugh lives in Forfar, in County Angus, and each month when the time for Rent Day approaches, he drives across the breadth of Scotland, through Strathmore and Strath Earn and on through Argyll, riding the Lochiel out to Colonsay, where he collects rents, listens to complaints, and tends the flame of the feudal system. Inevitably known as the Wart Hog, Wardhaugh does not deserve such facile opprobrium, for he is apparently an empathetic man, endowed with a strong awareness of the history of his line of work in Scotland and a desire to be as just as he must be realistic. His mission is plain enough. The laird simply has no wish to be the animated exchequer of an insular, private, picayune welfare state—or, to give the situation its full setting, a welfare state within a welfare state. The factor makes recommendations on the revision of rents and the renewal of leases and, particularly, on the creation of redundancies, and he sooner or later provokes hostility in almost every part of the island. He has the personal advantage of not being resident on Colonsay, and when he is present he keeps to himself at Colonsay House, the laird's place, in Kiloran, eating his meals alone and retiring early. He is a heavyset man with thinning hair and a manner of rumpled tweed—pleasant, practical, somewhat didactic. He knows an anachronism when he sees one, even in a mirror. Of both the actions and the responsibilities of the laird, he says, "Lord Strathcona is doing what the government *should* be doing."

Rent Day approaches now, and this time both the factor and the laird are on the island. The people, nostalgic for anything having to do with the old laird, are particularly nostalgic for Rent Day as it was when he was alive. The old laird and Findlay the Factor used to sit at a table in the inn, and as each tenant—each crofter, cotter, farmer—came to the table with his money, the laird would say, "And how *are* you?"

"Very well," said the tenant. "Very well, thank you, Milord."

"You're looking fit," said the laird.

"Thank you, Milord."

"Very fit indeed."

Then the tenant would in all likelihood proceed to give the laird news of a broken window, a leaking roof, a stovepipe disengaged. The old laird never argued. All complaints went into Findlay's notebook, for attention. After any request at all, the laird would say, "Right. Findlay, you look into that." And a month or six later the tenant would say, "Milord, about that stovepipe . . ." And the laird would say, "Findlay, why have you not done anything about it?" And Findlay would make another note in his book.

Why these mimes are remembered with nostalgia is obscure, but in part it is because of the genteel and graceful manner with which the laird always brought off the scene, and in part because he had on the table a bottle of sherry and a bottle of whisky. All who came to pay had their choice of

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drinks when they had done so. "Rent Day was a good day, a social day," one tenant—the storekeeper, Alistair Allan—said, describing it to me. "You took your glass and you rose and said, 'My respects, Milord,' and you drank your whisky—'a drop of himself,' as Skye men say." When all had paid their rents and had their drams, they left the inn together and went round the island, stopping at each house for a few more drops of himself. Everyone got pretty full, as an islander would put it, and Rent Day, always a Saturday, finally ended at about five o'clock Sunday morning.

There is much less drinking now, in the new era of austerity, and Rent Day is held at the estate office in Colonsay House. I have asked a considerable number of islanders if they intend to be there this time, and almost to a man they have said, "Och, no, I can't be bothered, I can't be bothered, I'll just mail in a check and be done with it"—or some close variation of that theme. The hour has come, however, and in the courtyard at the side of Colonsay House they are all present. To a man, they are impeccably dressed. They wear ties. The hair of some is wet from brushing. Their cheeks shine. In appearance, they are a church congregation, but in number they are more than the minister is accustomed to seeing. Donald Gibbie. Donald Garvard. Andrew Oronsay. There are no absentees. One by one, cap in hand, they go in to see the laird.

"Good morning, Milord."

The laird is younger than nearly all the men who have come to pay him their money and their respects. He is good-looking, tall, athletic, a bit heavy in the cheek, with long swept-back straight hair, amusement in his eyes, and the accents of Eton and Cambridge in his voice.

"And how *are* you?" he asks. "You're looking fit."

"Thank you, Milord."

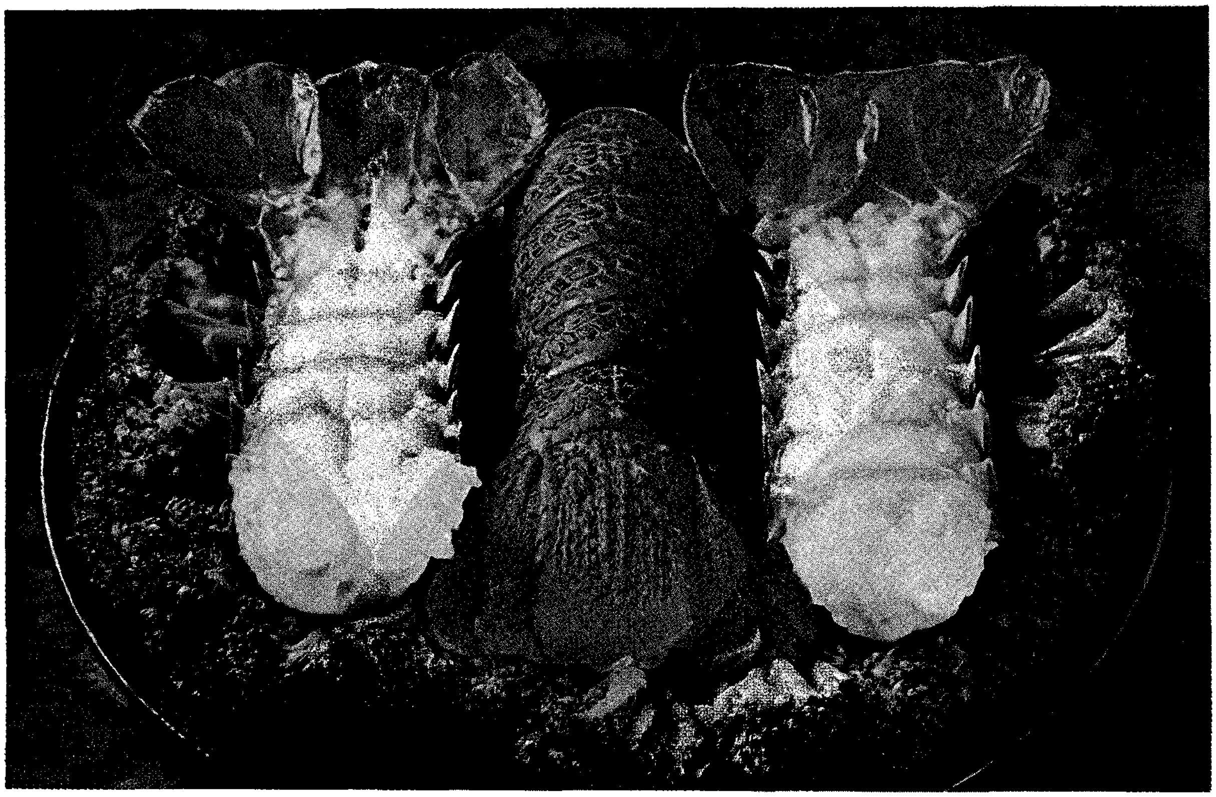
"Fit indeed."

"Milord, I thought I might mention that I have a fence down, and . . ."

"Wardhaugh, make a note of that."

I HAVE volunteered to help the laird prepare his launch for use by a group of marine biologists from the University of Glasgow and the British Museum. In earlier explorations, the scientists have discovered beneath the waters off Colonsay the largest laminaria forest they have ever seen—sequoias of seaweed so dense that men can move among them only in single file along the bottom of the sea. With-

Talk about taste



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in these forests they have found a tiny red alga of a type previously seen only in the waters of California, and today, as soon as the launch is ready, they will return to the rubbery wilderness to renew and perhaps to expand their discoveries. The air temperature at the moment is forty-two degrees and the water temperature is exactly the same. There is a strong wind. The sea is choppy. The biologists are up in the inn checking over their equipment—underwater cameras, lanterns, wet-suits—and the laird is in the open-sided shed at the edge of Port na Feamainn (Seaweed Harbor), where his launch has been wedged in storage through the winter. He wears a baggy and partly shredded crimson pullover, tattered plus fours, and frayed leather shoes that are covered with worms of dried paint. He is assisted by Dougie McGilvray, an unredundant hand from the home farm, and Dougie has with him a tractor, which he is maneuvering into position between the shed and the water. The launch is perhaps twenty-five feet long, has a large rust-covered inboard engine, and appears to be planted in the shed, an inertia of tons. It is unimaginable that a tractor of the size of Dougie's could ever pull it out of there. The laird collects bruised and rotting timbers for use as impromptu rollers. He kicks props away from the gunwales of the launch. He pauses and points out a dory just up the beach—one of his dories—that has a staved-in hull plank. "That's the sort of thing that bothers this particular laird," he says. "The boat was left in the open, and that is what happened." When it is repaired, the laird is the one who will do the job. All his life—that is, during all his summers from boyhood, here on Colonsay—he has been a fixer and builder of boats. He is a general carpenter as well. He repairs the furniture in Colonsay House. He describes himself as "an artisan *manqué*." Two or three nights ago, after a dinner of sherried broth, mutton, and several bottles of Burgundy, he showed me, in a roomful of tools and planking, the boat he is working on at the moment—a sailing dinghy. While he talked, he picked up a chisel and shaved away lightly at its bowpiece and gunwales. As he worked, he said, among other things, "I love this place, and in a few years, when the children are older, I want to come live here, and I also want to die here." Now, by Seaweed Harbor, it is beginning to rain, and the rain is ice-cold. The tide is low and turning. Dougie has the tractor in position, and the laird loops a sorry-

"I'M ALL LATHERED UP ABOUT THE POOR WHALE!"

declares

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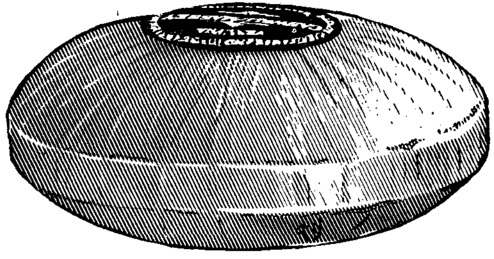

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After: **First of the new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap.**

looking rope between the tractor and the launch, which will emerge, if at all, stern first. One of the scientists approaches along the shore, wearing boots, denim trousers, a black slicker. "I'm terribly sorry, but I shan't be able to introduce you to this chap," the laird says. "I've forgotten his name." The arriving figure turns out to be a woman. She is a distinguished don. The other marine biologists, whose ages vary widely, join us as well. Several young men are in wet-suits and ready to dive. The whole seaweed team is impatient. The tractor roars, and lunges toward the water. The launch moves, its rudder bracket cutting down into the sand and heavy gravels of the shore. The rudder bracket is nearly rusted through, so this essentially clumsy operation has got to be delicate. The laird, with strength surprising even for a man his size, rams a plank into the gravel and under the keel of the launch, and pries up the stern, while the rest of us stuff the impromptu rollers into place. The tractor erupts again, and the launch moves another foot. The laird pries it up. The rain is coming down hard, and on the wind it is coming at an angle that stings. Fifteen minutes go by, and now the tractor is so close to the water that it is useless. Dougie removes it. Everyone heaves at the gunwales to move the launch farther. "We should avoid going in to the left there, if we can," the laird says. "They sort of blew up some rocks here once, to deepen the harbor. That area is full of primordial ooze." Finally, the launch rests on props in shallow water. The incoming tide will float it. The biologists load up, and the laird miraculously starts the rusted engine. But there is a hole in the exhaust. The laird goes off to a small building on the harborside where he keeps nautical supplies. The place is full of oarlocks, anchors, paints, ropes. He rummages for a Jubilee clip—an adjustable steel band secured by a screw—and while he does so he confides to me that his appreciation of the spirit of scientific inquiry has made him feel not entirely comfortable about the fact that he is renting the launch to the scientists for an attractive price. The clip he finds is rusty, but it will do. Back on the beach, the seaweed people are standing around restlessly, smoking. They wanted to go an hour ago. Sitting in the launch with rain driving horizontally into his face, his long hair hanging down in strings all about his head, the laird bears down on the Jubilee clip's screw. He says, "This screw hasn't moved since God

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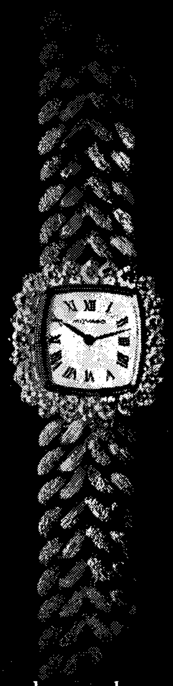

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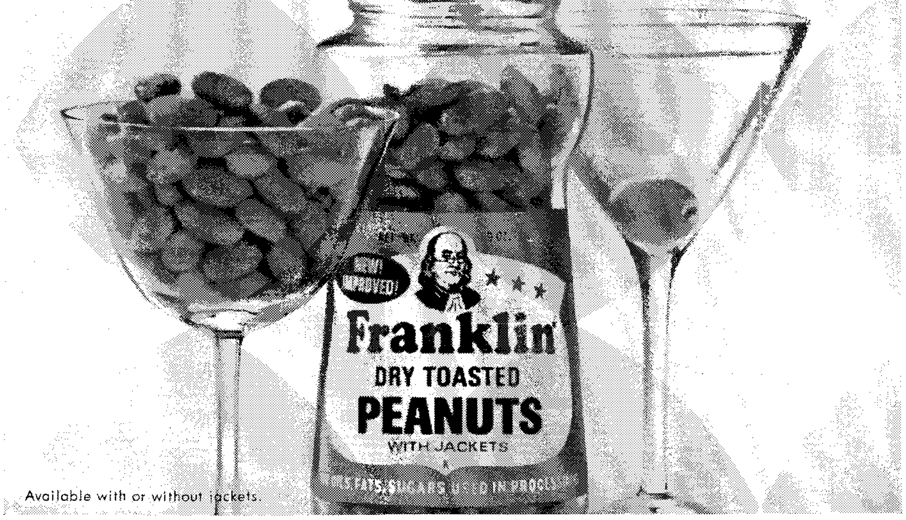

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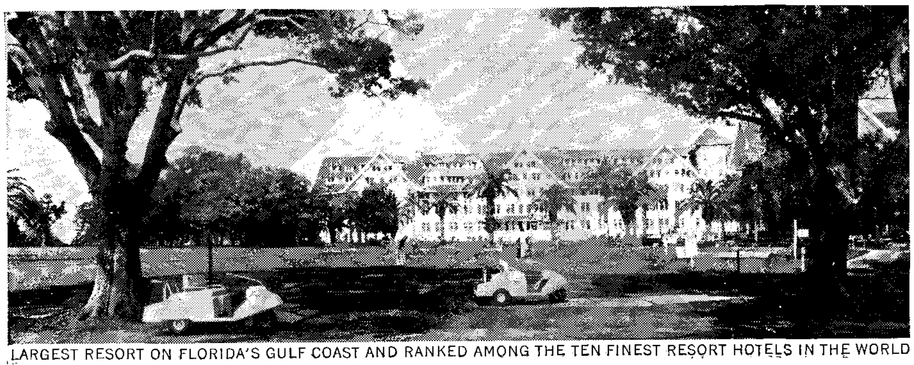

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was a boy." The screwdriver slips, and its point goes into and almost through a finger of his left hand. Blood wells up and runs across his fingers and the palm of his hand, mixing with rain and diesel oil. "There I go, trying to screw myself instead of the boat," he says. After much effort, he tightens the clip. The engine is covered with gore. The diving team and its surface dons are ready to go. As the tide washes up around them, the laird keeps handing them small pieces of frayed rope and used hardware that might serve well in an emergency. The laird's right hand is almost as red from cold as his left hand is with blood. It is still raining. The launch begins to move under power. "Goodbye," the laird calls. "I admire you more than I can possibly say. The thought of diving today fills me with the utmost gloom."

THERE is a graveyard just in front of Donald Gibbie's croft, in Kilchattan, and this for many years has been the island's main burial ground. On a low, flat, and unadorned tombstone beside the graveyard's southern wall are the words "Donald Third Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, 1891-1959." He was the old laird, and the only laird in modern times to be buried on Colonsay. It was, of course, his wish. His mother, who held the title before him, and his grandfather, the First Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, had not really been much in evidence on the island they owned. But the old laird apparently looked upon solitude as a form of capital, and the largest share of it he had in his life was on Colonsay. He was a tall, spare man. Alone, he would go to the coastline of uninhabited Balavetchy, where he built with his own hands over a period of years a stone pier for small boats of the type that his oldest son, Euan, was forever making and sailing. "The island had been a place where the family went for a long picnic once a year," Euan now says. "My father increasingly regarded it as his home. Nearly all my boyhood recollections are here. We came here, absolutely always, for the summer. I bathed like a maniac in all weather, made boats, sailed, shot grouse." Euan, who would eventually wonder if the twentieth century could ever completely reach Colonsay, meanwhile watched its tentative approaches: the first telephone, in 1940; the first automobile, in 1947; electricity, in 1952.

Euan was born in 1923, in London. After his Eton years and one year at Trinity College, Cambridge, he went

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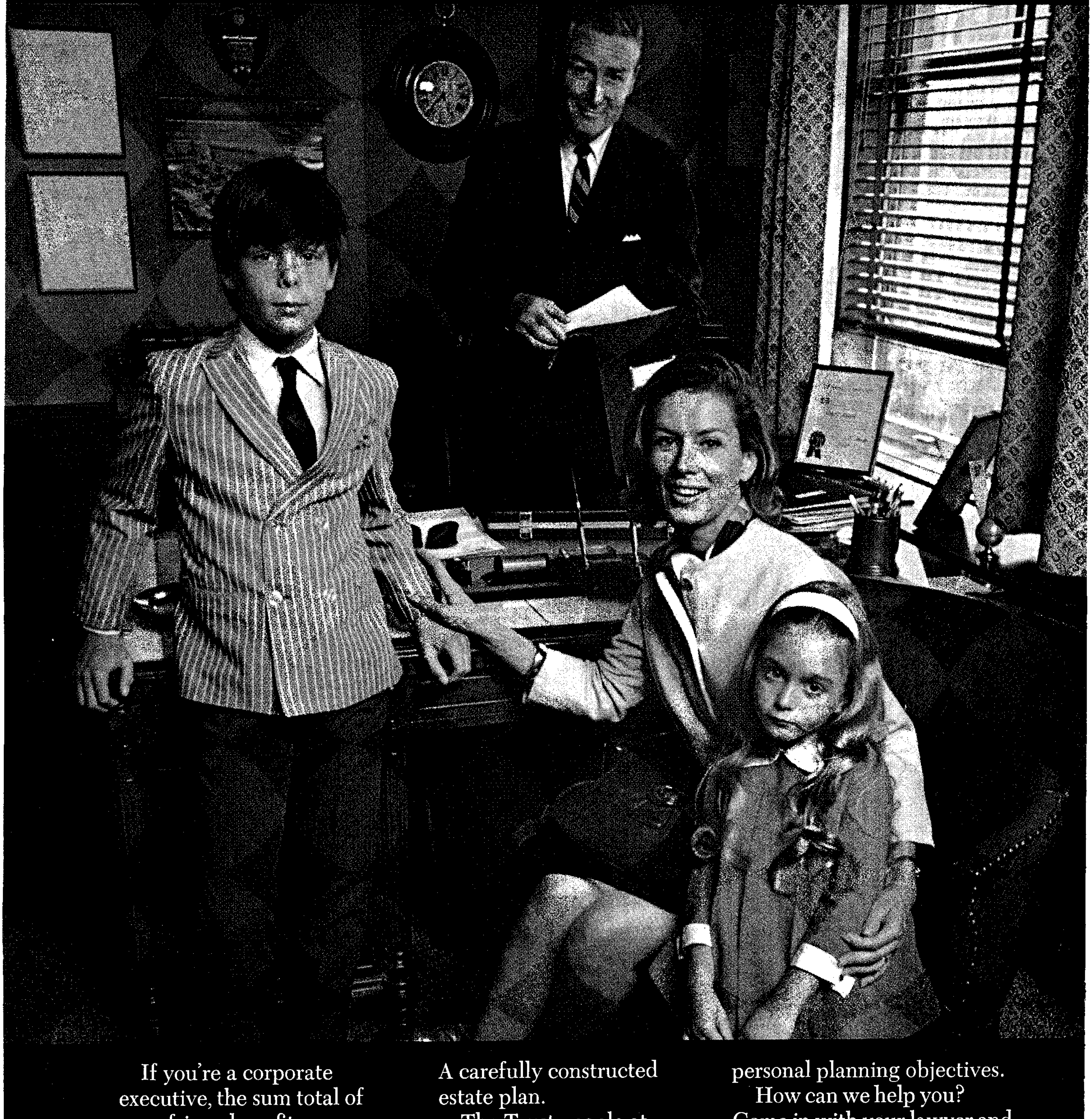

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to McGill University, in Montreal, where he earned a degree in engineering. He is a director of various small manufacturing companies, the chief of which is Tallon, Ltd., a maker of ballpoint pens, and before his life was altered by the death of his father and his own accession to the peerage, he was an employee, for seven years, of Urwick, Orr & Partners, Ltd., a management-consulting firm in Newcastle, for which he specialized in lavatory valves, foundation garments, and oil seals. Now in Bath he lives in an attractive but unprepossessing segment of an eighteenth-century crescent that he helped to restore. His wife, whom he married in 1954, is a daughter of the Twelfth Earl Waldegrave. Her name is Jinny, and she is pretty and quick, slim, dark-haired, girlish, bright-eyed. She has a wash of freckles. She is the manager of the Schola Cantorum, the university choir of Oxford. She helps her husband with his chairmanship of the annual Bath Festival and looks after their six children, the youngest of whom—Emma and Andrew—are twins. Her capacity for nonchalance seems about equal to the laird's. "Both of us take the peerage business quite lightly," she said one evening. "Euan has no strong atavistic feelings as a laird. He is not the traditional, native, Scottish laird. His great-grandfather was a Scot, but he is English, and even among his Eton-Cambridge friends he is most untypical. He has done things they would consider unthinkable. He went to McGill, and, worse, during the war he went into the Navy and ignored the Guards."

"I drove a motor torpedo boat with singular lack of distinction," said the laird.

She said, "You were wounded in the bottom, darling."

On his mother's side, the laird is descended not only from Jeremiah Colman, the mustard king, but also from Nell Gwyn, the orange wench. During the Restoration, young women carrying baskets of oranges used to stand near the stage in London theatres, face the audience, and sell oranges at sixpence apiece and themselves for a little more. The girls were known as Orange Girls, and they worked under the administration of women called Orange Molls. Nell Gwyn, a beautiful and illiterate Orange Girl, became a minor actress and the mistress of King Charles II. "Anybody may know she has been an orange wench by her swearing," said the Duchess of Portsmouth. Nell Gwyn died when she was thirty-seven, but she lived to see her

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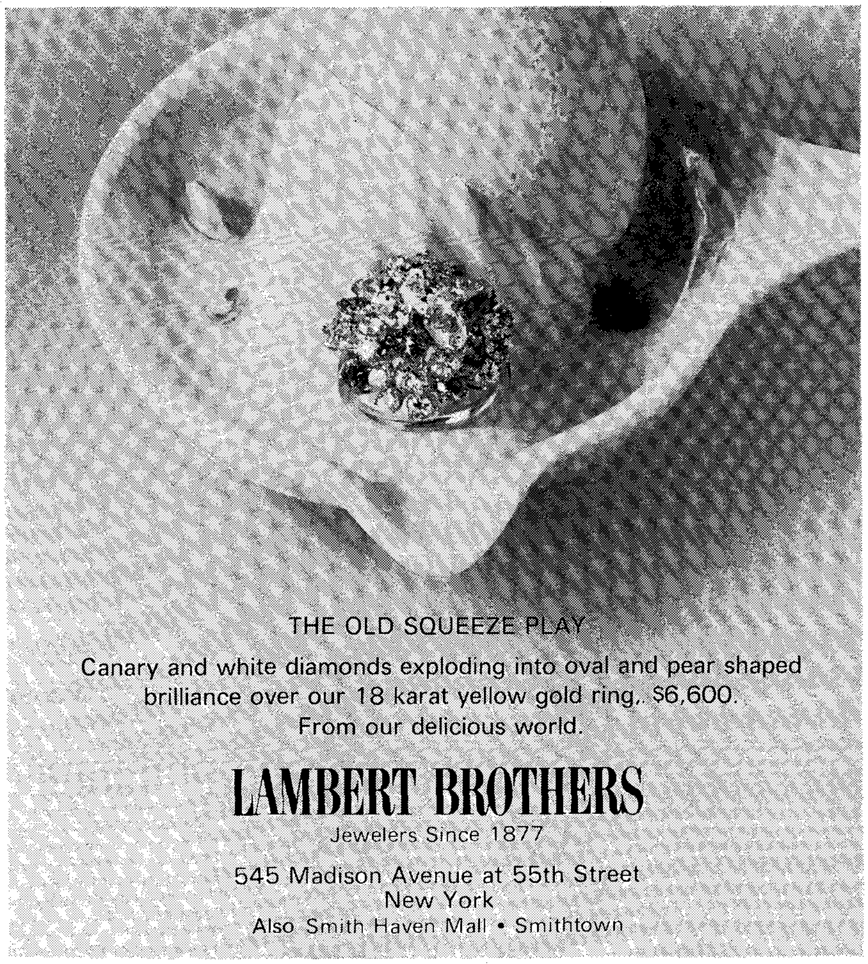

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son made Duke of St. Albans. "My mother's line included the bluest of illegitimate bluebloods—the Duke of St. Albans," the laird has told me. On his father's side, the laird is descended from North American Indians. One of his great-great-grandmothers was a full-blooded Cree. His great-grandfather Donald Smith, of Forres, Morayshire, Scotland, married a half-Indian girl in the Canadian wilderness, performing the ceremony himself, in the absolute absence of clergy. Smith, who would become the First Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, was, in the words of a biographer, a child of parents "by no means greatly blessed with this world's goods"—the second son of a village merchant. He grew up in a house that resembled, in its essentials, the houses of the crofters of Colonsay and of the Highlands in general. He went to a school that had been established for children of "necessitous parents," and when he was eighteen he signed on as a clerk with the Hudson's Bay Company and was sent to a trading post on the St. Lawrence River. He spent five years there and fifteen more in Labrador, and rose from clerk to trader to chief trader to chief factor to chief executive officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, headquartered in Montreal. In time, he became High Commissioner for Canada and, as a member of the Canadian Parliament, author of the Smith Liquor Act, which prohibited the sale and use of alcoholic drinks in the Northwest Territories. To help enforce the act, he wrote the recommendation that resulted in the creation of the Northwest Mounted Police. He also became a founding director of the Canadian Pacific. By his colleagues' acknowledgment, it was largely through his perseverance that the great railway was completed across the Rockies. He was by now the richest man in Canada. White beard flowing, he drove the final spike—at Craigellachie, in British Columbia, November 7, 1885. The spike is now on Colonsay, in a small showcase in the laird's house, and there is a groove in it where iron has been removed so that bits of the spike could be set among the diamonds in the brooches of various Strathcona women. On a wall close by is the family crest and coat of arms. The heraldry—"gules, on a fesse argent . . ."—includes a demi-lion rampant over a hammer and spike, four men paddling a canoe, a beaver gnawing a maple tree, and, over all, the Strathcona motto: "Perseverance."

Showing me all this one day, the laird said that his great-grandfather,

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The Carmen Enlightened Mirror: Day, Office, and Evening Light.
(The better to be beautiful, my dear).

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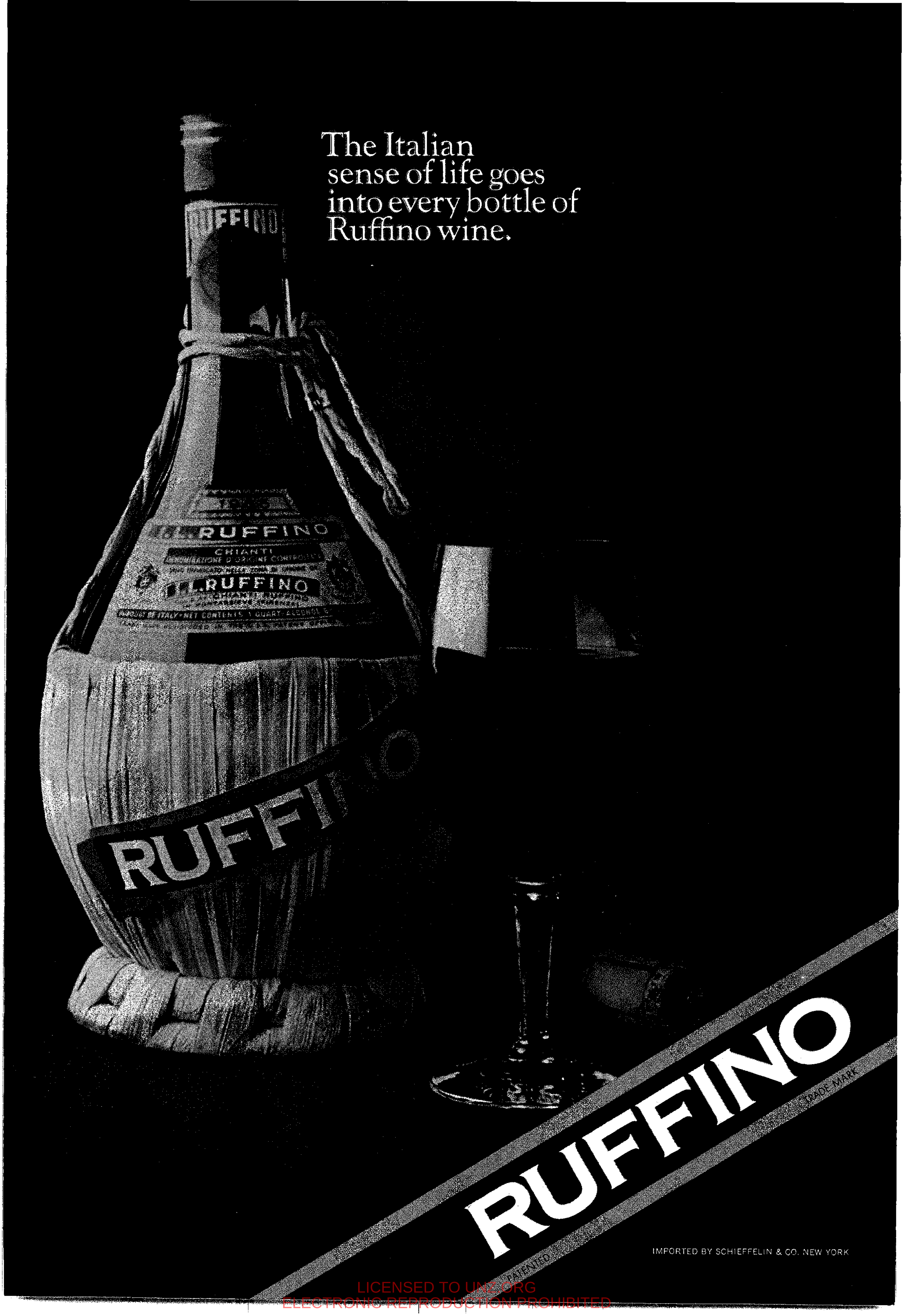
after a time as chancellor of McGill University, had returned to Britain as a representative of Canada. "Home with his fortune, he sort of thought the time had come for an estate and a peerage," the laird went on. "So he bought Glencoe." Anciently a MacDonald territory and the scene of the worst massacre in the era of the clans, Glencoe became the seat of the family until 1930, when it was sold. Meanwhile, Queen Victoria had obliged with the peerage, and Donald Smith became, in full title, Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe in the County of Argyll and Montreal in the Province of Quebec. "Strathcona" was mere linguistic prestidigitation—another way of saying "Glencoe." Colonsay was acquired as a kind of afterthought. Smith had loaned some money to the last McNeill laird of Colonsay, and when McNeill died, Smith gave an additional sum to McNeill's heirs and took over the island, for an aggregate of forty-four thousand pounds. The first Lord Strathcona's only child was a daughter, and through something called a "special remainder," cordially dispensed by the Crown, permission was granted that his title pass to her. Thus the second Baron was a woman. Her husband, R. J. B. Howard, was a Canadian physician. Their grandson Euan Howard is the Fourth Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, and Colonsay's present laird.

The laird, with his legs stretched out, is sitting, sipping whisky, on a low bench before a log fire at Colonsay House in late evening, his wife beside him. He has been considering, with only minor signs of emotion, the fact that he is the least popular man on the island he owns. He accepts this as inevitable, if not pleasant. He is sorry, but he cannot accept the anachronism he stepped into when he became laird in 1959. It is an odd summer place indeed that includes a hundred and thirty-eight dependent people. Embalmed in law, the crofting system of the Highlands is borne forward ever more incongruously toward the twenty-first century, perfectly protecting people from the terrors of the eighteenth century while isolating them from the twentieth. One crofter pays the laird six pounds' rent a year, another forty; the average is fifteen. "Rents here at the moment are lower than they were in 1905. The Depression pushed them down. Rent is fixed by the Scottish Land Court, which will add a pound or two in rent for thousands in improvements." One cotter lives free, another pays five pounds a year, another pays seven. Their houses could be rented to summer people for fifty pounds. Houses that were put up for thirty-five hundred pounds rent for fifteen a year. The whole of Machrins farm—three thousand acres and two houses, one of which has nine bedrooms—rents for four hundred pounds a year. Neil Darroch said his chimney was smoking and asked for a cowl. A cowl would cost fifty-five shillings. Darroch's annual rent is less than that. "When I inherited, the estate was losing more than ten thousand pounds a year. The rent income was two thousand pounds and we were spending well above twelve thousand around the island, and that does not include money spent on our own house and gardens. The people regarded it as axiomatic that we would provide work. Finally, in 1965, we said, 'To hell with all this,' and began creating redundancies, applying for increases in rents, not replacing people who retired or died. We have given the electrical generator plants to the people to run and maintain. It's actually a permanent, interest-free loan. If anyone is going to sell the generators and have a wild weekend in Glasgow, I want it to be me. We used to have a gamekeeper and a forestry staff, but we've packed that up for the moment. Now we are close to washing our face, but it's been at the sacrifice of the economic balance of the island. I blame my own family for getting the people into the situation they are in now. My father's benevolence was misplaced. It is not easy, or practical, to maintain a paradise. People complain about broken skylights and let the rain pour into their houses while they wait for the estate to repair the damage. Waiting for the estate, they leave windows unpainted, and the windows rot out. For sixty years, these people have never been made to do repairs which legitimately belong to them. One wants to educate them to have enough pride to stand on their own feet. They've got to put their fair share into the pot. Donald Gibbie would be a bad example, because from what you tell me he has got the message already. Most of the people here are very lazy, and they are two-faced, in a nice way. They have great charm. They're happy-go-lucky. They're well educated. They always like to give you the answer you want to hear. This sometimes makes them seem to be downright liars, which they are; I would ask you to bear this in mind. Colonsay has an ancient feudal society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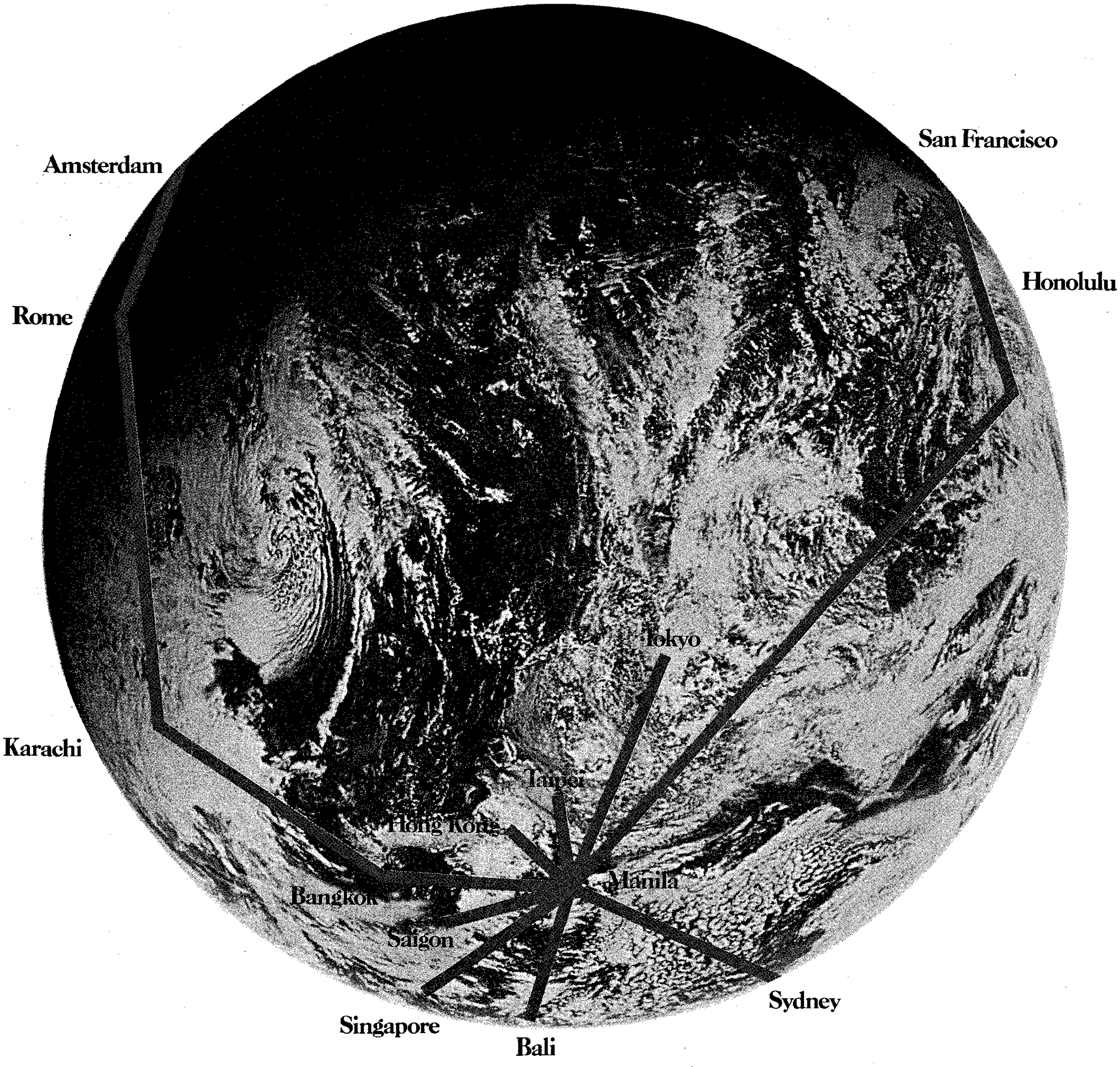
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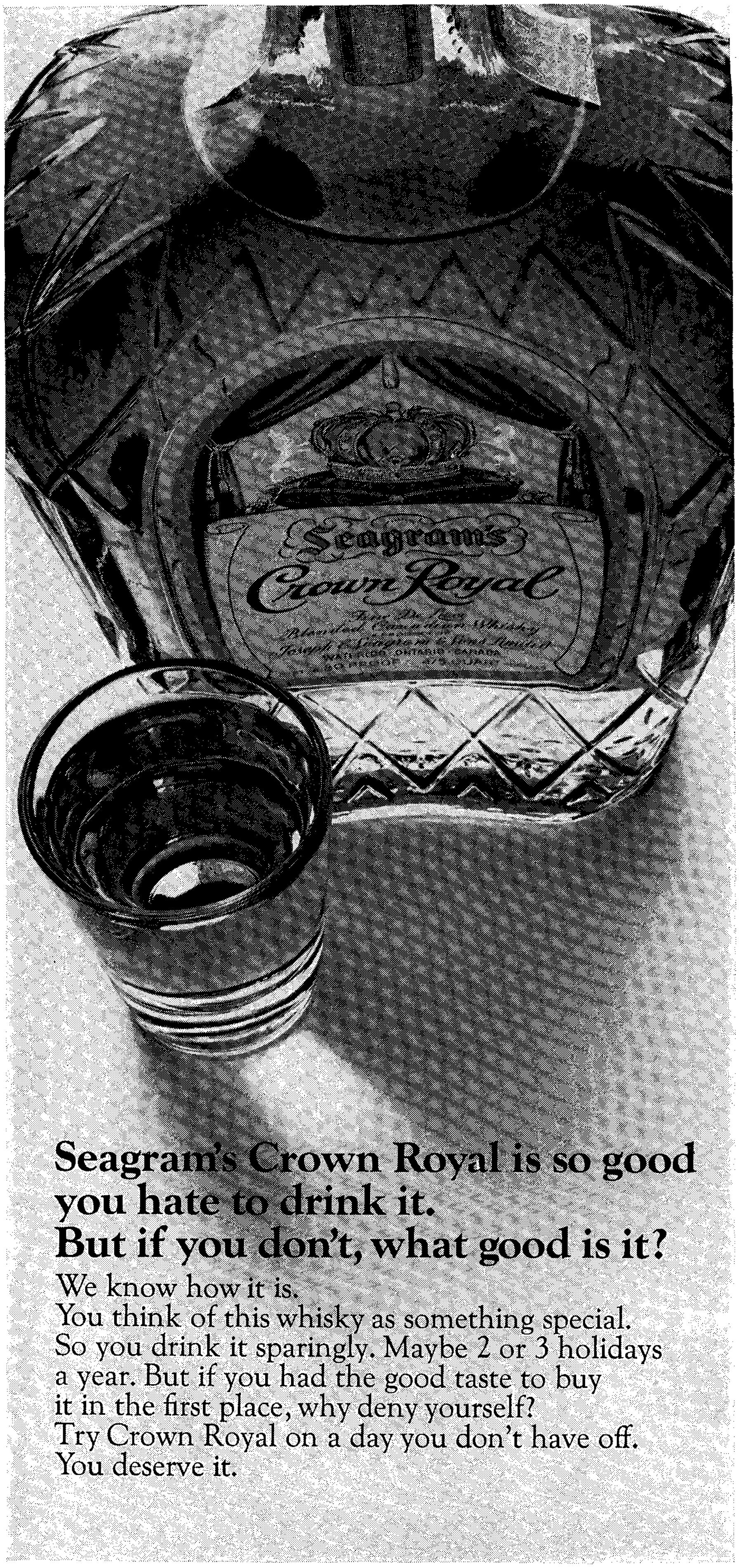
which basically wants to go on being feudal, provided they can find someone who wants to play at—and finance—being a feudal baron. The term 'laird' is slightly fey and old-fashioned. I am the landlord and the proprietor. These are the facts. I let houses to the other people. The island is my property. All the people live in houses that belong to me. It's a perfectly modern contractual situation. Offhand, I can't think of any ancient rights which are vested in the owner of Colonsay. The paternalistic and benevolent landlord cannot go on being as paternalistic and benevolent as he used to be, and this calls into question the viability of the whole community. The curious thing about our situation is that it is happening on an island. If I lived in Fort William and had to make the odd man redundant, he could find work nearby. My position here would be even more of an incongruity than it is were it not based on a deep tradition. The tradition, however, is becoming less and less tenable. It's frightfully tempting to say, 'To hell with these bloody idle so-and-sos,' but one must remember that for sixty years they have been cosseted. They are entitled to be a little sore when they are dragged screaming into the twentieth century. It's a dicey business for *me!*"

Wherever the laird goes, whether he is hauling a boat out of Loch a' Sgoltaire or walking along Kiloran Bay, he is surrounded by his jumping, nattering, extroverted children. He and his wife walk in the deep parallel ruts of the long driveway to Colonsay House, each holding one of Andrew's hands and swinging the little boy high in the air with every second stride. The laird and his wife have many times stayed up until three in the morning, painting, sweeping, glazing if necessary, to get cottages ready for summer rentals. Their daughter Caroline, who is eight years old, has been living with a housekeeper here for several months now, so that she can go to the island school. Down by the harbor in Scalasaig is a strange shack that consists of four impromptu walls and a vaulted roof that is actually an overturned dory. The laird built it when he was young. The inverted dory is in the most public place on the island and serves, to my eye, at least, as a kind of reminder that when it comes to building codes or zoning, on whatever level, the whole zone is the laird's. Kiloran, the area he generally keeps to, is as different from the rest of the island as the laird is from its people. The vale of Kiloran is completely surrounded by high hills, which



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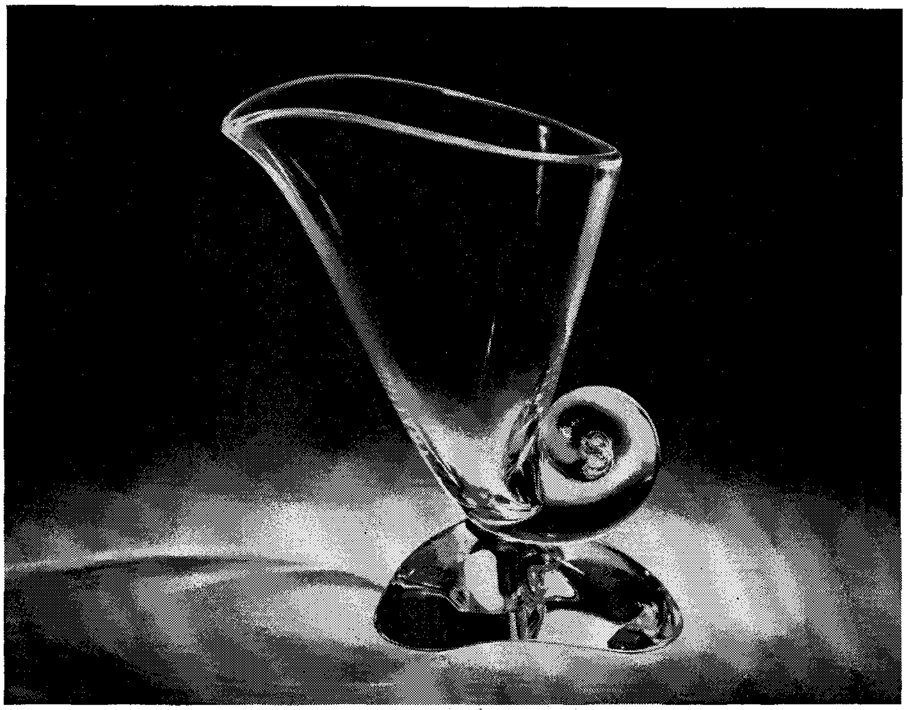

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interrupt the winds from all directions. On an island that is assaulted by the storms of the North Atlantic, Kiloran is a glen of privileged protection, and it is so lush that people travel from other continents to see it. The earlier Strathcona lairds developed gardens in Kiloran that are among the best in the west of Scotland, known mainly for their profusions of rhododendron. Palm trees were introduced there long ago (the air temperature rarely goes below forty), and they are tall and healthy, growing beside Colonsay House. The house was built in 1722, on the site of the graveyard of an abbey that once stood in Kiloran. Human bones sometimes surface in the gardens. Once French Provincial and symmetrical, the building has been given so many additions that it is now miscellaneous. It has twenty bedrooms, each with a name painted on its door—Balnahard, Garvard, Balaromin Mor—and a billiard room and a library, all high-ceilinged and musty and cavernous. Edward VII came to Kiloran and planted a tree. The Britannia dropped anchor in Kiloran Bay several years ago and the present Royal Family had a picnic there with the laird and his family. When the Queen has a picnic, she brings her own food. The laird was her guest for lunch. She had come to see Kiloran Bay, three-quarters of a mile of gold-white crescent sand, said to be the finest beach in the Hebrides. Once a year, a chartered cruise ship, dazzling white from bow to stern, stops at Colonsay so that members of the National Trust for Scotland can see the island for themselves. The ship has too deep a draft for the pier. Sailors bring the passengers ashore in power launches, and most of the men aboard are dressed in great blazing kilts, and the women wear tartan bonnets and assertive tartan skirts. The laird is there to greet them. He wears the baggiest tweed suit in the United Kingdom, with plus fours and a waistcoat, and on his feet are old, weather-beaten shoes. The suit, resplendently frayed, nobly tattered, appears to have been cut in 1905. He cleans his pipe and spills dottle all over his waistcoat. The dottle blends with several generations of ash already there. He appears to be cheerfully resigned to being an exhibit of the Hebrides. Somehow, he has not compromised. He is pure Sassenach and all laird.

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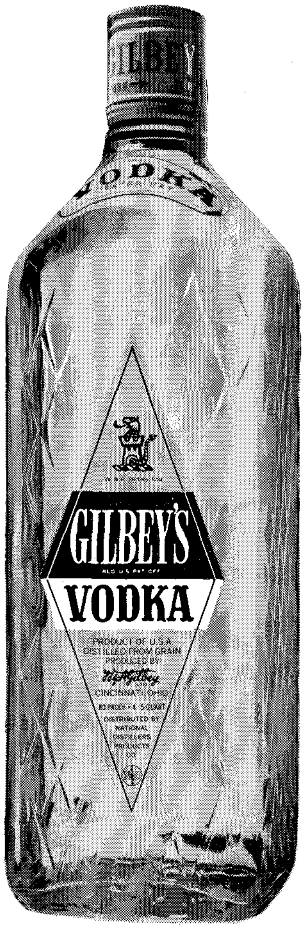

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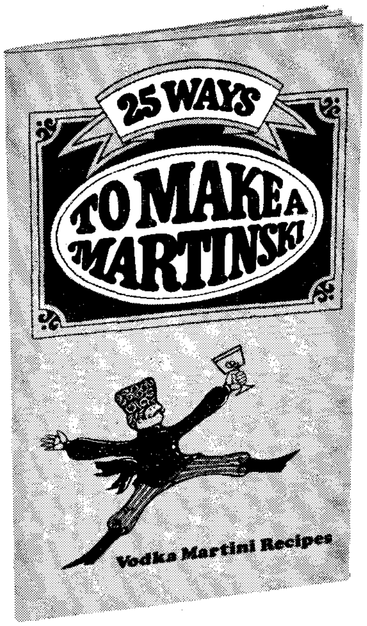

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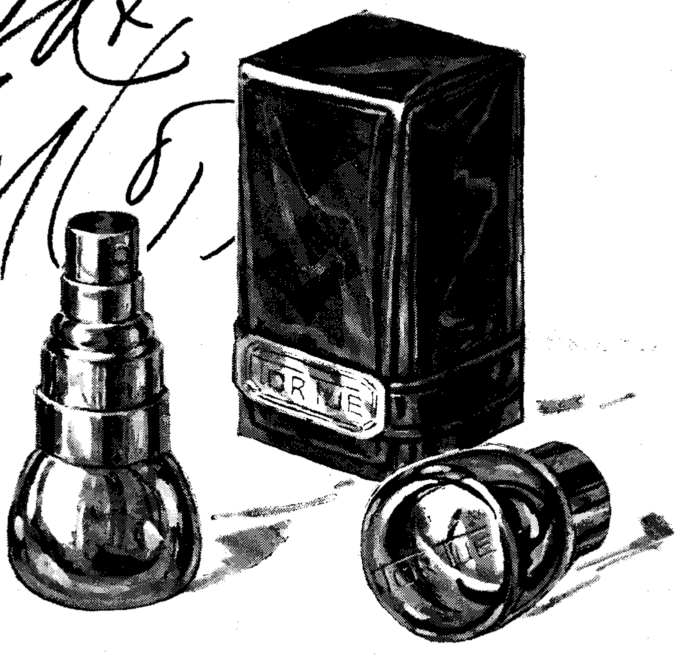

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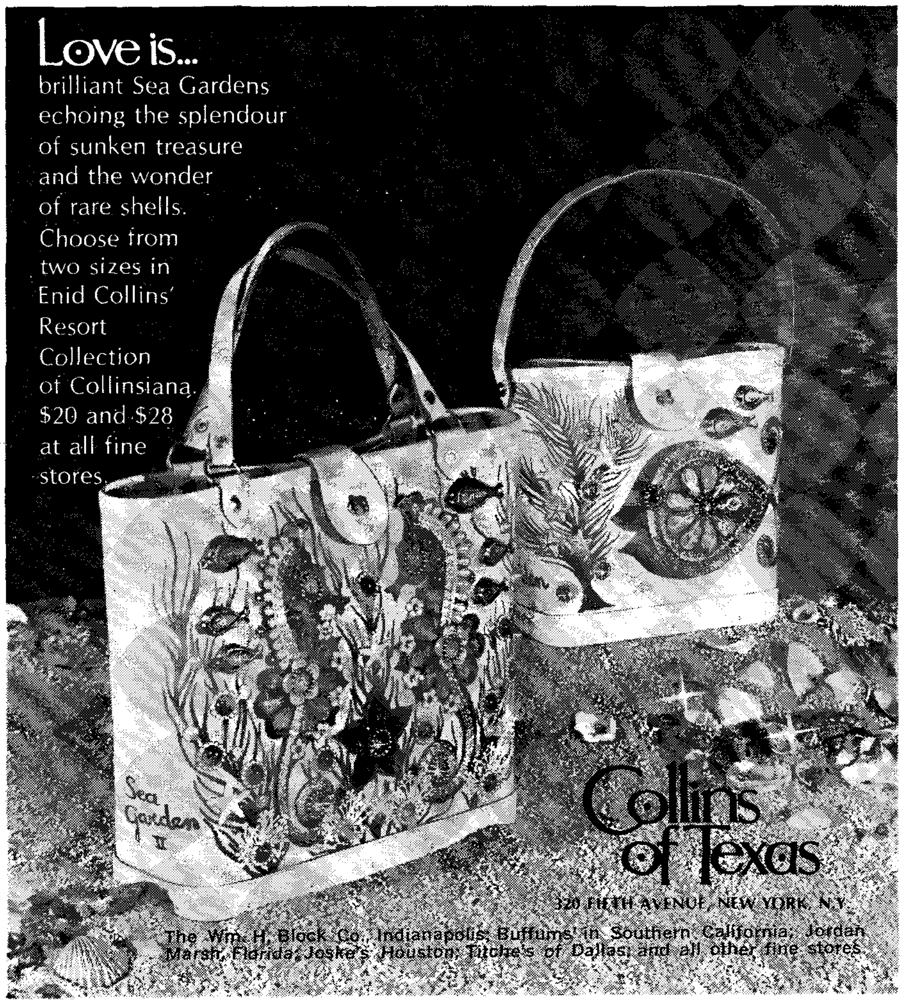

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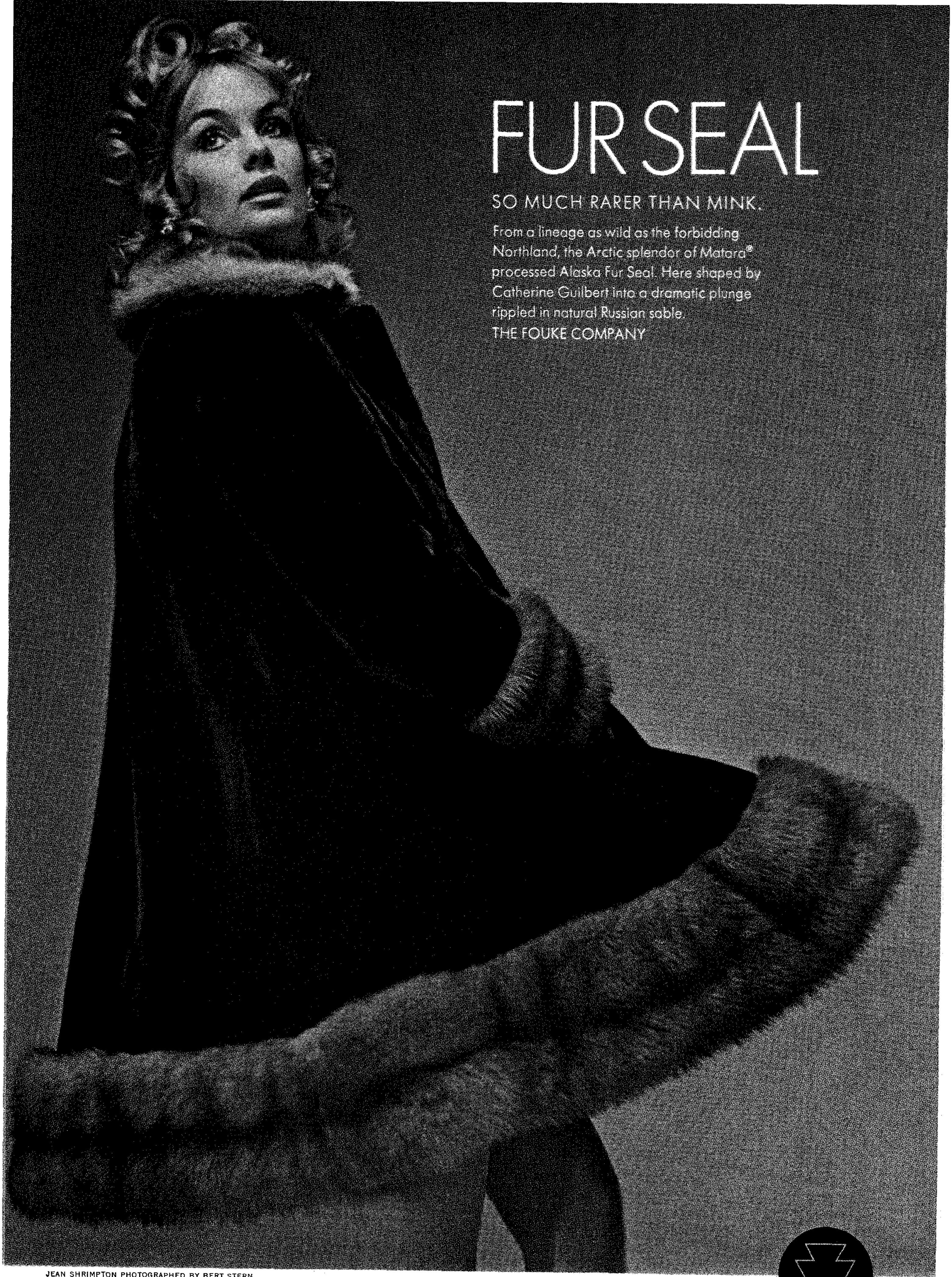
howling of a dog. My grandmother touched my grandfather's shoulder and said to him in a frightened voice, "Oh, Angus, listen, that is a sign of death." Jumping out of bed, Angus said, "You're damned right it is—if that dog is still there when I get down the stairs and out the door." If events fade into legend and legend into superstition, superstition eventually fades away altogether, and it is impossible to say how that one made its way to my grandmother in Ohio; but if it came from Colonsay—the people of my clan once lived nowhere else—one certainty now is that it has long since vanished from the island. Legend hangs above the Hebrides more thickly than clouds, but the people pay even less attention to these things—to haunted dogs, seal women, seers, mermaids, elves, fairies, glaistigs, gigelorums—than they do to the rain. Donald Gibbie believes in nothing supernatural, and he says he knows few people who do. Donald Gibbie spends his time worrying about, among other things, the Common Market and "what effect Great Britain's entry into it might have on subsidies as we know them." It is not the islanders who preserve the early magic of the island. It is the women who stay at the inn—the ones with the knitted caps and tweed skirts and walking sticks, some of whom have brought their own shepherd's crooks with them from Edinburgh. At home in Midlothian, they belong to organizations like the Highland Hall Association and the Edinburgh Gaelic Circle, and they go to regular meetings where, in effect, they burn tartan candles. In their heads hang splendid tapestries of Hebridean lore and legend, and when they come to the island, for their brief visits of a week or ten days, they become solitary silhouettes in the heather on the hilltops, drinking in the air of ages past and imagining themselves to be in the company of forms unseen. They themselves are inconspicuous—Donald Gibbie says he sees them only when they get off the Lochiel and again when they get back on—and they are sometimes unexpected. Two or three days ago, a fine-tweed lady with powdered hair and a varnished crook jumped out from behind a whin bush, tugged my sleeve, and told me not to kiss a fairy or I might never see the human world again. These women know the history of the island. On the moorlands of Balaromin Mor, one of them asked my name, and when I told her she said, "I thought as you approached that I was seeing a ghost, and now I know that a



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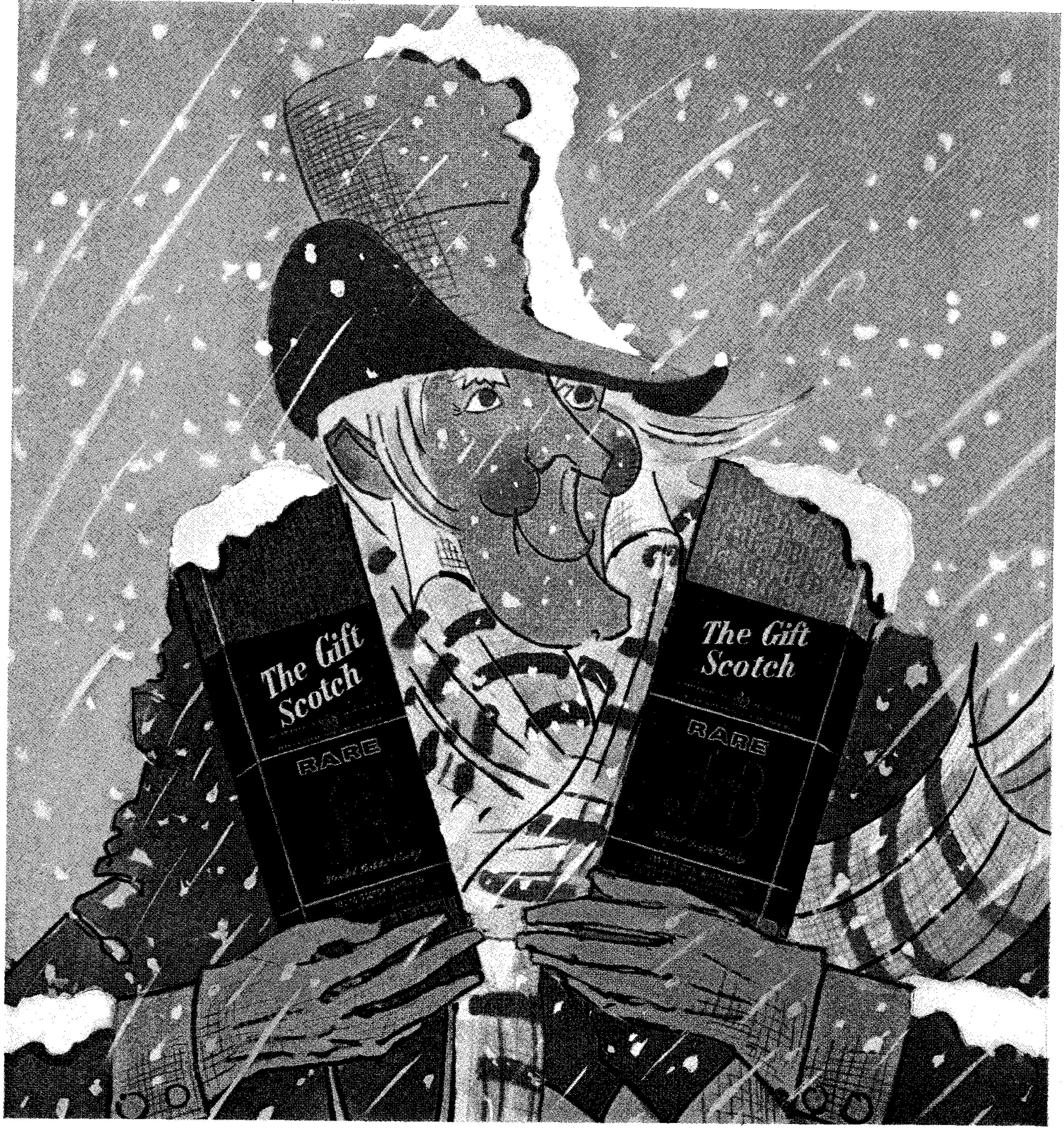
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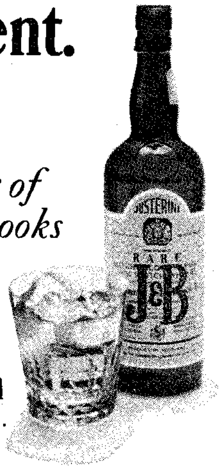
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ghost is what I see. What is your Christian name?"

"John."

"Have you another name?"

"Yes, I do."

"What is that?"

"Angus."

"The Cross of Christ be upon us."

This woman, who introduced herself as a Jardine of Applegirth, told me that she believed she had second sight, and suspected that I had it, too. Second sight is one of the immemorial talents of the Highlands. People of Colonsay are said to have possessed it, but none was ever particularly noted for it. The greatest man of all time in this field was Kenneth Mackenzie, the Brahan Seer, beside whom Nostradamus, a near contemporary, should have paled into French insignificance. Mackenzie was a farm worker in what is now Ross and Cromarty. In a later day, he might have been a crofter. Word of his power spread when he began predicting with accuracy not only certain deaths and other local events but also the birth of a child with two navels and another with four thumbs. Soon, he began to travel the Highlands telling the future. He said that ships would one day sail behind Tomnahurich Hill, in Inverness, predicting, a hundred and fifty years before its construction, the Caledonian Canal. Walking on Culloden Moor, a hundred years before the clans were destroyed there, he said, "This bleak moor shall, before many generations have passed away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see that day, for it will be a fearful period. Heads will be cut off by the score, and no mercy will be shown or quarter given on either side." He also said, on another occasion, "The clans will flee their native country before an army of sheep." A third prophecy in this progression has not yet been fulfilled. The Brahan Seer said that eventually even the sheep would be gone and "the whole country will be so utterly desolated and depopulated that the crow of a cock shall not be heard north of Druim-Uachdair. . . . The deer and other wild animals in the huge wilderness shall be exterminated by horrid black rains." Mackenzie had his lighter side. He said, "The time will come when whisky or dram shops will be so plentiful that one will be met with almost at the head of every plow furrow." His fame became universal in the Highlands, and he a figure of importance everywhere. Donald Gibbie, with a smirk of disavowal, has given me a biography of the Seer that once be-

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longed to his father. The Seer was apparently not only shrewd but also sarcastic, flippant, caustic, and funny, and these attributes brought about his death, after the wife of the Mackenzie chief summoned him to Brahan Castle and asked him if her husband was safe. For many months, the Mackenzie had been in Paris. "Safe? I would *say* so," said the Seer.

"What is he doing?"

"He is happy and merry and kissing the hand of a woman with his arm around her waist."

This infuriated the chief's wife, who decided that the Seer had made his last guess, and Mackenzie did not soften the case against him when he looked over the highborn children playing in the castle yard and said that most of them appeared to have been sired by gillies and lackeys. Thus it was that the Brahan Seer was dropped into a barrel of boiling tar. Knives had been driven into the sides of the barrel. He said a word or two before he went. He said, "I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor, whose long-descended line will, before many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished forever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzie shall rule at Brahan or in Kintail. As a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf-and-dumb Mackenzie chief—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay—of whom one shall be bucktoothed, another harelipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. When the last chief looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end." The Brahan Seer then went into the tar. Many generations later, a deaf-and-dumb Mackenzie chief came along. He had four sons. Among his contemporaries were the Chisholm of Chisholm, who was harelipped; the laird of Gairloch, who was bucktoothed; a half-witted Grant, who was a laird as well; and the stammering laird of Raasay. The four Mackenzie sons died before their father, and with him the line was extinguished forever.

Along the shores of Colonsay, and particularly of Oronsay, conical

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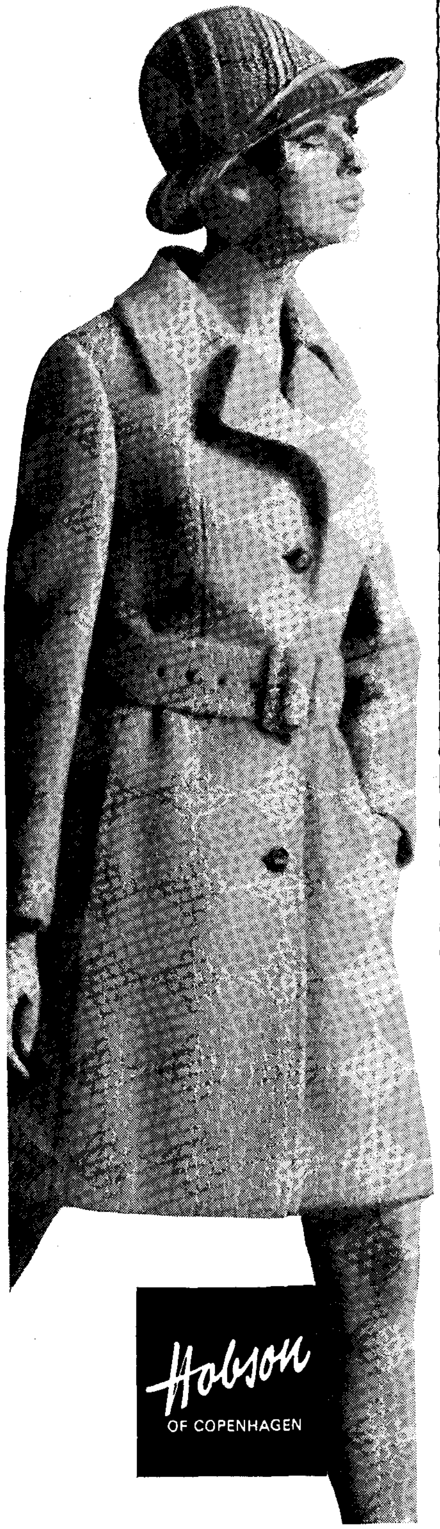

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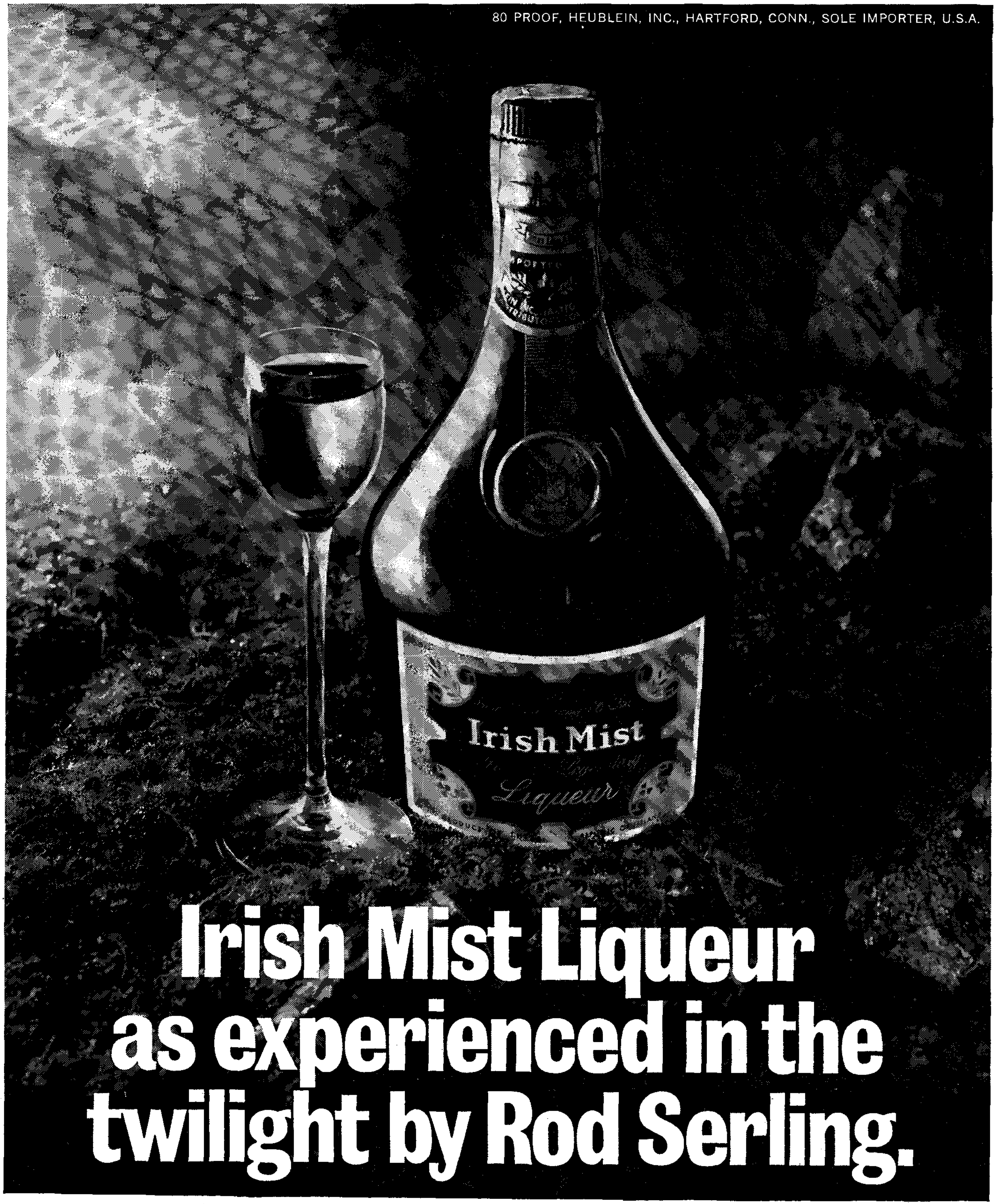
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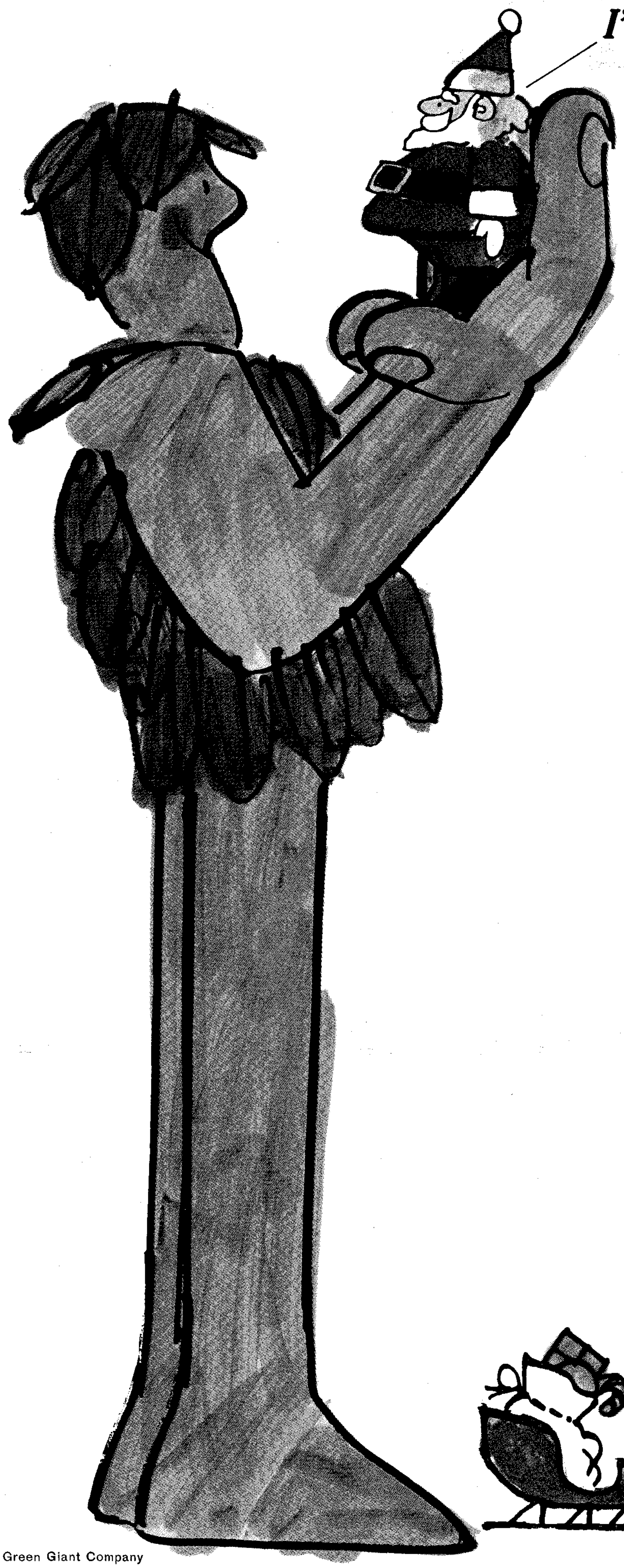
mounds rise like miniature green volcanoes. These are *sithein*, said to have been once inhabited by a race of *sith* (little people), who wore conical green caps, green coats, and green kilts. These little people bracketed the world with good and evil, extending benevolence to ordinary humans who treated them well and devising unhappiness for people who treated them badly. Things left beside their hillocks for mending or repairing would be taken care of in the night. They knew cures for diseases. They played small bagpipes, and they ate silverweed and heather. Their women could assume the shape of deer. They made love to human beings, and, perhaps not surprisingly, they were more faithful to their lovers than their lovers were to them. They could not go below the high-water mark. They travelled in the eddy winds.

"*Sith*" (pronounced "she") also meant "the people of peace," "the still folk," "the silently moving people." There was once no question in anyone's mind that they existed, and milk was poured into the ground to feed them. The membrane was very thin, in the islands, between the supernatural world and the physical world, and sometimes there was no discernible separation at all. History proliferated into fantasy, and pure fantasy became history. Science may erase these things, but in a sense they were true once, and they are not entirely forgotten. In the sixth century, when St. Columba lived briefly on Colonsay, he was given some land in Garvard on which to build a church, so the story goes, and the result was Teampull a' Ghlinne (the Temple of the Glen), whose ruins—thick walls, arched windows—are still there, close to the boundary of Balaromin Mor. The little people frequently used to dance by the Temple of the Glen in the night, always singing a monotonous song of theirs, the complete lyrics of which were "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday." A hunchback from Balnahard came and joined the party one night, shouting out the lyrics with joy and carefully omitting mention of the word "Friday," because he knew it was forbidden among the *sith*. The little people sent him back to Balnahard standing straight and humpless. Another hunchback, who lived in Kiloran, heard about this and showed up at the next dance at the temple. "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday," sang the little people, and the Kiloran hunchback belted out a thunderstriking "Friday." He went home with two



I've been meaning to speak to you about that "Ho, Ho, Ho!"

It happened one snowy morning when the Green Giant was out looking for his Christmas tree.

"On Dancer, on Prancer, on Donner..." boomed a voice through the crisp winter air.

"Ho, Ho, Ho!" exclaimed the Giant, as Santa drew up his sled.

"Ho, Ho, Ho, yourself!" the round fellow said. "That's a marvelous line, but it happens to be mine."

This, of course, left the Giant speechless. But he was hardly helpless. He conjured up his best garden-variety psychology and quickly produced a pack of his favorite Christmas goodies (very tender little peas) which he gave to Santa. These immediately found their way to the rotund fellow's heart.

"Green Giant," Santa said, "'tis part of the spirit of Christmas to share a good laugh together. So my gift to you is the right to share Ho, Ho, Ho. Sorry it isn't wrapped!" he quipped.

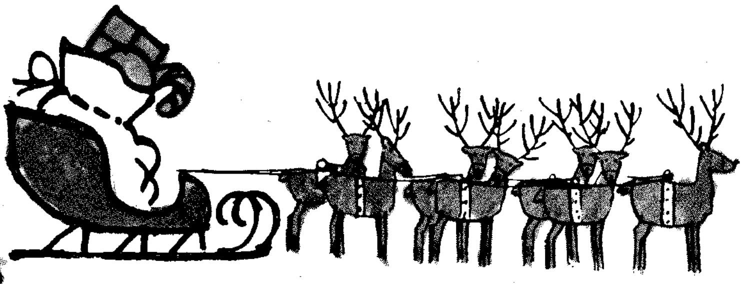
And with that he sped off shouting "Merry Christmas, Green Giant!"

Thus the story of how two colorful characters came to terms over a laughing matter.

And as Santa disappeared over the horizon, the Giant hoped that everyone would have a very Merry Christmas and share a Ho, Ho, Ho together.

Green Giant

Good things from the Garden



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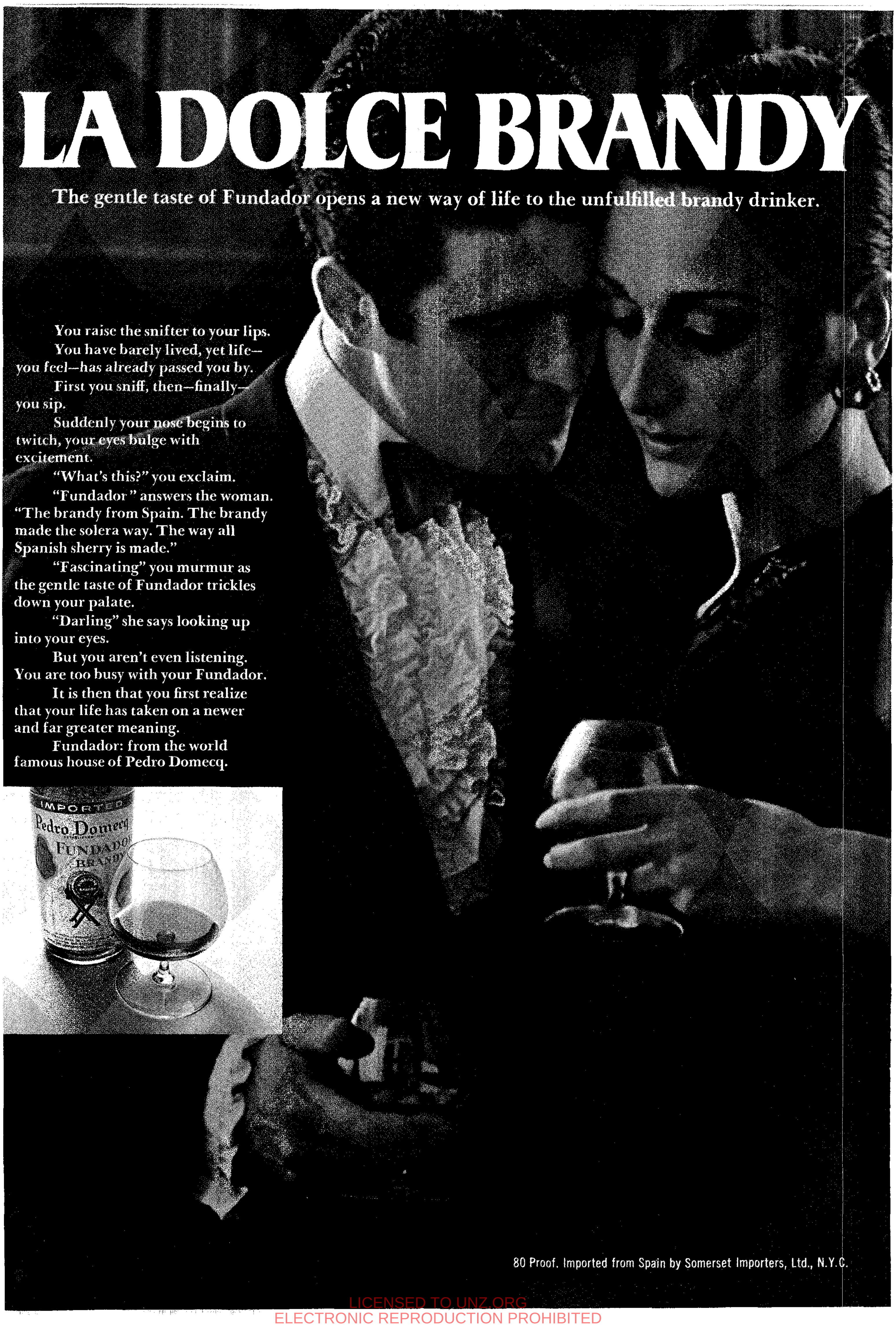

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"Fascinating" you murmur as the gentle taste of Fundador trickles down your palate.

"Darling" she says looking up into your eyes.

But you aren't even listening. You are too busy with your Fundador.

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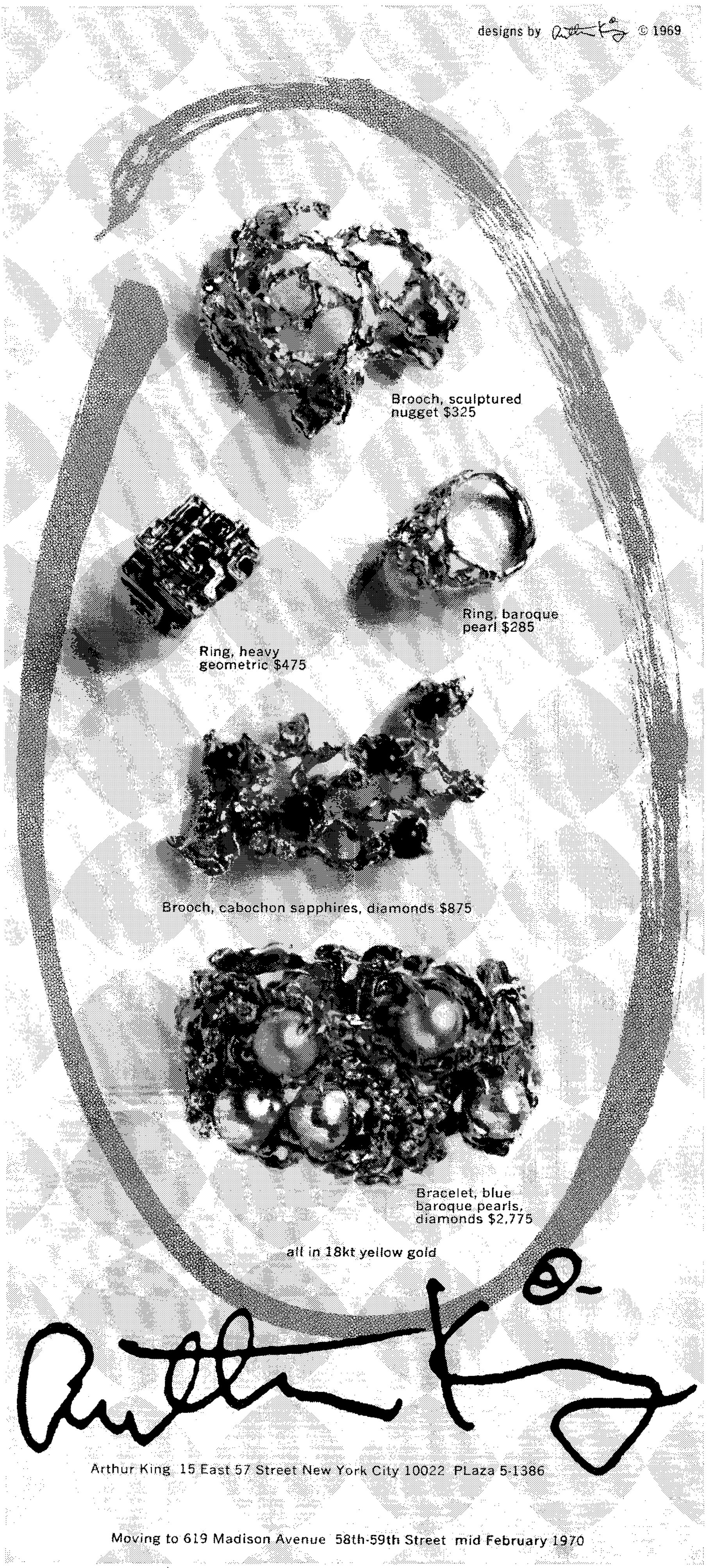
humps—his own and the hump of the hunchback of Balnahard. Among the *sith*, Friday was never mentioned by name. It was called the Day of Yonder Town.

Scottish surnames and the Highland clans began to evolve in the second half of the eleventh century. Many of the names had religious sources. "MacPherson" meant "son of the parson," "MacTaggart" meant "son of the priest," "MacVicar" meant "son of the vicar," "Macnab" meant "son of the abbott," "MacLean" meant "son of the servant of St. John." In its earliest Gaelic form, my own name—McPhee, that of Colonsay's original clan—was Mac Dubh Sith. The word "*dubh*" means "black," and referred, in part, to the characteristically swarthy skin of these early people of the island. After they developed their tartan—of green, yellow, white, and blazing red—they added a variant sett that was simply black and white. The braid of their beginnings is not particularly obscure. A few of the green conical mounds have been opened, and within them were bone implements, stone hammers, barbed harpoons, thousands of shells, and the bones of great auks, red deer, seals, dogfish, finback whales, wild swans, sheep, rats, rabbits, boars, otters, martens, guillemots, razorbills. These were the kitchen middens of people in the Stone Age and, thereafter, of the Picts. Middens at least as extensive fill the fingery recesses of Colonsay's innumerable caves (the Piper's Cave, the Lady Cave, the Endless Cave, the Crystal Spring Cavern), where, mixed in a preserving muck, are the leavings of meals eaten by centuries of successive or concomitant tenants—by Dalriadic Scots, by Norse and Danish Vikings, and by the Celts, the Caledonian Gaels, who were known as people who endlessly asked questions, who kept larders of their dead enemies, and who described their world as *Earraghaidheal* (the Border of the Gael), and pronounced it, more or less, Argyll. With Ian Summers, an unredundant employee of the laird, I went to the Lady Cave a few days ago, at the north edge of Kiloran Bay, and set up a paraffin lantern in the absolute blackness of a tunnel offshoot that reaches back under A' Bheinn Bheag (the Little Peak), in Balnahard. The midden muck there was seemingly bottomless and was full of implements of bone and stone, and, of course, the inevitable multitude of shells. Prone in the muck, we worked systematically, following a small grid and sorting what we found. When



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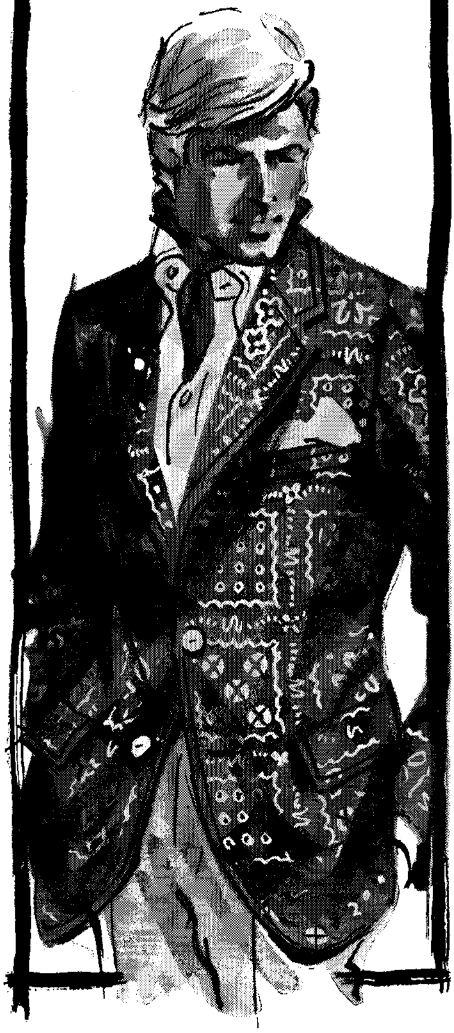

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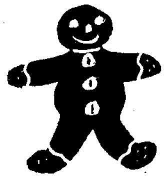
you have in your hand the stone tine with which a man in an animal's skin ate a shellfish, the ticking of time present is incredibly accelerated. Six hours went by and the lantern was beginning to flicker after what had seemed like thirty minutes. My finger, going down in the muck just before we quit for the day, happened to go right through the center of the circle of a bronze penannular brooch, and when I raised my hand the brooch came with it. I took it to the laird, since everything belongs to him, and he told me to keep it. He has at least a dozen such brooches in the showcase in Colonsay House with the last iron spike of the Canadian Pacific. Ancient middens are not the only middens on Colonsay. Without any apparent aesthetic conscience, the people of our own era pile their used tins and plastic bottles in pyramidal dumps near the edge of the sea, and these in time may become embedded in muck and sheathed in green.

The Vikings lived in the Hebrides for four hundred years and were there when the clans developed. The island clans were, in fact, Celto-Norse, and on Colonsay the Vikings were more numerous, proportionately, than they were on the other islands. They were, in one era, followers of Magnus Bareleg, so called because when he went home he introduced the kilt to Norway, where kilts became a fad that lasted for many years. "Havbredey," a Norse word, meant "isle on the edge of the sea." "Scalasaig" and "Uragaig" are words of Norse derivation, and "Sgeir nan Locharnach," on the Ardskenish Peninsula, means "the Norsemen's Skerry." When one of the green mounds of Oronsay was opened in 1891, a Norse ship was found, and in it were the skeletons of a Viking and (*nil nisi bonum*) his wife. Viking boat burials have also been uncovered in Machrins and Kiloran Bay, but most of the green mounds are thought to have been assembled by Picts or other early peoples whose existence, transmogrified in story, underlies the legends of the *sith*. In "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" (1890), the classical work on Hebridean legend, J. F. Campbell said of the history of the *sith*, "This class of stories is so widely spread, so matter-of-fact, hangs so well together, and is so implicitly believed that I am persuaded of the former existence of a race of men in these islands who were smaller in stature than the Celts, and who used stone arrows, lived in conical mounds, knew some mechanical arts, pilfered goods, and stole children." Some of these small people of peace were not the most attractive beings in the world. They might have had one Cyclopean eye, or a large single nostril. The Woman of Peace, *bean shith* (the Banshee), had a huge single front tooth, preternaturally long breasts, and webbed feet. In one sitting, she could eat a cow. When a crop failed or an animal died, the still folk were said to have taken its essence, not its substance. They did steal mortal children.



> Come away, O human child!
> To the waters and the wild
> With a faery, hand in hand,
> For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Mrs. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, wife of the retired president of Union Theological Seminary in New York, grew up as a Bartholomew, in Edinburgh, where her husband took a part of his theological training. As a young couple with infant children, the Van Dusens spent parts of several summers on Colonsay, and when I was about to leave the United States for the island, Mrs. Van Dusen, who is now a neighbor of mine in Princeton, said to me, "You must always put birch branches over a baby's cradle or baby carriage to protect it from the fairies. I did this very carefully in Colonsay." The legends of the still folk and of related beings and phenomena have not always persisted so impressively; nor, when they have, have they very often penetrated so close to the spiritual epicenters of the modern world. Nonetheless, they seem to have grown, not to have atrophied, across the centuries. The large seeds of a treelike West Indian plant called *Entada scandens* have drifted to the shores of Colonsay for thousands of years, and they have always been called fairy eggs. People once wore them around their necks, believing that this protected them from the evil moods of fairies. Below the foundation of a new house, a cat's claws, a man's nails, a cow's hooves, and a bit of silver were traditionally buried, to keep the little people happy. Such practices and fears have pertained to all eras, ancient and modern. If a man, in more recent times, became frightened of the still folk while walking alone at night, he would draw a circle around himself and say, "The Cross of Christ be upon me." A troubled man in an earlier time would go, perhaps, to the summit of Ben Earrnigil, in Garvard, or

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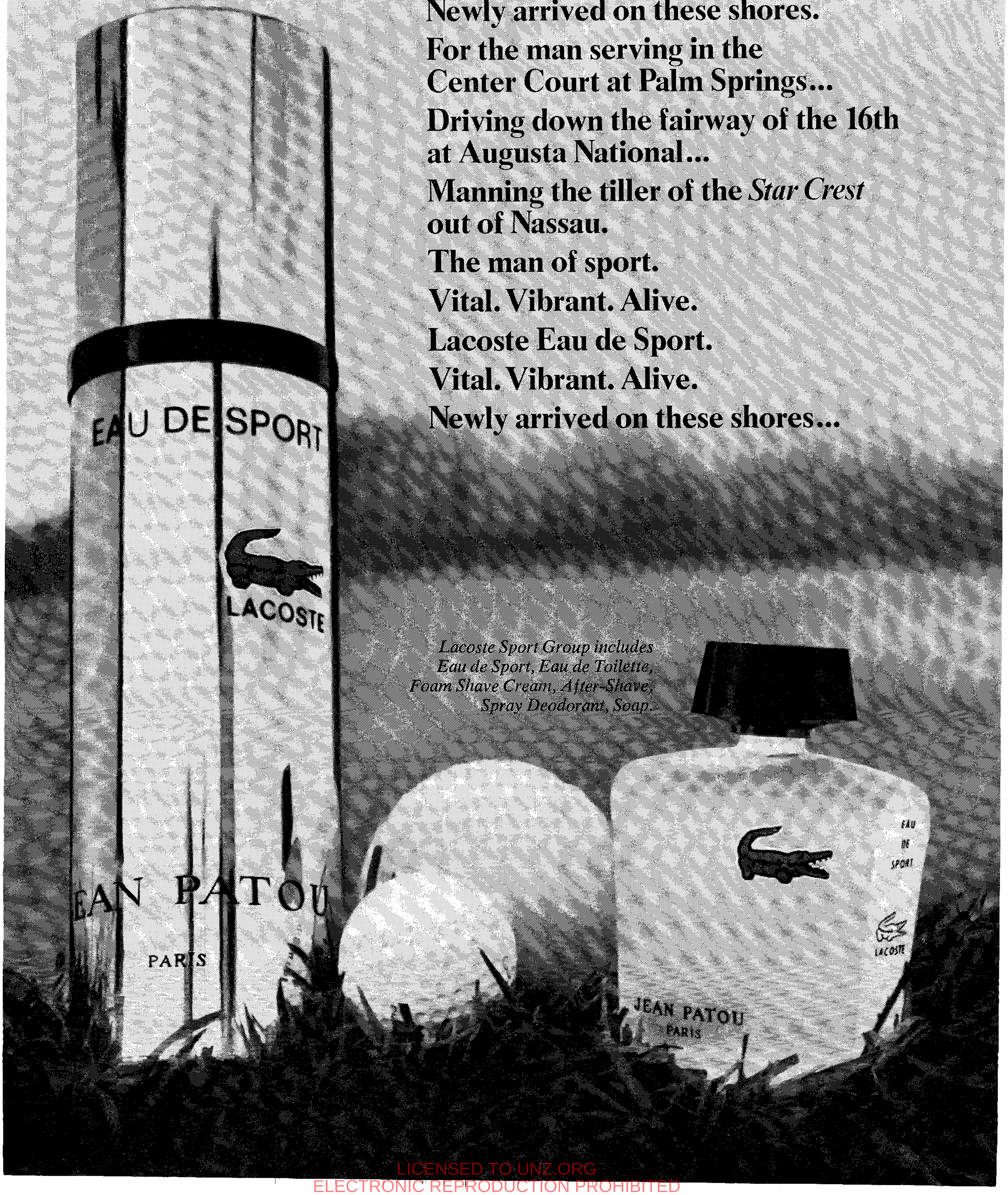
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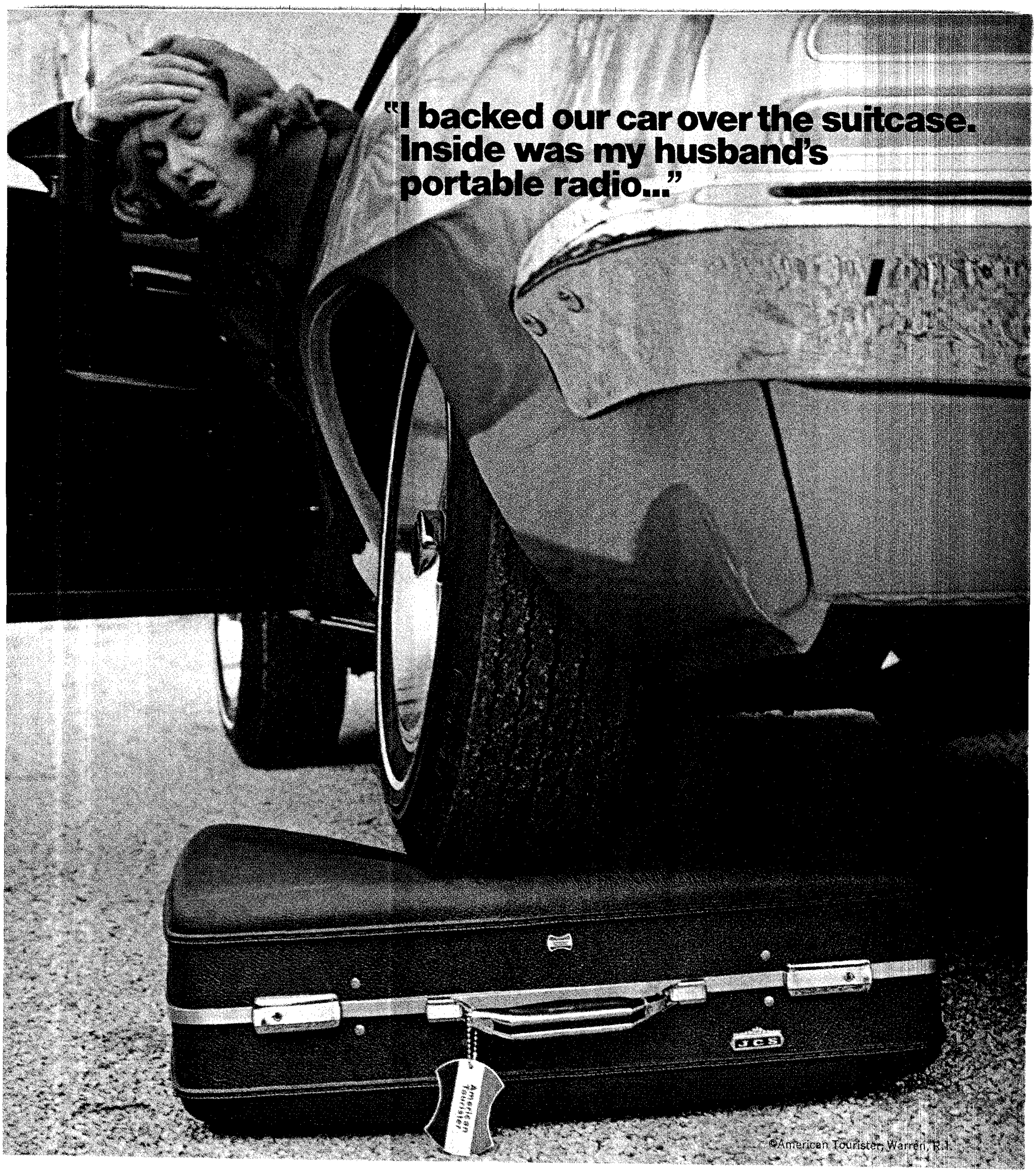
to the great stones of Kilchattan, to seek reassurance from his Druid. At the summit of Ben Earrnigil is a stone circle a hundred and eight feet in diameter north to south and ninety-eight feet in diameter east to west. Stone circles in Kilchattan and elsewhere on Colonsay—and, for that matter, wherever they exist in the world—characteristically have this slight elongation, thought by some to represent the pattern of the orbit of the earth around the sun, which the Celts and their Druids worshipped. As Christians would build their cathedrals in the shape of crosses, the Celts built theirs in circles of the sun, and into the twentieth century in Argyll people used the expression "going to the stones" when they meant "going to church." The Druids apparently recorded nothing. It is thought that they kept their law, philosophy, and theology in their heads, committing to memory during their period of training some sixty thousand rhymed verses, not a few of which were powerful antidotes to any threat that might rise from the still folk and the forces of the dark. The standing stones in Kilchattan, beyond the graveyard from Donald Gibbie's croft, have an abstract beauty of form and balance that has only recently been appreciated in sculpture. There are two. They stand about fifty feet apart. They are about ten feet high. What makes them so graceful is that they are quite narrow at the point where they emerge from the ground and they expand upward in an inverted taper, so that their effect on the eye is a sense of weight and force poised in the air, beyond the world. Thought by some to be a part of an otherwise vanished circle, the standing stones of Kilchattan have also been described as possible remnants of a Druid astronomical observatory. Donald Gibbie told me that the crofter on whose croft they stand once tried to start a posthole by jamming a four-foot crowbar into the ground between the two stones, and the crowbar disappeared into the earth—into some kind of subterranean chamber—and has never been recovered. The stones, tall and slim, are visible from a long distance up the glen of Kilchattan. They are dark against the sky, and they stand in a field of grain. They are called Fingal's Limpet Hammers.

A piper once entered a cave on the northern shore of Kilchattan playing "The Lament for Donald Ban MacCrimmon." He was followed by his dog. The piper was never seen again, but the dog eventually reappeared five miles away, on the coast of Balaromin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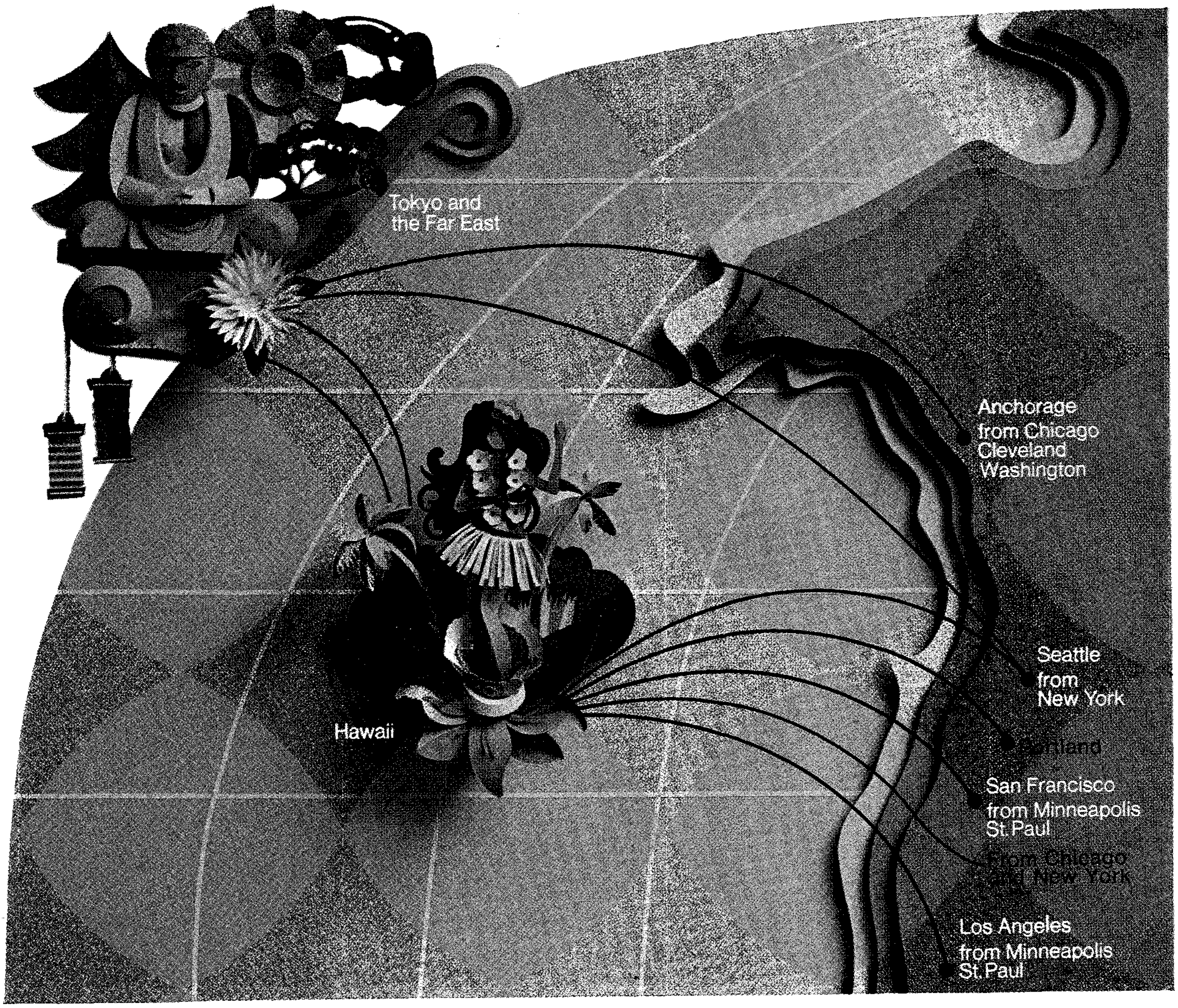
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Mor, and the dog's hair was scorched. So goes the legend of the Piper's Cave. Colonsay had its outsize beings as well as its little people. They were known as the Fomorian Giants, and their mother, the Cailleach, was the spirit of winter. She had a single eye, just above her nose. She kept a young girl captive, and eventually the girl's lover attacked the Cailleach, who avoided his assaults by turning herself into a gray headland, always moist, above the sea. This is Cailleach Uragaig, where Donald Gibbie stood on the pinnacle rock of the McNeill lairds. It was said for centuries that *maighdean mhara* (mermaids) sat among the skerries combing their hair at night. The ichthyic sheaths that covered their lower parts were removable. An islander could keep a mermaid as long as he kept her fishskin, but when she recovered it she would always put it on again and vanish into the sea. The largest creature anyone had ever heard of was the Great Beast of the Ocean, and to give an idea of its size people said that seven herring are a salmon's fill, seven salmon are a seal's fill, seven seals are a whale's fill, and seven whales are the fill of the Great Beast of the Ocean. The smallest creature anyone had ever heard of was the gigelorum, which made its nest in the mite's ear, and this is all that was known about it. If a cuckoo cried from the roof of a house, a death would come to that house that year. If your nose itched, you knew that a letter would soon be delivered to you. If your mouth itched, a dram was coming. If your ears tingled, a friend had died and the news would come soon. If your elbow itched, you knew that you would soon sleep with a stranger. Turning a boat around, passing out drams, walking around a house you were about to enter—you went to the right. You did all such things in the direction that corresponded to the course of the sun. When a young woman combed her hair at night, she put every loose strand in the fire. If the hair did not burn, it meant she would one day drown.

If a girl did drown, she might become a seal. Then once a year she could, if she liked, step out of her phocine skin and walk the earth as a human being. The shores of the Hebrides have always been populated with seal maidens, sunning themselves on boulders above the waves, their sealskins draped nearby. Once, a mainland girl betrothed to a young man of Colonsay was drowned on the voyage she was making to the island to marry

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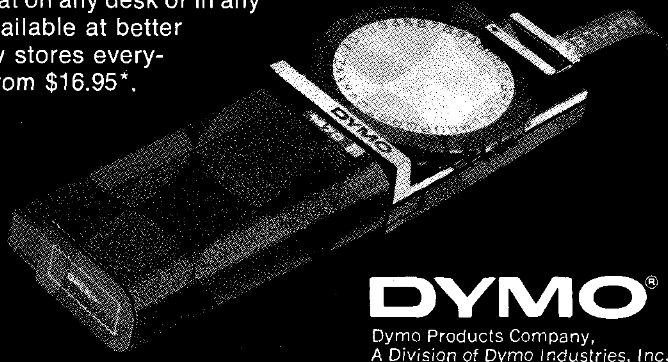

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him. In his melancholy, he hunted the shores for years, and finally he found her. He stole her sealskin and hid it, and then he took her home with him. He married her. Seal maidens could live among mortals and could marry and have children, and frequently enough they did, but they always felt a powerful draw to the sea, which they sometimes found irresistible. This one bore the children of the man of Colonsay and had good years with him, but her longing for the ocean finally overcame her. She found the sealskin where her husband had hidden it, and she disappeared. This is the germinal story of the original clan of Colonsay. From her children—so the legend goes—the clan proliferated.

From their earliest beginnings, in the eleventh century, to their full development, in the thirteenth century, to the Battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746, the clans lasted seven hundred years. In the nineteenth century, during the Pan-European wave of Highland nostalgia when Angus MacKay was piping for Queen Victoria and Felix Mendelssohn was writing the "Scotch Symphony" and his concert overture "The Hebrides," the Scottish artist R. R. McIan completed a memorial set of watercolor portraits of Highland clan chiefs, and these portraits have ever since been regarded as the best of their kind. McIan's chief of Colonsay appears on the shore of the island, the hills of Jura rising in the distance over the water behind him, and the look in his eyes, as he stares—full of attention—out to sea, suggests that whatever boredom his island life may cause him is frequently relieved. He appears to be relatively young still, but only moderately fit. Beneath his long shirt of chain mail there is an obvious paunch. He is dressed for feud. His left hand is on his hip. His right hand holds two spears. Hanging from a rent in the chain mail is a sword that must weigh twenty-five pounds. His boots are of untanned leather. He wears a conical helmet of the type the Vikings used, and it is decorated with an upthrusting eagle's wing. His beard is full and has an auburn glint. When he was first acknowledged as chief, he stood on top of a cairn, holding in his hand a white rod that symbolized his responsibilities, and he swore that he would preserve the customs of the people, one of which was that without regard to one's position in the clan it was every clansman's first duty to go to the aid of any other clansman in time of need. A bard then recited several hundred

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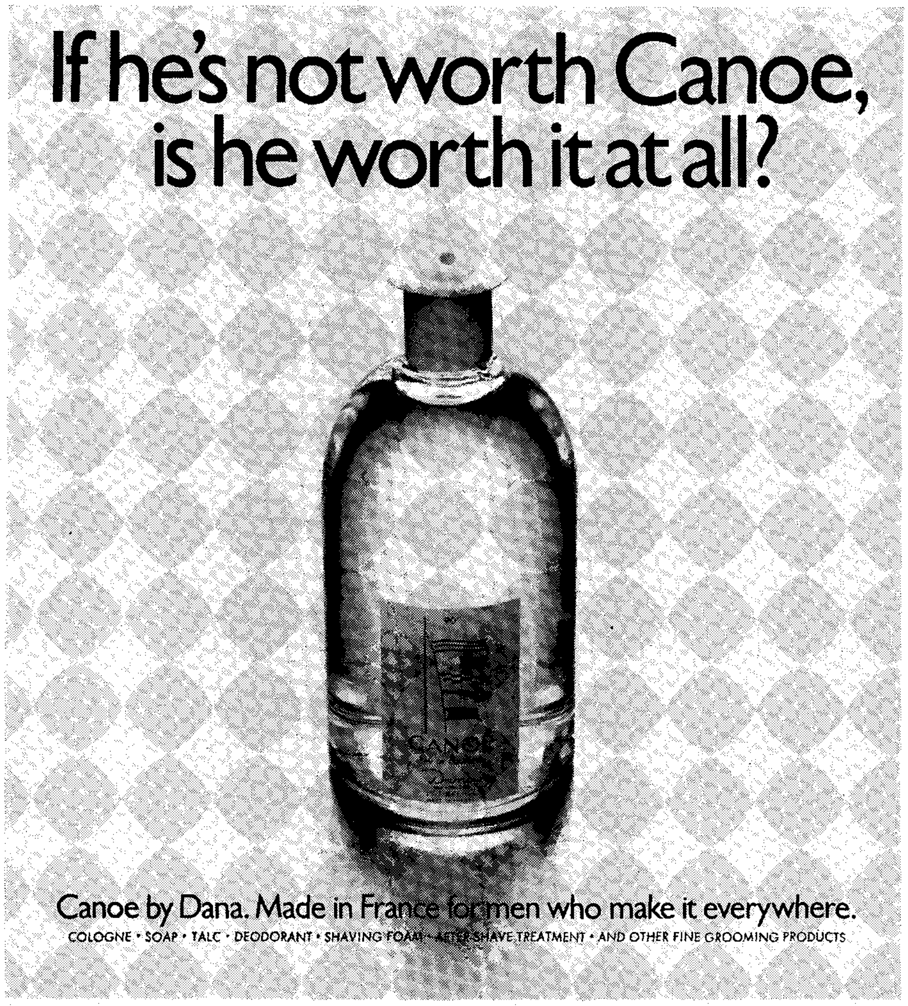
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verses in his praise. He became chief because he was, at the time, considered the fittest member of his family, and thus did not necessarily succeed his father nor will he necessarily be succeeded by his own son. The tanist, heir apparent to the chief's position, may be a brother, a cousin, a nephew, and the tanist's power is considerable—he is the administrative trustee of the lands of the clan. When the chief replaces his chain mail, he will put on his plaid—a huge bolt of tartan cloth, two yards wide, about six yards long. He drapes it around himself in careful pleats—the archetypal kilt—and holds it in place with a leather belt and a brooch at the shoulder. When he travels, he sleeps in his plaid and nothing more, even in snow. The tartan cloth is dyed with vegetable extracts that yield colors so soft that the tartan all but blends into a background of heather. The women of the clan wear tartan shawls, and flowing tartan or plain-colored gowns that are secured with brooches. Over their hair, they wear linen that is fastened beneath their chins. The clansmen eat barley cakes and oatcakes for breakfast and barley cakes and oatcakes for lunch. The meats for dinner—mutton, venison, beef—are boiled in the stomach of the animal they came from. The preparation of meals is simpler during hunting or feuding expeditions. The flesh of killed animals is squeezed to reduce the blood content, and then eaten. The clansmen eat fish, too, and in token of the sense of equality that pervades the clan, everyone's fishing line is by custom the same length. The chief has lighted his share of fires at the mouths of caves on other islands in order to choke to death the hiding families of his enemies, and with his heavy sword he has performed decapitations, sometimes retaining as trophies the heads he has severed. In times of major purpose, he has fought beside the very people who might otherwise have been killing him or he them. With them all, as Scott would one day remember, he answered the summons to Bannockburn.

Lochbuie's fierce and warlike lord
Their signal saw, and grasped his sword,
And verdant Islay called her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
 Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrekan's roar,
 And lonely Colonsay.

The stream was not entirely red. The clan's name implied that its people were people of peace, and the chief

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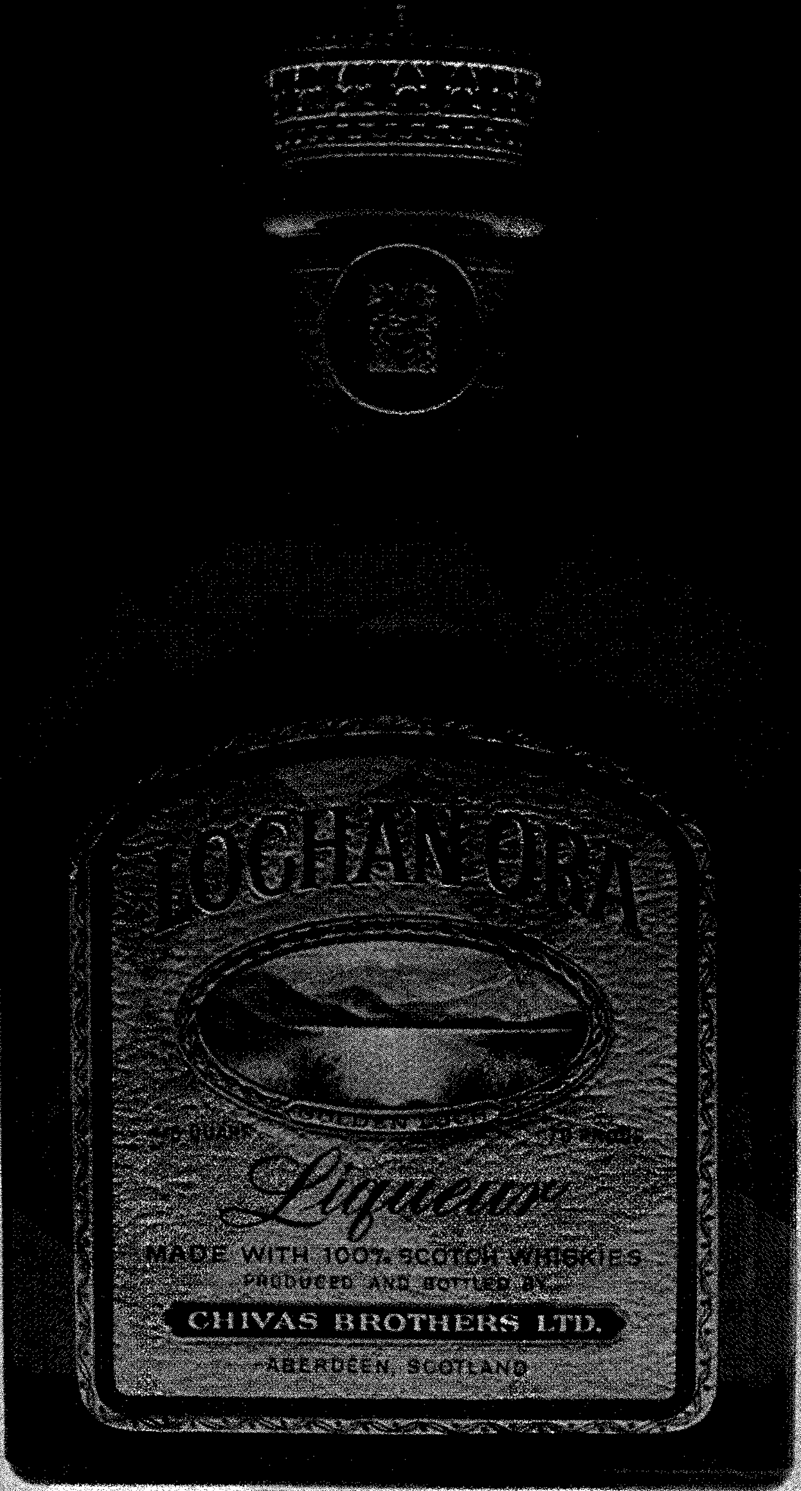
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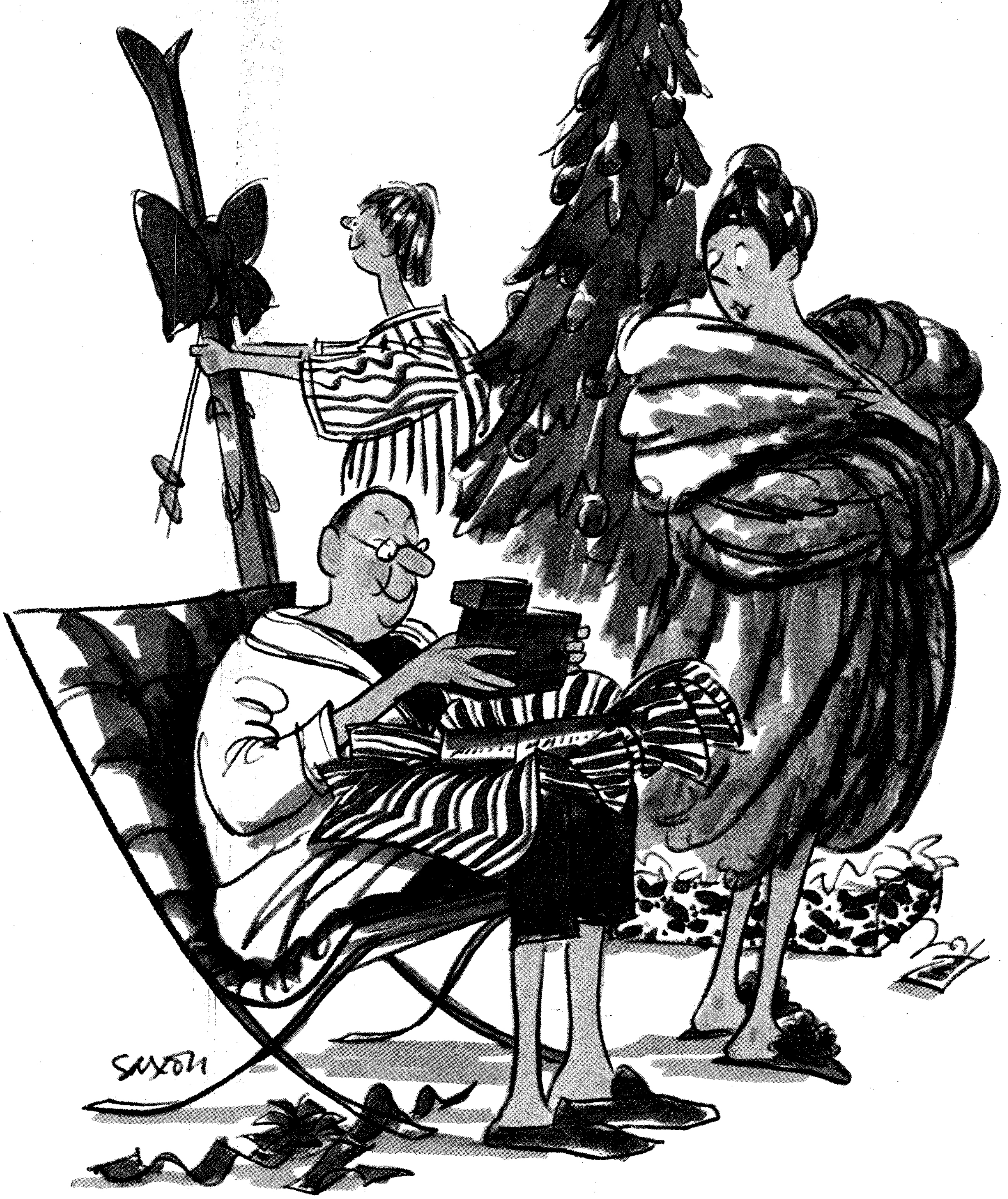

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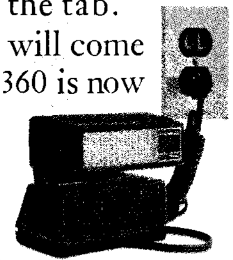

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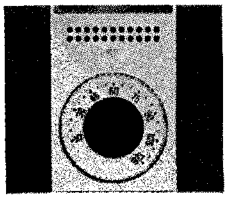

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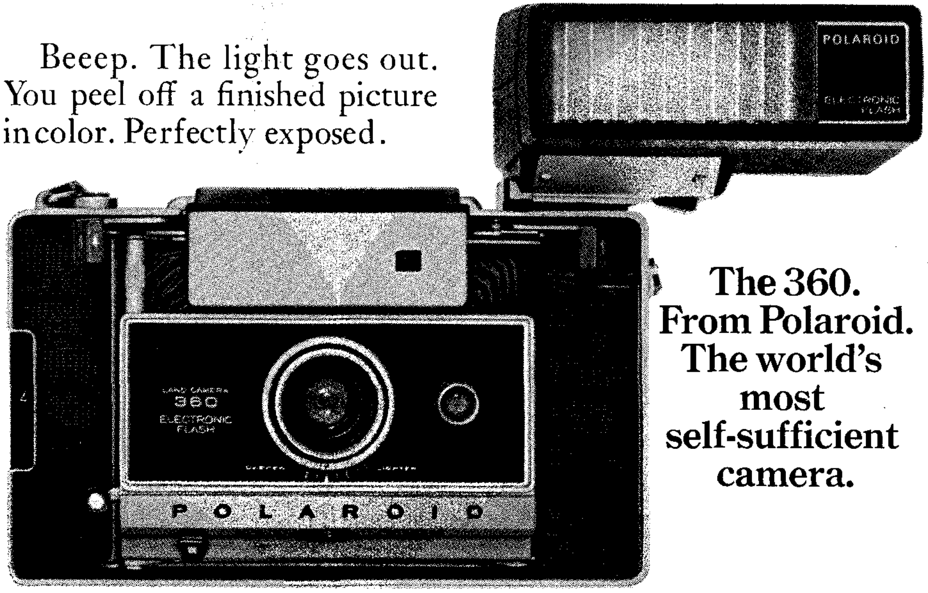

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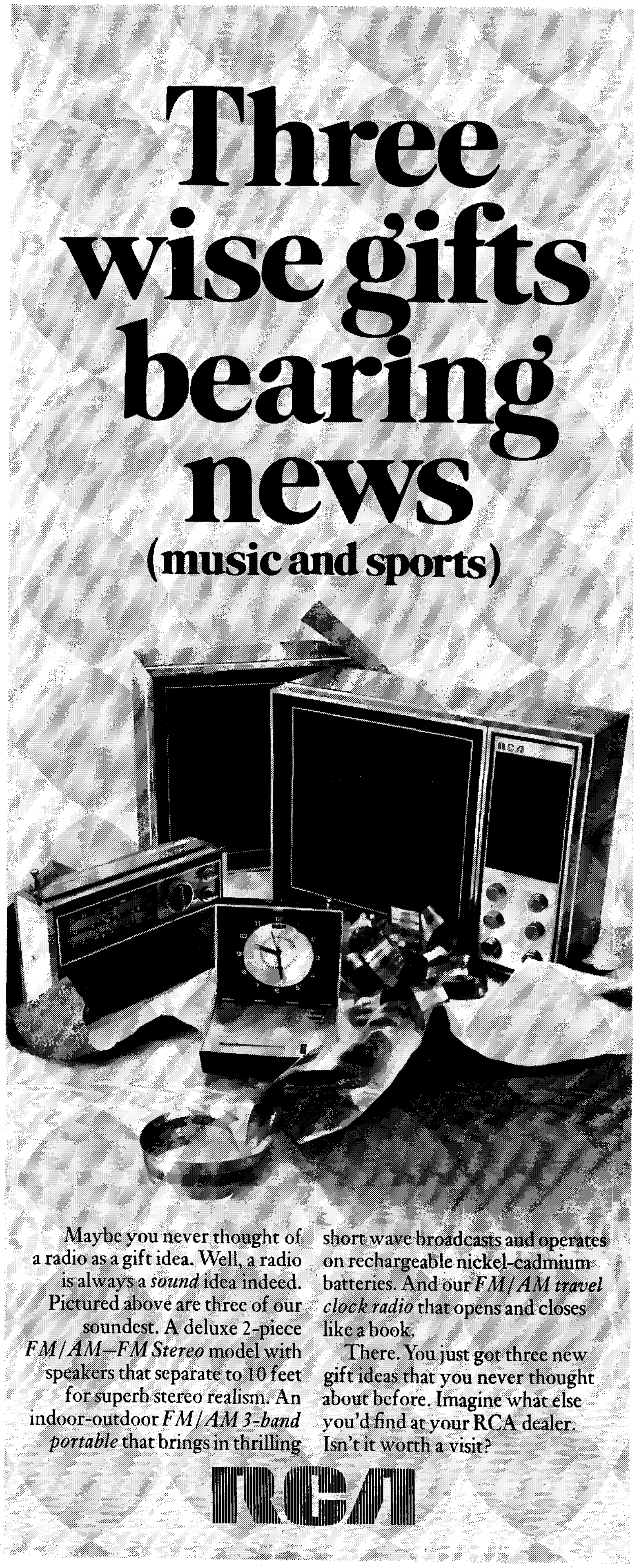
made some effort to alleviate the irony. The parliaments of the isles were held on a small island in Loch Finlagan, on Islay, and at these councils—attended by the clan chiefs of the Hebrides and presided over by the Lord of the Isles—the chief from Colonsay kept a journal of what went on. He was the traditional secretary, recorder, scribe. After the clan was broken, all records kept by the chiefs of Colonsay were destroyed by the MacDonalds, so what was written is unknown, but one hopes that beyond the drone of deliberations certain details were not omitted—the passing of the goblet full of true cognac, imported by twenty-oared galley from France; the exertions of the Orator, a bardlike functionary who composed his speeches by lying on his back with a huge rock on his stomach, the idea being that golden rhetoric would thereby more thoroughly be pressed out through his brain. The chief also was present, among the chiefs of the larger clans, at a colloquium held on the island of Iona, where he and the others wrote and signed the Statutes of Icolmekill. In this document, the men of the isles reluctantly acknowledged the course of history as it was developing and decreed that certain children of the clans should be sent to Lowland schools to learn English.

On a shoulder of the hill of the Candle Cairn, in Scalasaig, the chief of Colonsay built a fort called Dunevin. Its ruins are still there, beneath sod, and are most evident from a distance, for the top of the rise is square, with green ramparts. The islanders call it the Green Hill. Heather apparently won't grow where the earth has been disturbed by the battlements of the past. The view from Dunevin, once protective, is now merely spectacular, with the other hills and ranges of Colonsay paying out in all directions above the island's glens, surrounded by the framing sea. In the fields below Dunevin, the clansmen once harvested with scythes. They threshed with flails. The grain was eventually ground in hand querns. While all this was going on, the chief, it seems likely, was sitting around petting his black dog, perhaps at Dunevin, perhaps at his house in Kiloran. The black dog was a matter of some discussion on the island, because no one could understand why the chief wanted to keep it. The dog was lazy, would not hunt, and ate prodigious amounts of food. "Kill it," said the clansmen, but the chief said no, the day would come when he would be glad he had the dog.

From these beginnings emerged one



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of the most widely known legends of the Hebrides. It was said that the chief had been hunting in a remote part of the island when he came to a cottage inhabited by an old man who had a litter of pups, one of which, a black one, was so appealing to the chief that he said, "This dog will be my own."

The old man said, "You may have your choice of the other pups, but you will not get that one."

"I will not take any but this one," said the chief.

"Since you are resolved to have it, you may have it," said the old man. "It will not do you but one day's service, but it will do that well."

The dog grew to be large, powerful, beautiful, hungry, and—because it refused to hunt—worthless. Once, the chief arranged to go hunting on Jura, and he tried to take the dog, but the dog looked at the shore and the waiting boat and lay down and refused to move.

"Kill it," said the rest of the hunting party.

The chief said, "No. The black dog's day has not come yet."

A forbidding wind came up and the hunt was postponed. The next day, the boat was prepared again, but the dog would not go.

"Kill it and don't be feeding it any longer," said the clansmen.

"I will not kill it," said the chief. "The black dog's day will come yet."

The sky became violent and the expedition was postponed.

"The dog has foreknowledge," said the clansmen.

"It has foreknowledge that its own day will come yet," said the chief.

The next day, in clear and lovely weather, the hunting party, seventeen in all, got into the boat—everyone, the chief included, ignoring the black dog. Just as they were about to shove off, the dog ran down to the shore and leaped into the boat. "The black dog's day is drawing near," said the chief.

That night, in a cave on Jura, the chief's sixteen companions were murdered by supernatural beings who tried to attack the chief, too, but were driven away by the ferocious black dog. Then the life of the chief was almost taken by a great arm and hand that reached down for him through a cleft in the ceiling of the cave. The black dog soared into the air and locked its jaws over the forearm of this monster and chewed it until the hand fell to the floor of the cave. The black dog went out and chased the bloodied monster away, then returned to the feet of the chief, lay down, and died. "*Thig latha*

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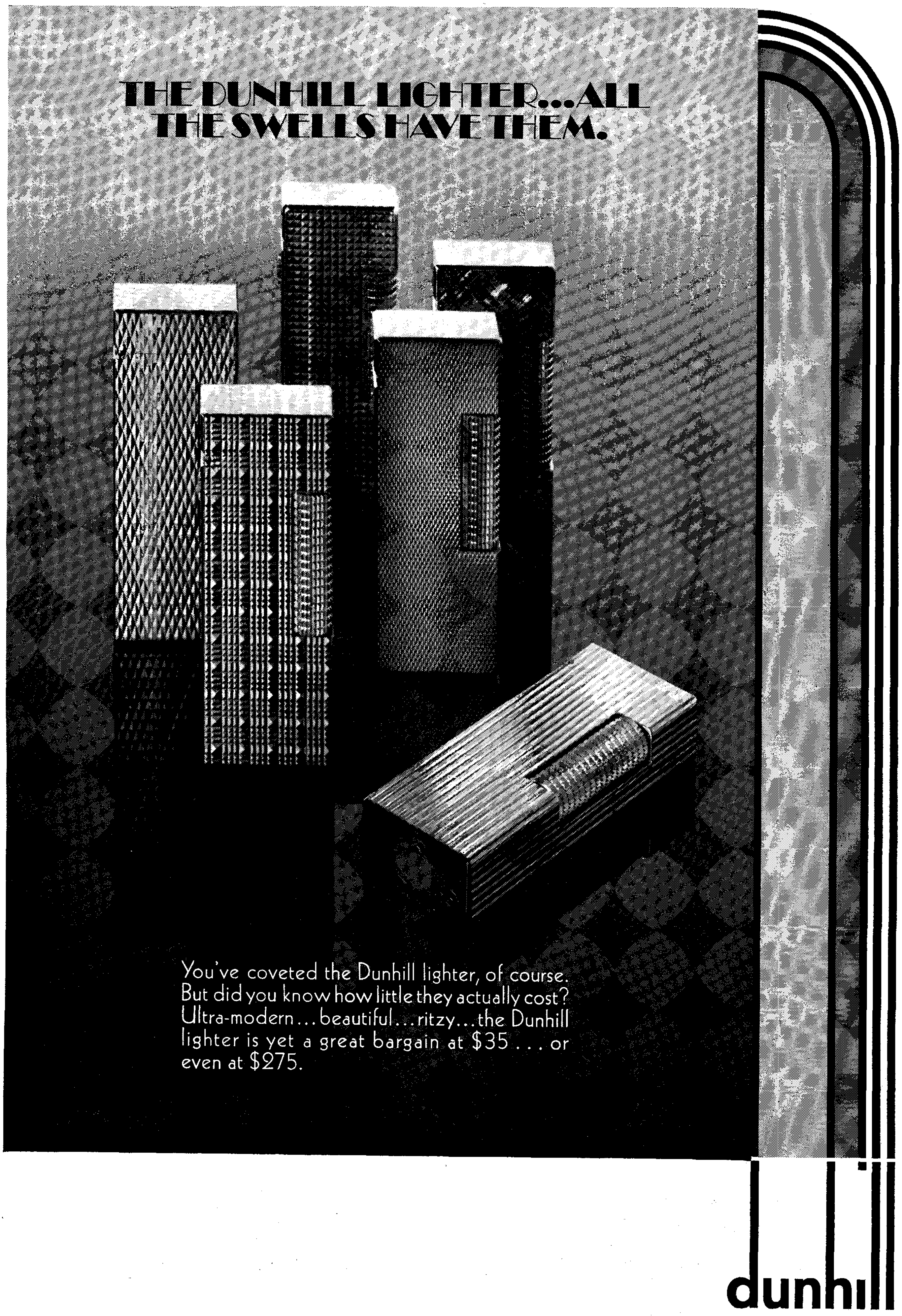
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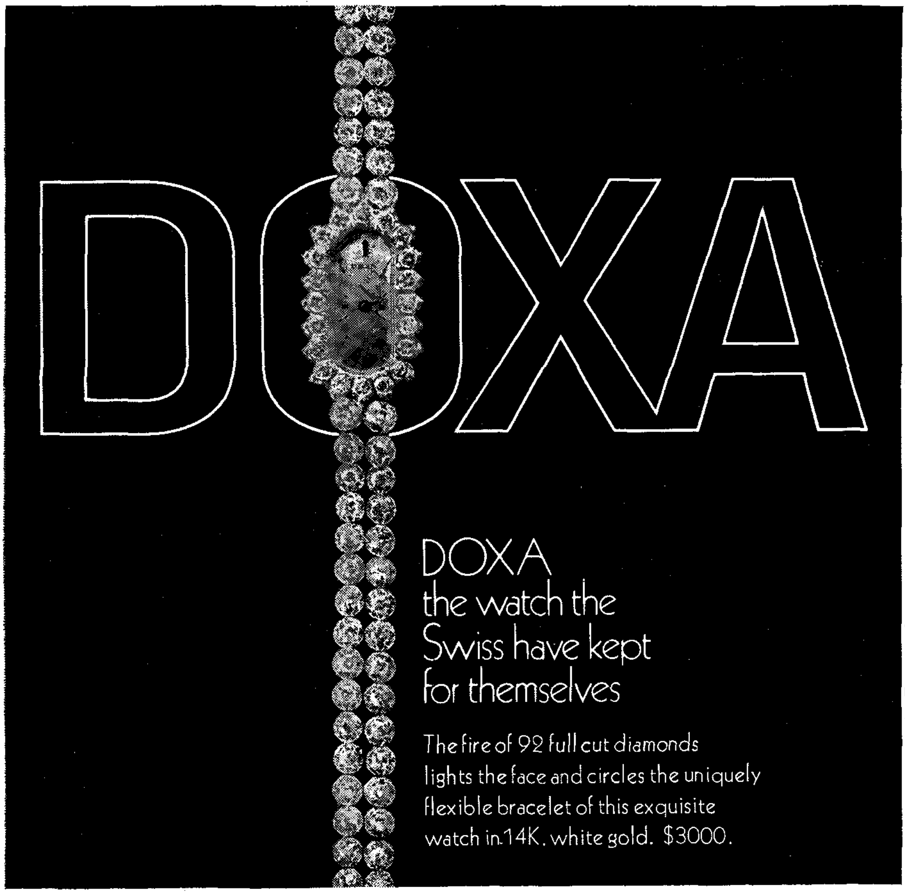

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choindui fhathast" is a Gaelic expression that derives from this legend and is in common use. It says, literally, "The black dog's day will come yet," but in English it has been slightly corrupted into "Every dog will have his day."

For putting that one over, I cannot help but feel affection for the chief, and it even makes forgivable, perhaps, his slipping the sword and the galley onto his tombstone and absurdly pretending to be a Lord of the Isles. I have on my living-room wall in Princeton a six-foot rubbing of his tombstone, elaborate with ivy, harts, and griffins; it is there because it always makes me smile. The chief in that particular incarnation was the one who died in the cave in Uragaig when the MacLean bowman shot him from above. An hour or so beforehand, he had been at his house, in Kiloran, when the invading MacLeans approached. Outnumbered, he left in a hurry with one of his friends, whose name was Gilbert MacMillan. They were running together up the side of Ben Sgoltaire when they looked behind them into the glen and saw thirty or forty MacLeans go into the house and come back out dragging McPhee's screaming wife.

McPhee said, "MacMillan, why don't you go down and see if you can do something to help her? She has been good to you, MacMillan. She gave you the stockings you wear. And you gave her good promises that you would see no harm come to her."

"Unlucky is the time that you remind me of it," MacMillan said, and he drew his sword and went back down the hill. MacLeans swarmed around him, but he stood with his back to a high stone wall and magnificently began to hack them down. Swinging and thrusting, he killed sixteen MacLeans, and he might have killed them all, but other MacLeans went around to the other side of the wall and pushed out stones at the base, making a hole through which they chopped at MacMillan's legs until he fell. McPhee went on up the hill. One associates with one's ancestors at one's risk. I will never again be able to look a MacMillan in the eye. —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a two-part Profile.*)

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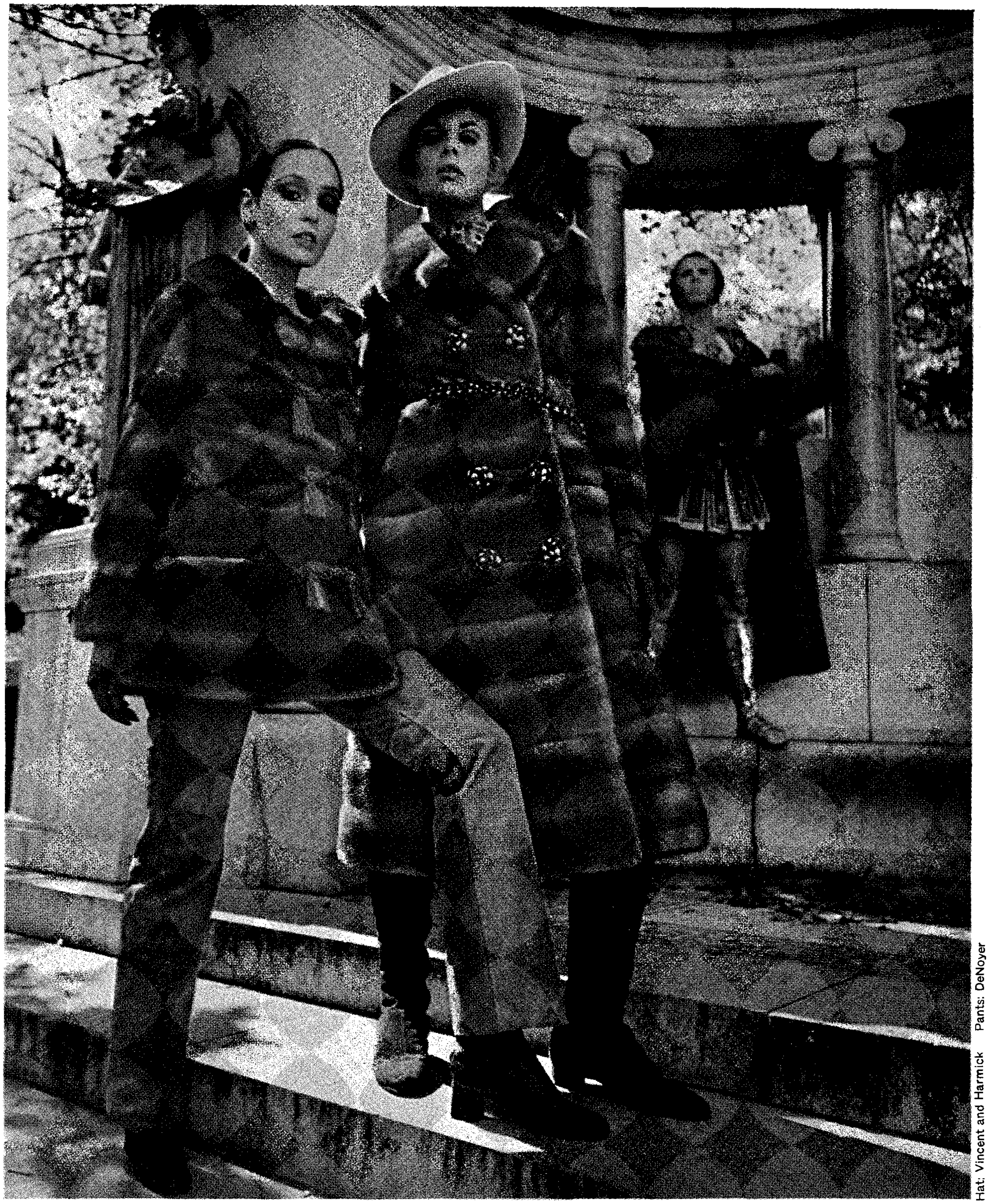

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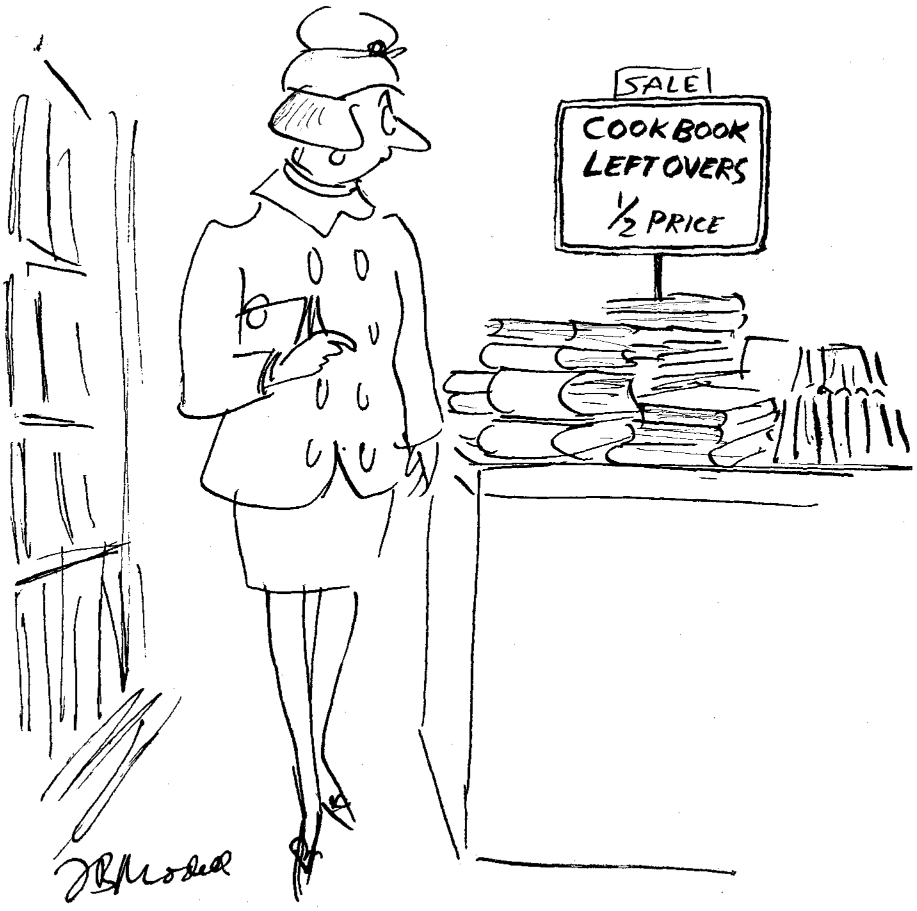
THE THEATRE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR NOËL

FOUR of the most fruitful days of 1929 were surely those that Noël Coward, on a lazy holiday trip around the world, spent writing "Private Lives." The first act of the play, which I don't hesitate to call as nearly flawless a first act for a comedy as any in the language, is said to have been jotted down overnight—formidable proof of the fact, repugnant to puritans, that time and effort have no necessary connection with achievement in the arts. Neither, for that matter, does age—Coward was twenty-nine when he wrote "Private Lives," and he was never to surpass it. (Indeed, he had already composed, at twenty-five, its only possible rival for comic excellence, "Hay Fever.") The play had its world première in Edinburgh, in 1930, starring Gertrude Lawrence (who had inspired it) as Amanda and Coward as Elyot, with Laurence Olivier and Adrianne Allen in supporting roles. The sun has long since set on the British Empire that Coward made such fun of and later glorified, but I doubt if it has ever set, or ever *will* set, on "Private Lives." Now the play has bobbed up here, at the Billy Rose Theatre, in an APA production sponsored by David Merrick. The production is an admirable one and will serve nicely to help celebrate the occasion of Coward's seventieth birthday, on Tuesday next. As a small sprig to add to the laurels being heaped up in honor of that day, I will repeat an opinion that I have often expressed, with a gravity not quite wholly based on a desire to irritate certain friends of mine in Academe—that Coward is the greatest of English theatrical figures in the multifariousness of his gifts. Who but he has written his own plays and musical comedies, directed them, acted in them, danced in them, and sung in them songs of his own composition? Poor Shakespeare, after all (and I have been waiting a long time to set down the words "poor Shakespeare"), merely wrote, acted, and composed the lyrics of a few songs in his plays. As far as I know, there isn't much likelihood that when he played the Ghost in "Hamlet" he broke out into song and dance, though the idea is an appealing one and somebody is bound to make use of it sooner or later.

Simple as it may seem in the reading, "Private Lives" is extremely hard to act well; the lines of the play turn out to matter less than the silences between the lines, and the duration of these silences must be calculated to the millisecond. The director of the present production, Stephen Porter, has performed these calculations with exemplary skill. He is aware that much of our pleasure in the play comes from our being allowed to know, from moment to moment, more than the characters themselves are allowed to know. Our laughter springs as much from the sudden glory of anticipation fulfilled as from the witty expression of any ordinary human feeling or—perish the thought!—thought. The first act has a symmetry of word and deed so exact as to be almost uncanny; the two newlywed couples in the swagger hotel in Deauville are made to move through a series of discomfitures as neatly introduced, exhibited, and dismissed as so many magic hoops, cards, coins, and colored handkerchiefs. In the second act, the prestidigitator risks losing control by losing momentum. We perceive that he has time to kill on his way to a third act (in the twenties, a playwright who plotted a comedy in two acts would no doubt have been accused of shortchanging his audience), and we come dangerously close to seeing Amanda and Elyot for what they are—in real life, two of the least delightful people imaginable, with nothing to do but eat, drink, bicker, make love, and congratulate themselves on their isolation from a world unworthy of them. In the third act, the prestidigitator is again in full control; after a flurry of slapstick physical encounters, he rings down the curtain on a breakfast scene that is at once consummately trivial and just the right size.

Amanda and Elyot are played by Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford. I wouldn't have guessed that Miss Grimes, whose voice to my ears is like chalk on slate, could bring off the role of a pretty, willful English girl of those distant flapper days, but she does, she does, and Brian Bedford is appropriately clipped of accent and selfish of purpose as Elyot. David Glover plays the staunch and obtuse ninny who has just become Amanda's second husband, and



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Suzanne Grossmann, looking a trifle jaded for the part, plays Elyot's bewildered twenty-three-year-old bride. The amusing Art-Deco settings and the lighting are by James Tilton and the costumes are by Joe Eula.

LET the record show that Cassius Clay played the lead in a musical called "Buck White," which opened and closed after seven performances. Mr. Clay is an exceptionally handsome young man, and he sang and spoke his lines with commendable presence and with a charm that I don't suppose his adversaries in the ring have had much chance to pass judgment on. Many other heavyweight champions—among them John L. Sullivan, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, and Gene Tunney—have tried their hand at acting. It is not praising Mr. Clay very highly to say that I suspect him of being the best of the lot. I hope he gets another chance.

—BRENDAN GILL

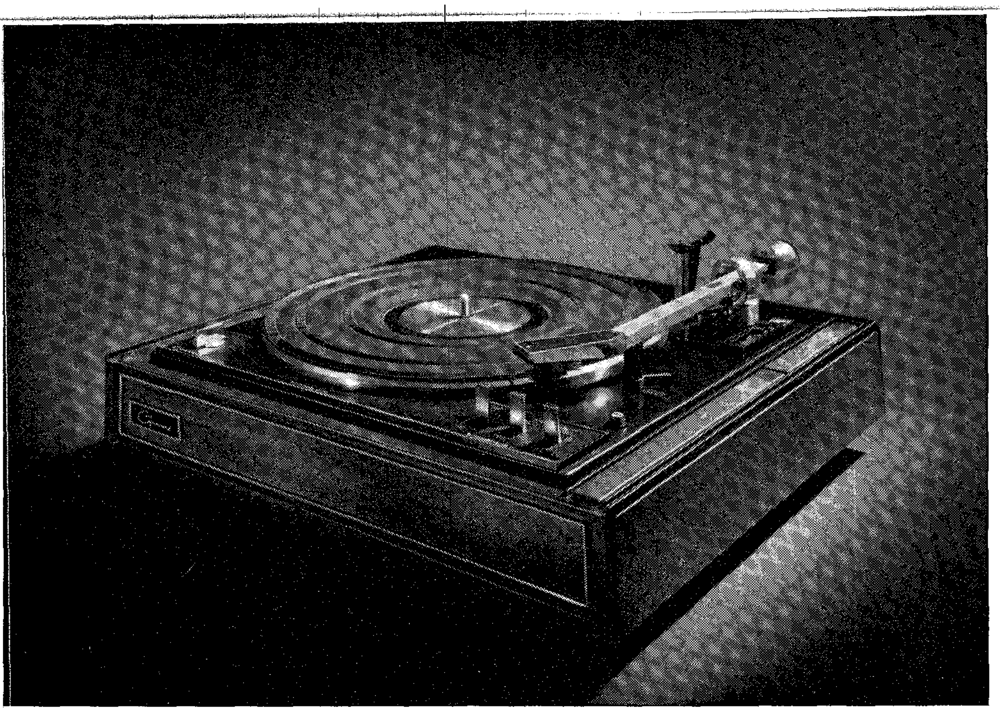
OFF BROADWAY

London, Where the Nuts Come From

THE little boxes of John Bowen's "Little Boxes," at the New, are a pair of Victorian houses in London, which serve as the settings for a pair of one-acters. The house in "Trevor"—the second, and by far the more successful, of the plays—has been made shiny and modern, and is the lodging of two young women in their twenties who are having a Lesbian affair. For the purposes of letters home to anxious parents, each has invented a beau named Trevor. At the opening of the play, one set of parents is expected for tea, and their daughter has picked up and hired for five pounds an unemployed actor to impersonate her particular Trevor. Then, unexpectedly and almost simultaneously, the *other* set of parents turns up, forcing the hapless young actor into a double role—and off we go into a kind of latter-day "Charley's Aunt," with its ambiguities made explicit and brought up to date. The elements of the farce are traditional and enduring—compound deception, frantic whispering, mistaken identity, scurrying feet, and opening and slamming doors, plus some funny lines and ingenious business that may well surprise you. In the end, there is a confession by the ladies, and the younger generation's candor and plea for understanding are faced by the embarrassment and the evasiveness of the older one. These wistful and serious notes, as well as the special pleading, do not accord at all with the comedy (as they did, for example, in Charles Dyer's "Staircase"); they are unconvincing and a nuisance in the midst of the shenanigans. As a matter of fact, I don't think "Trevor" really amounts to much as a play, but it certainly made me laugh. Tony Tanner gives an expert *charley'saunt* performance in the title role; he is frenetic, flexible, funny, and infinitely obliging. Jo Henderson and Jennifer Tilston do quite well, too, as the girls whom he does his best to oblige (for a small fee).

The tenants of the shabby, gone-to-seed house of "The Coffee Lace," which opens the evening, are a troupe of aged ex-vaudevillians who have not left the place since they were hooted off the stage shortly after the Second World War. There are three women and two men in the act, and they live on their old-age pensions and whatever little money their former business manager, who is also the husband of their leading actress, brings in from scavenging the cars of the Underground for forgotten objects. The content of the play is, for the most part, made up of squabbles and rivalries and desperate amnesties, and the reënactments of highlights from the past. The plot hinges on the death of the leading lady and the plans for disposing of her remains. Here wistfulness and sadness prevail—or at least a try for them prevails—but the play always seems far too mechanical and contrived for belief. (An offstage recording, played for atmosphere, on which we hear the clear, sweet voice of Gertrude Lawrence singing Gershwin's "Maybe," evokes the only moments of true feeling in the whole evening.) Mr. Tanner here appears as a kind of twittering, venerable chorus boy; Leona Maricle is the leading lady; and Frederic Tozere plays her husband. They and the rest of the company do what they can with the available material, but it is not enough. In each of the plays, somebody says firmly, "We never go out," and in each instance I felt that the characters were boxed in by the dramatist for technical reasons, rather than by the circumstances of their own lives. The scenery, by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, is very good.

"THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY OF CONCENTRATION," at the Forum, is a comedy about a professional social scientist (and amateur chaser) who finds concentration increasingly difficult because of the importunate



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women in his not so merry-go-round life. These women are, to start with, (1) his wife (say-something-pleasant-to-me-and-get-rid-of-your-mistress), (2) his mistress (kiss-me-on-the-neck-and-divorce-your-wife), and (3) his secretary (cut-it-*out!*). By the time the evening is over, he has added No. 4—a flat-shoed, intellectual researcher, who comes to his house to interview him, with an electronic computer and a couple of assistants in smocks, and who bursts into tears when he tells her that he has decided that the heart has it all over the head but falls into his arms when he says "There, there," or its equivalent. Here, again, doors open constantly to admit the ladies and then close behind them, and chronology is disregarded.

The play was written by Vaclav Havel, the Czech dramatist whose satiric "The Memorandum" of last year seemed acute and entertaining to me. I am sorry to report that I found "T.I.D.o.C." quite boring, in spite of a few jokes that do pay off (most of them in the second act), though rarely has so much effort been expended for such meagre returns. The play is whimsical, redundant, and laden with weighty irony. (The hero devotes all the time he can spare to dictating awful social-science guff about "a man's needs" and "a man's satisfactions.") It also misses completely as satire, in spite of that electronic computer. Nevertheless, I think it was worth putting on; giving us a chance to see the kind of play that is being done in Europe (or Asia or Africa or Latin America) is surely one thing that Off Broadway is all about. As the hero, Harold Gould, a California actor making his local début, is quite adept at the kind of impersonal performance that the script requires but that isn't very interesting. He is supported, along the same lines, by, among others, Leora Dana, Jane Hoffman, and Alix Elias.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

A woman called Jules Podell's Copacabana for a reservation for New Year's Eve, the Associated Press reports. "Which New Year's Eve?" the non-plussed reservation clerk asked.—*The Times.*

That was no reservation clerk, that was a P.R. man.

•

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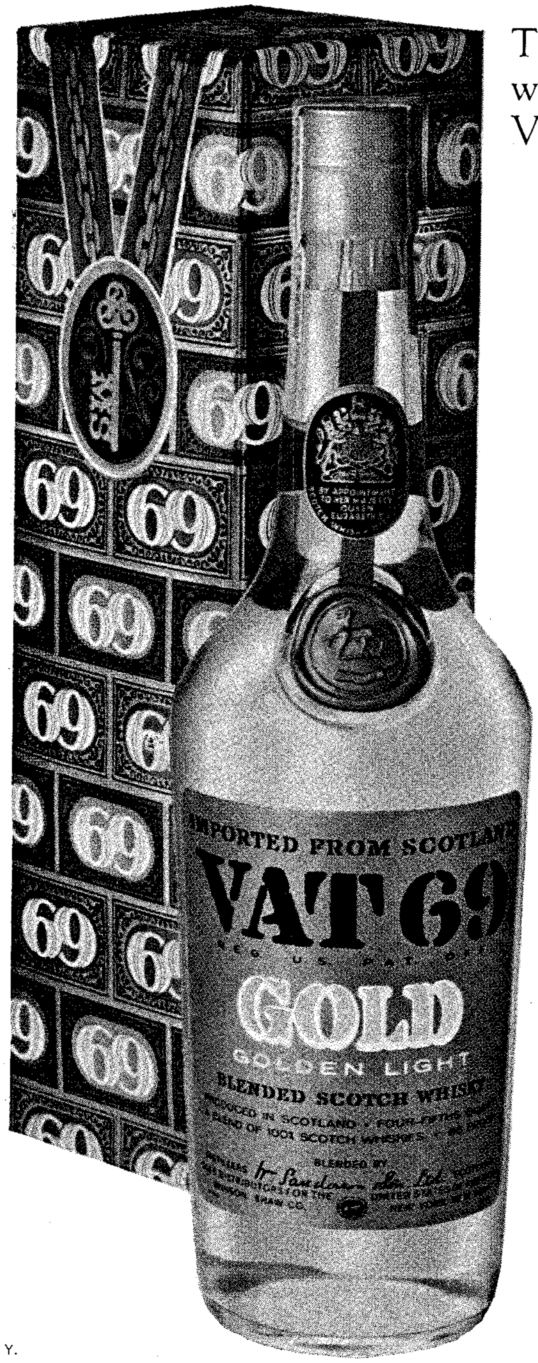
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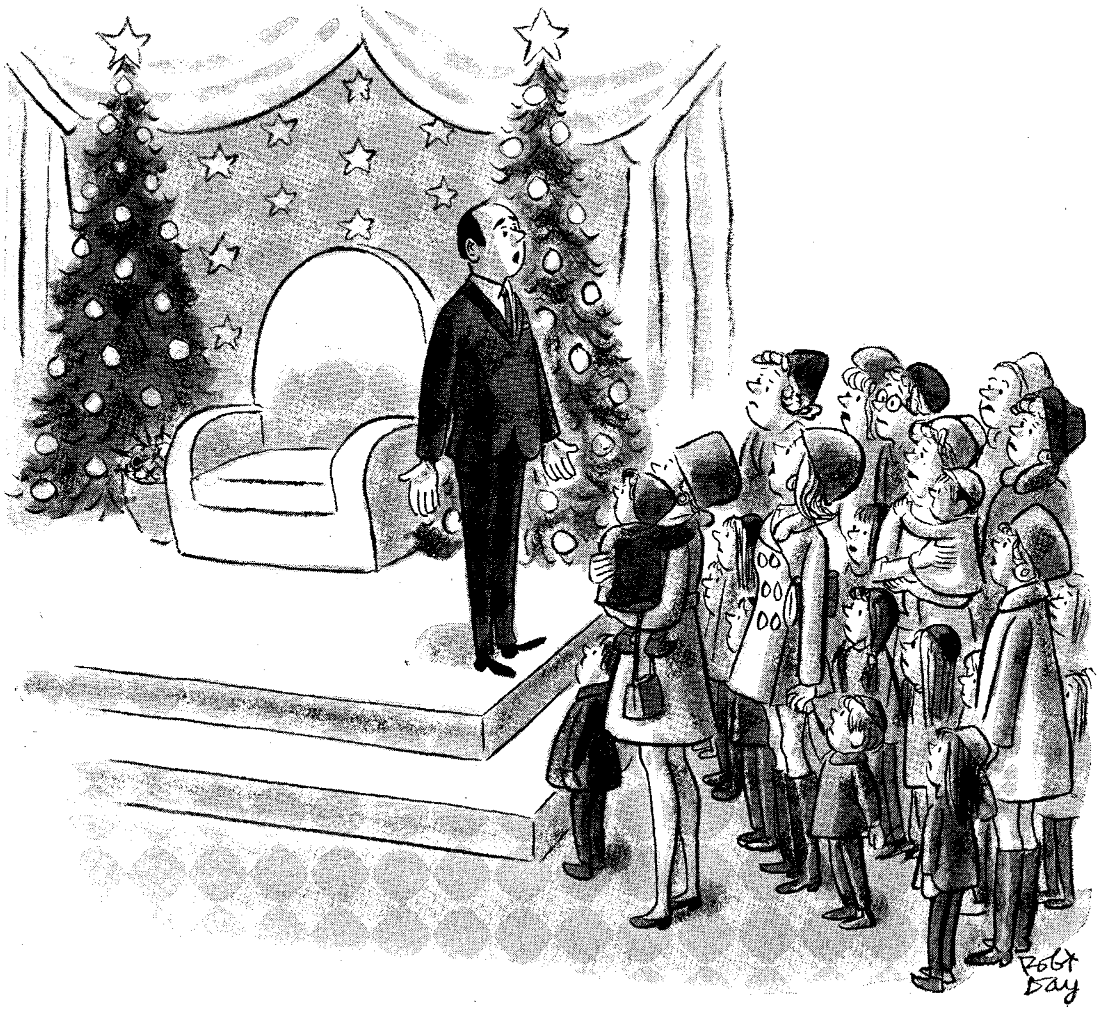
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

IT is possible that as more and more women exercise their hard-earned right to work in jobs that used to be open only to men, men will have the wit to stop working altogether. There are signs that such a reversal is on its way. Men's clothes are getting prettier and more stylish, while women go about dressed in garments that resemble the uniforms of visiting nurses and Russian street-cleaners. Men are taking up needlework to shore against the day when the idle hours will hang heavy and have to be filled somehow, while women are taking karate lessons to fend off muggers and male supremacists who may waylay them between home and the executive suite. Feminist books have a different tone from those of the past. They are less embattled, more sweet-tempered, as if the battle had been won and all that remained to do was to take a few parting shots at the loser. A feminist book entitled "The Feminized Male," by Patricia Sexton (Random House), came out this year, which, far from dwelling on the sufferings of women, is concerned largely with the oppression of men and the inequalities they labor under in our society. "Of the five million people arrested in 1966, eighty-eight per cent were men," the author reveals. More men than women die in accidents, commit suicide, go mad, and get reading, seeing, hearing, and speech disorders, and only men are born with XYY chromosomes, which make them liable to become "criminal, unusually tall, aggressive, dull, and afflicted with serious acne." The men who are not social misfits are feminized males, who have managed to stay out of trouble because they behave like girls. The author believes that this "enervating trend in our society" came about because women were kept out of all professions except teaching, so they were obliged to stay home and pick on their sons or to teach school and pick on boys there. Whatever one may think of Mrs. Sexton's analysis—and we think it may be a bit off the mark—one cannot deny the truth of the premise that underlies it: that there are real differences between men and women which have nothing to do with jobs and status, and that they ought to be cultivated rather than suppressed. In this report, we will try to direct women who are shopping for Christmas presents for their male friends and relations (behind bars, on parole, or at large) to things that will promote these differences. We will steer clear of the enervating novelties that stores try to fob off on men at Christmastime—things like hip flasks disguised as German dwarfs, or vice versa, and belts that give the wearer little shocks and "take off inches." We will also take into account the sexual difference that makes it possible for a man to buy his wife a lace bed jacket and feel pleased about his purchase, and hard for a woman to give her husband a new axe and not feel martyred. We'll commence, accordingly, at a shop named Madonna, 304 East 53rd Street, where clothes for men are sold that are beautiful and unusual and only occasionally absurd, and where women who like nice things will feel at home. There are some extraordinary shirts here, in a large choice of muted blues, grays, pinks, and two-color striped combinations, all in jacquard fabrics whose elegance and tastefulness are hard to do justice to. Some of the shirts are very tight-fitting, while others are looser and "would fit even the middle-aged," according to the owner of the shop, no sub-teen himself, who was wearing an extremely tight shirt unbuttoned almost to the waist. The shirts cost around $25, and may be worn open at the throat or down the chest, or with a tie, in which case they become different shirts. The owner held up several ties to one shirt, and it was interesting to see what a difference each tie made. Madonna's silk ties are $12.50 and have bold rectilinear designs and are between three and three-



"State Labor Relations has stepped into the dispute and a settlement is expected shortly."

quarters and four and three-quarters inches wide. If you decide to buy a shirt and a tie, it might be a good idea to let the owner of the shop pick the tie. He has a good eye for the unobvious and inevitable-looking combination. The shirts and ties and practically everything else in the shop are made in Italy. A velveteen jacket with a small, precise black pattern on beige that looks like herringbone from a distance has "pagoda shoulders" (they stick up a little), high armholes, large pockets, and a close-to-the-body fit; $120. It doesn't look like any other jacket we've ever seen—it's great. Madonna's V-neck cable-knit pullovers are unusual, too; there is a contrasting stripe around the neck, and a band, in yet another contrasting color, circling the waist. Navy with orange and light green is one combination, gray with beige and light green is another. These sweaters have a vigorous sporty look, though the sport that comes to mind is something more like driving an Alfa Romeo than bowling. Price: $40. Madonna's belts from Morocco are made of old saddle leather and, in contrast to the genteel and meticulous clothes sold here, are rather rough and scruffy-looking, but they have their claims. They are full of grommets and studs set very close together in haphazard arrangements, and they come in many widths, between one and five inches; from $15 to $25.

Rakes Boutique, 37 East 65th Street, is another stylish source of newfangled men's clothes. We liked the Poet's Hat sold here, which does indeed put one in mind of Bunthorne, if not of any real poet, and comes in black, brown, gray, yellow, blue, red, or green felt with a matching grosgrain band; it has a high crown and a wide brim, and the price is $35. If you buy someone a tie here, he may wear it confident of meeting only one other person with a tie like it, because only two ties of each pattern are made. The ties are very wide and are made of materials not usually used in tie-making—Newport chintzes, for example, which make surprisingly nice and unpeculiar ties. Cotton ties are $10, and silk ties are $15. Knee-high hunting stockings from Scotland, cable-knit of heavy Shetland wool in various soft Shetland hues, are $12, and classic two-color Argyles are $15. Rakes Boutique will make to order an authoritatively simple Trevira-knit body shirt with long sleeves and wide cuffs and a large, wide collar. We liked the beige sample we saw, and it's also available in red or black; $35 and ten days' wait.

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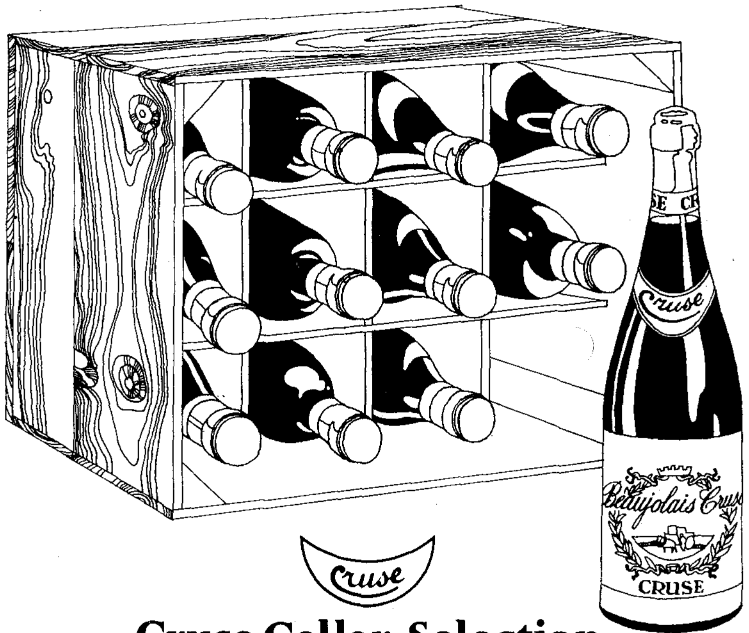

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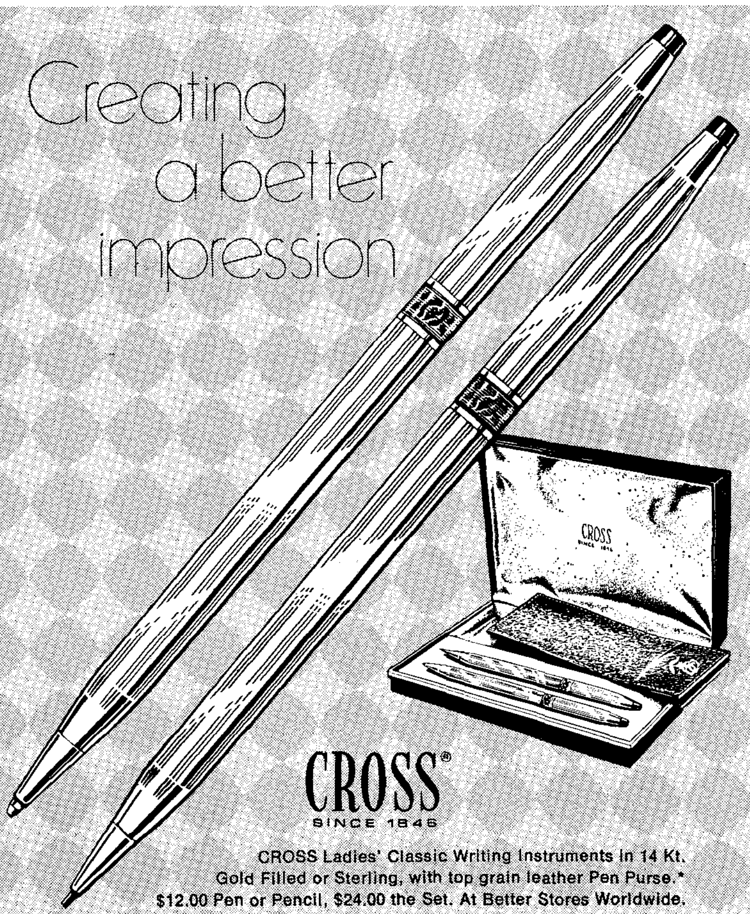

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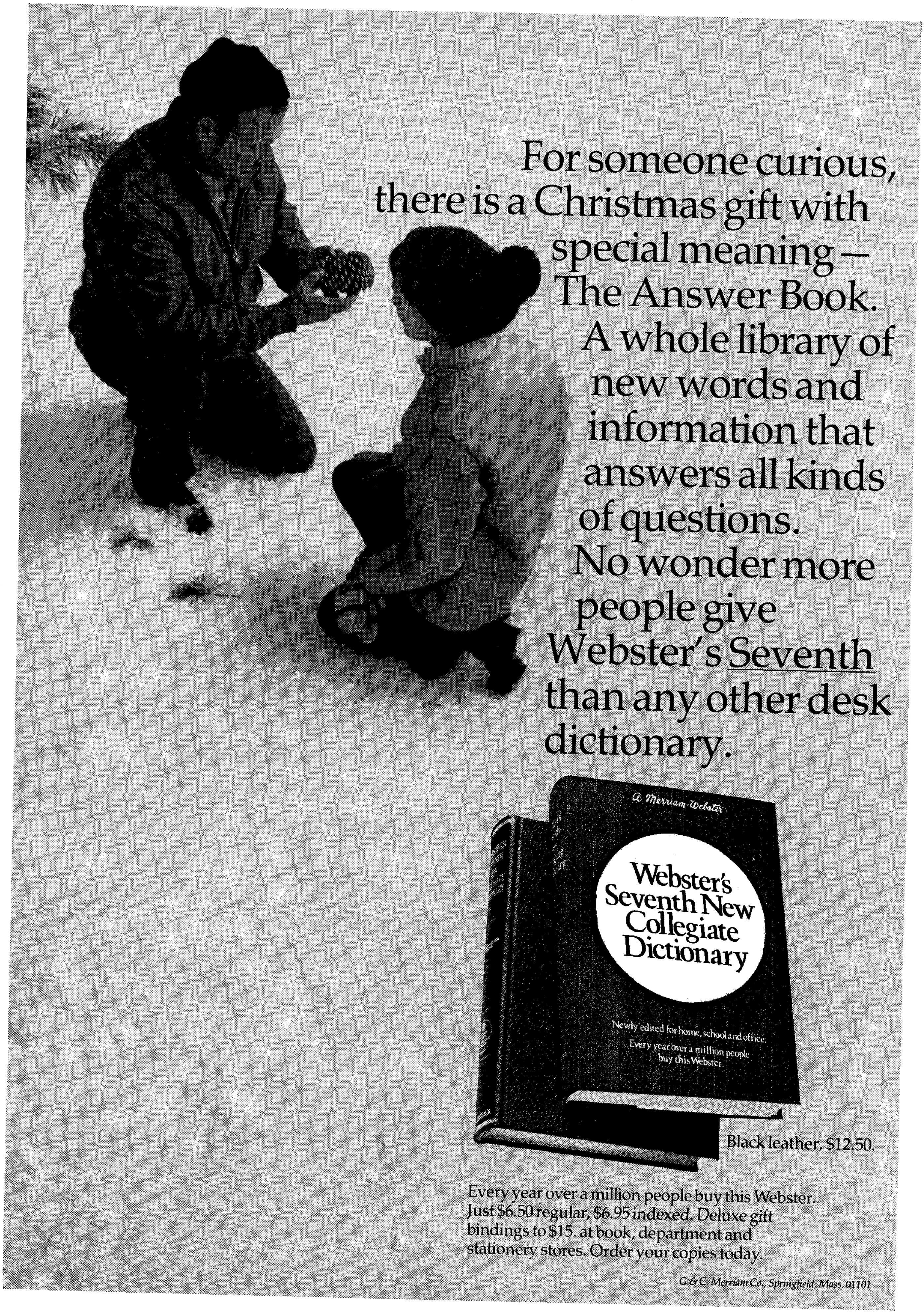
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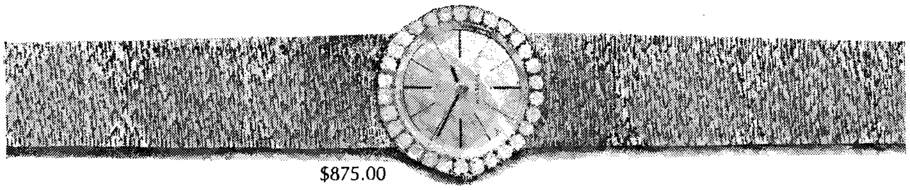
G.&C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101

905 Madison Avenue (73rd), there are ties that abundantly justify their five-inch width, because the materials they are made of are such a pleasure to look at. These are hand-blocked Indian-silk prints, conventionally used for ladies' scarves but very fine for ties worn with unconventional suits. They cost $10.50. The Blades' velvet bow ties come in red, black, green, gold, or blue, and also cost $10.50. The Blades' wallaby-fur coat is straight and fairly slim and fastens with bone toggles; $650 is the price. At Macy's, we saw a marmot coat, double-breasted, belted, three-quarter length, made in Sweden, and priced at $350. Marmot is a yellowish fur flecked with dark hairs; it is thick, heavy, and warm, and looks feral and masculine. According to our Encyclopædia Britannica, the marmot is "a large thickly built burrowing Alpine rodent allied to the squirrels and typifying the genus Arctomys . . . characterized by the absence of cheek pouches and the rudimentary first toe, which is furnished with a flat nail." The article goes on to say that "in America marmots are known as 'woodchucks.' " At Paul Stuart, 18 East 45th Street, marmots are known as marmots, and a belted three-quarter coat (also from Sweden) of their fur has an attached hood, hidden front buttons, and zipper closings on the sleeves; it costs $315. Marmot coats smell bad in the rain, a salesman at Paul Stuart informed us, holding the coat up with an expression of distaste.

Haynes Schuyler, 16 East 54th Street, has a raincoat that looks a bit girlish on the hanger but looked fine on the large, burly man who tried it on for us. It is nipped in at the waist by a self belt, it flares at the bottom, it has a high center vent, and it comes in navy or beige; $110. The man to whom you give one of Haynes Schuyler's gaucho belts from Argentina had better be anything but large and burly—they run very small. They're wonderful belts, with a round, handworked ornament of pewter inset with a mother-of-pearl center, the ornament being attached to the leather part of the belt by three long pewter chains on either side of it. The belt is donned in this manner: it is buckled in front and then is slid around the waist until the ornament is in front center and the buckle is in back. The price is $36, and the belt has two money pockets. The man to whom you give Haynes Schuyler's cowhide shoulder bag had better be consulted first. There aren't many men sensible or desperate enough to take the wallets, pipes, tobacco, change, cigarettes, handker-



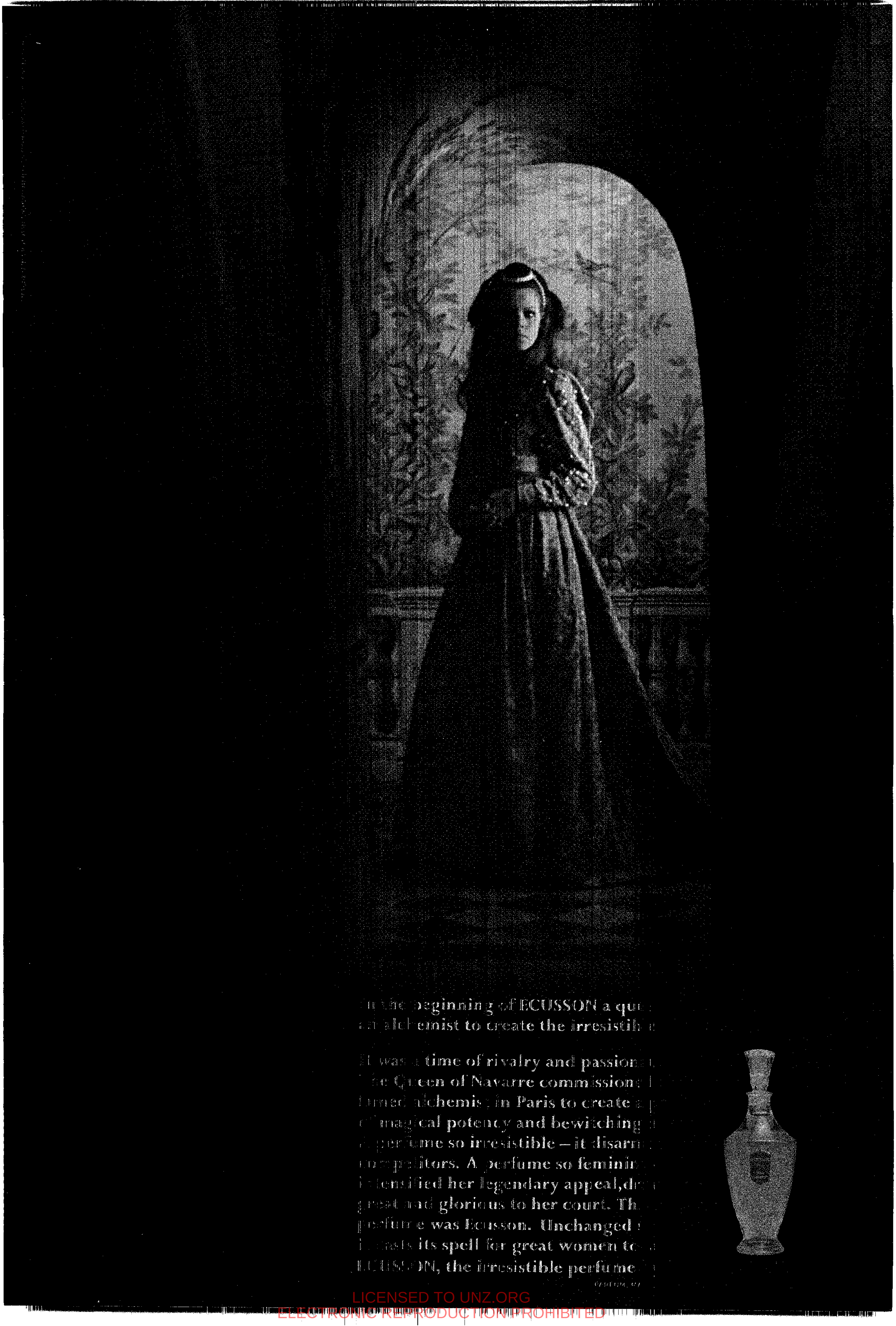
$875.00

Ladies watch in 18 Kt. yellow
gold, set with 30 full cut
diamonds weighing 1 ct.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854

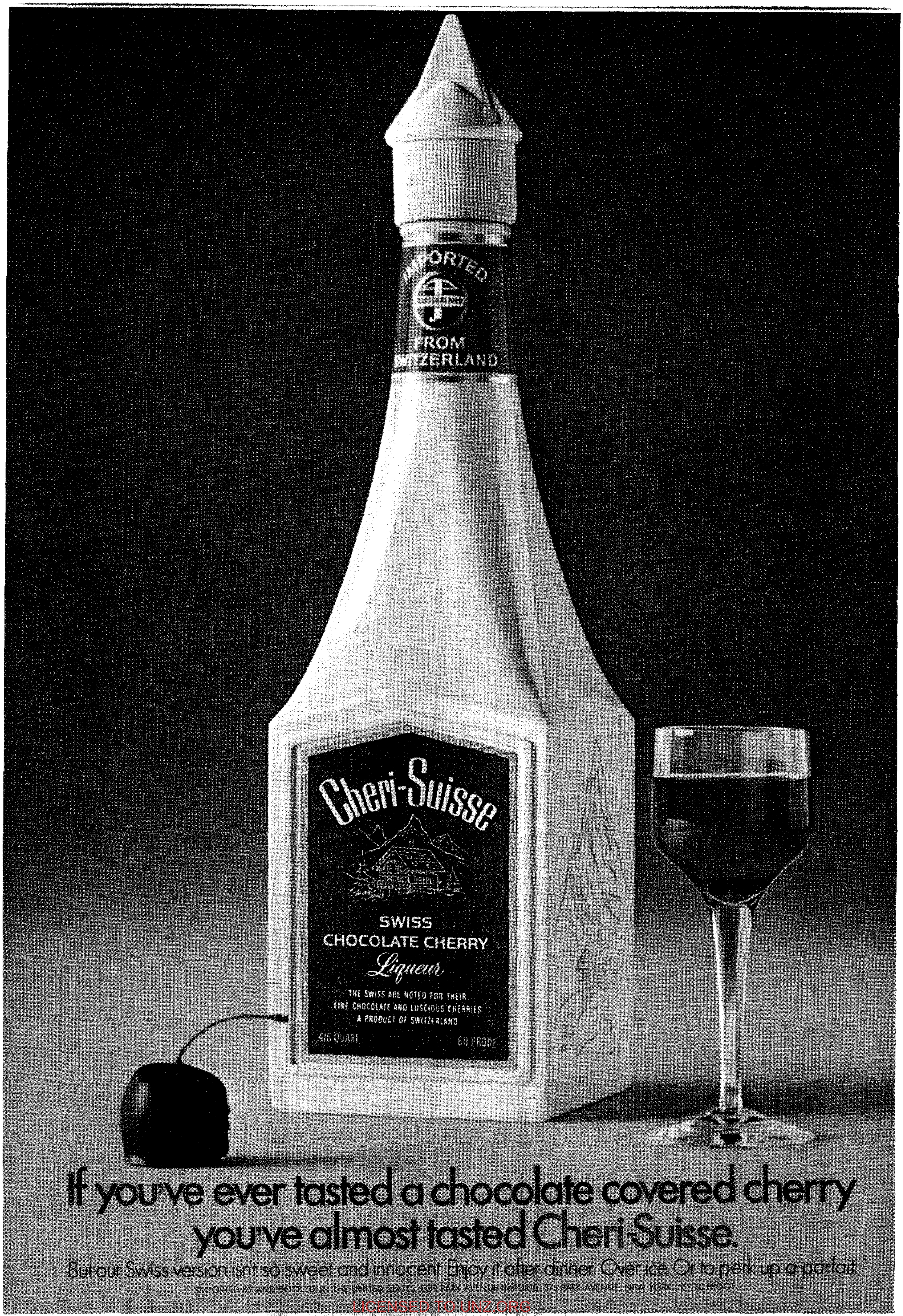
Susan Gail...
I saw you Sunday at the Jets' game.

Or was it Lord & Taylor, Garfinckel's of Washington, Marshall Field & Co., J. W. Robinson, Jacobson's, and all their branches. All I know is that you come in genuine crushed patent leather in my choice of black, red, navy, white, bone, honey, and havana for thirty dollars.
Susan Gail Handbags, Inc., 33 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016



In the beginning of ECUSSON a qu
an alchemist to create the irresistib

It was a time of rivalry and passion
The Queen of Navarre commission
famed alchemist in Paris to create a p
of magical potency and bewitching
A perfume so irresistible – it disarm
competitors. A perfume so feminin
intensified her legendary appeal, dr
great and glorious to her court. Th
perfume was Ecusson. Unchanged
it casts its spell for great women to
ECUSSON, the irresistible perfume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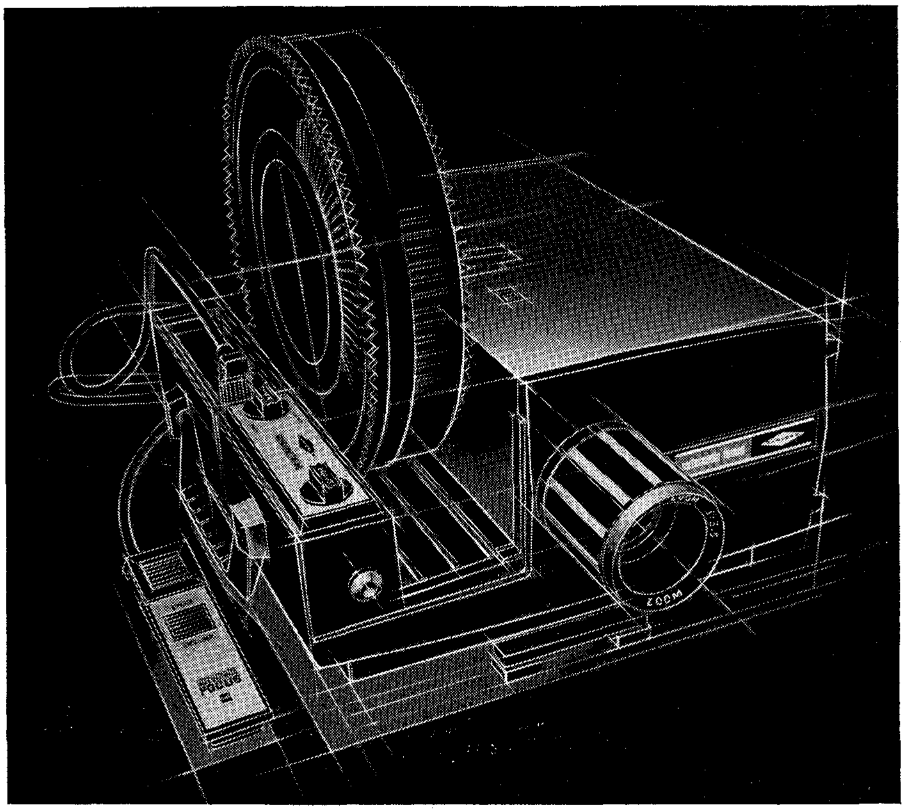
SWITZERLAND
FROM
SWITZERLAND
Cheri-Suisse
SWISS
CHOCOLATE CHERRY
Liqueur
THE SWISS ARE NOTED FOR THEIR
FINE CHOCOLATE AND LUSCIOUS CHERRIES
A PRODUCT OF SWITZERLAND
4/5 QUART
60 PROOF
If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry
you've almost tasted Cheri-Suisse.
But our Swiss version isn't so sweet and innocent. Enjoy it after dinner. Over ice. Or to perk up a parfait.
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 60 PROOF

chiefs, keys, address books, and lighters out of their sagging pockets and put them in a receptacle that doesn't tear and is *one* receptacle. The shoulder bag is square-cut, compartmentalized within, and beige or brown; $56.

Men in capes are a pleasant sight. The Conspiracy, which operates two stores, at 229 East 53rd Street and 717 Lexington Avenue (57th), has a cape reminiscent of the one worn by Sherlock Holmes, with a chain fastening and shoulder flaps, in navy-blue wool with just enough red flannel lining to show a bit of red as one walks. It comes in one capacious, calf-length size, and the price is $75. The Conspiracy's midi-length beige wide-wale corduroy topcoat is slim and fitted, and looked appealing on the tall, skinny boy with long, untidy hair who tried it on for us and put us in mind, as he strode around the shop, of Jo in "Little Women." It's double-breasted, it has a long pleat in back, and it is not a warm coat; $50, in sizes 36 to 44.

At Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, antique canes are sold that would be fitting accompaniments to today's romantic men's clothes. A handsome malacca cane with a sterling-silver top is priced at $30; a macassar-ebony cane surmounted by a fierce bulldog's head of ivory arising from a silver collar is $90; another ebony cane has a scrimshaw top, made by a sailor on a whaling ship, of a hand holding a ball that represents the world, and is $75; a cane whose handle is a real deer's foot bent at the ankle is offered for $35. (Uncle Sam's new stores, at 161 East 57th Street and 660 Lexington Avenue, near 55th, also have large selections of antique canes.)

Uptight, Ltd., 229 West 72nd Street (which is not, as you might suppose, the West Side branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith but an easygoing new boutique for men), has a collection of wide-brimmed, high-crowned hats in felt and velours, an extensive choice of colors, and various degrees of extremity. Some of the hats have matching grosgrain bands, such as a bone specimen with a bone band, while others are trimmed with contrasting bands, such as a gray specimen with a navy-blue band or a navy specimen with a mustard-yellow band and a thin band of yellow at the edge of the brim. All the hats are $30. Uptight's long-sleeved pullovers from England come in many interesting styles, and start at $22. We like one made of green-gray Shetland wool with vertical ribbing, a small, square breast pocket,



SAWYER'S SLIDE PROJECTORS.
WE'VE BUILT IN EVERYTHING BUT OBSOLESCENCE.

You buy a new slide projector and pretty soon it doesn't seem so new.

Now Sawyer's has one that won't soon become old or obsolete. Sawyer's® Rotomatic 747AQZ slide projector.

It won't become old because it's solidly designed and built. And it won't become obsolete because it has features that will be new ten years from now.

A 4"-6" zoom lens. Automatic focusing. A 500-watt Quartz Halogen lamp. Five slide handling systems including Sawyer's Rototray® slide tray that holds 100 slides.

Other features include a preview editor, forward and reverse remote control, automatic timer, brighter f/2.8 lens, a new lighted control panel, patented title viewer, and a power cord reel.

The suggested retail price of the Rotomatic 747AQZ is $199.50. There are ten other durable, versatile Sawyer's Slide Projector models priced from $59.95.

Make sure you choose the model you really want. You're going to have it for a long, long time.

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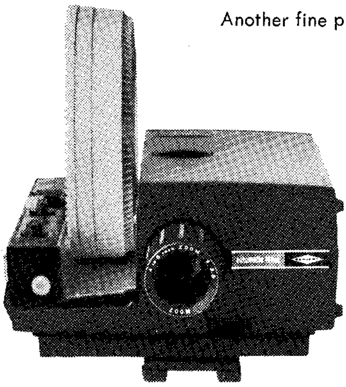


SAWYER'S® SLIDE PROJECTORS.
140 West 51st Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

SPACE AGE GOLD

A dynamic three dimensional design that resembles flying space rocks highlights our exclusive 14 kt. gold accents. Sure to please every space-age man: the money clip, $100; tie bar (for wider ties), $48; cuff links, $84.

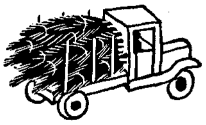
All in orbit in our Men's Store, Street Floor and all stores.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

3rd Ave. at 59th St., N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900

and wide red and black stripes across the chest and a sliver of red edging the sleeves and the bottom. Some beautiful large square silk scarves are sold here, printed with concise stylized sunflowers in vivid, fragrant colors, with more solid-color background than flowers; $25. They show how far we've come, for they seem right for today's elegant and worldly men's clothes, and wouldn't go at all with the hard, youthful garments that women are wearing.

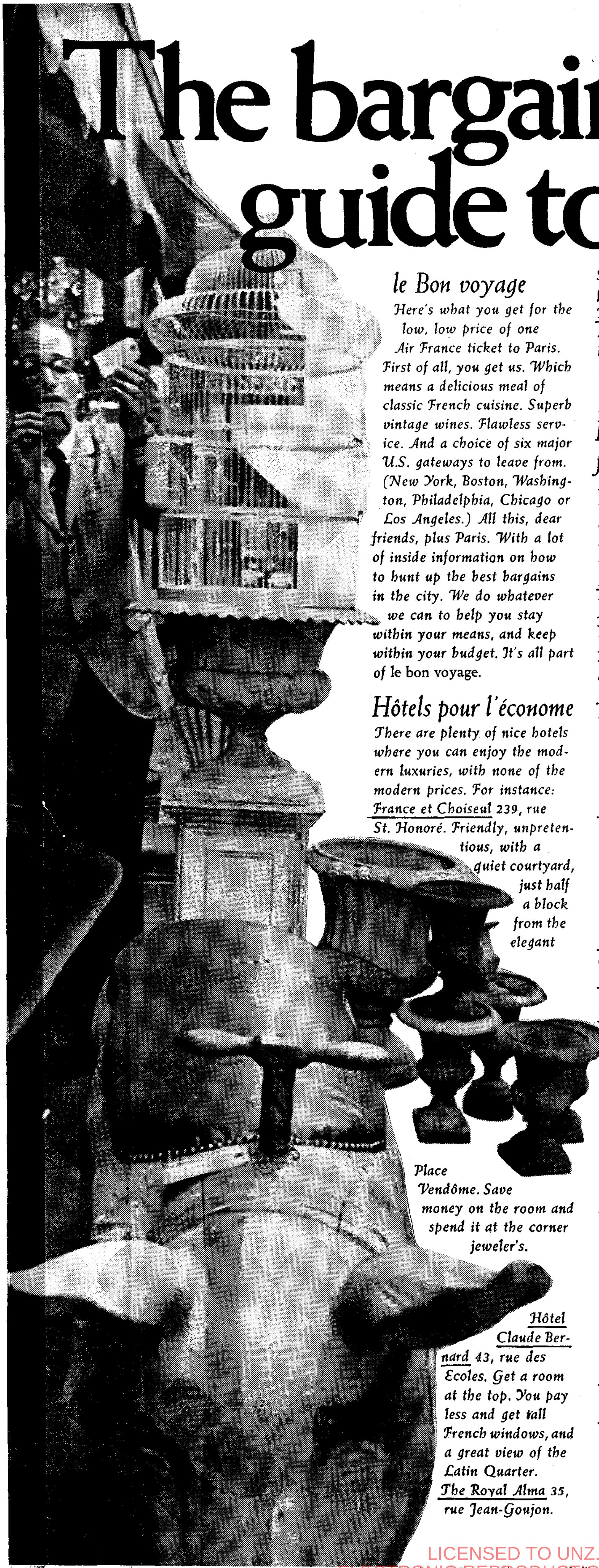
Macy's burnous from (where else?) Israel is a replica of the one worn in the desert, with a hood, flowing sleeves and a flowing skirt, and a sash that is inserted in holes at the side and tied to leave the back loose. It's made of heavy, fleecy white wool and is trimmed with black braid. The price is $150. You're supposed to wear it as a bathrobe. Macy's suède blazers come in green, red, blue, or black, and in either a plain double-breasted or an Edwardian style. They look rich and dressed up, like velvet jackets, and cost between $85 and $125.



A man who thinks he doesn't need a new blazer might be glad to have some new buttons for the one he's got. Dunhill sells a set of flat four-hole buttons that are absolutely plain, and no one will ever know they're made of fourteen-carat gold unless the wearer chooses to impart this vulgar information. The set includes four small sleeve buttons besides the four large ones, and costs $210. Extra buttons are available for $35 each (large) and $17.50 each (small). Tender Buttons (which is not a Little Magazine but an actual store that sells buttons, at 143 East 62nd Street) has a vast selection of buttons appropriate for blazers and not often seen. English livery buttons are sold in sets of eight for $48, with a different animal or bird on each button, representing a different livery. They were taken from sample cards found in England. The buttons come in brass or in silver, and they're very distinguished. Danish police buttons are gold-plated and mysterious: they show a hand with an eye in the middle of the palm; $2.50 each for large buttons, $1.50 each for sleeve buttons. A Royal Air Force brass button decorated with an albatross is $2 large and $1 small, and a gold-plated button from an old English hunt club embossed with a hare's head and the initials of the hunt is $4 large and $2.50 small. Brass buttons that used to be worn by employees of the Brooklyn Bridge show the bridge, and cost $10 for a set of eight. Gold-metal bagpipers' buttons, decorated with thistles, come in three sizes for $1.25, $1.50, and $1.75 each. At Scottish Products, Inc., 24 East 60th Street, we admired some blazer badges decorated with clan crests and mottoes in Latin. They are made of silver and gold wire and bits of colored fabric appliquéd on a black or navy felt background to match the blazer, and are available for all the clans; $12.50 apiece. They're handsome and ornate, and would be equally good presents for men of Scottish ancestry and for youths who like to dress up in things like Civil War uniforms and English student caps.

At Grecophilia Boutique, 1143 First Avenue (63rd), we saw some sea captain's caps traditionally worn by Greek fishermen which look dashing and a little sinister on American fops. They come in navy wool and in black poplin and are trimmed with braid, and in some cases have gold insignia showing a serpent twined around an anchor; $6, in sizes 6, 7, and 8. Grecophilia's heavy natural-color wool crew-neck pullovers, hand-knit in Mykonos, resemble the sweaters worn by the Clancy Brothers, except that they are a bit rougher and more homemade-looking than the Irish ones. No two sweaters have exactly the same pattern, and the price is $25. Haynes Schuyler's heavy pullovers from Iceland are made of undyed natural wool, and therefore come in sheepish God-given white, gray, light brown, or dark brown. They are decorated with Fair Isle patterns across the chest, and no two of these are exactly alike, either. The sweaters are knit all in one piece on round needles, and can't come apart at the seams, because there aren't any. Like sheep, they're water-repellent, and the price is $45. Slipper socks made by the same knitters in the same wools and in one-of-a-kind patterns are available for $10. They'd be nice to get into after skating. Brooks Brothers' Shetland-wool sweaters from Scotland aren't going to knock them dead around the offices of *East Village Other*, but they still look very good to us. They come in an enormous variety of the comely muted hues one associates with the word "Shetland," and they are $30 in cable-stitch patterns (crew or V neck), $18.50 in plain knitting with a crew neck, and $23.50 plain and V-necked. We saw some rather far-out—for Brooks Brothers—broadcloth shirts, with bold red or gold

The bargain-hunter's guide to Paris.



le Bon voyage

Here's what you get for the low, low price of one Air France ticket to Paris. First of all, you get us. Which means a delicious meal of classic French cuisine. Superb vintage wines. Flawless service. And a choice of six major U.S. gateways to leave from. (New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago or Los Angeles.) All this, dear friends, plus Paris. With a lot of inside information on how to hunt up the best bargains in the city. We do whatever we can to help you stay within your means, and keep within your budget. It's all part of le bon voyage.

Hôtels pour l'économe

There are plenty of nice hotels where you can enjoy the modern luxuries, with none of the modern prices. For instance: France et Choiseul 239, rue St. Honoré. Friendly, unpretentious, with a quiet courtyard, just half a block from the elegant Place Vendôme. Save money on the room and spend it at the corner jeweler's.

Hôtel Claude Bernard 43, rue des Ecoles. Get a room at the top. You pay less and get tall French windows, and a great view of the Latin Quarter.

The Royal Alma 35, rue Jean-Goujon. Snug and charming, with very pleasant prices.

Hôtel d'Isly 29, rue Jacob. Located right in the heart of the best antique shopping in Paris, the rooms are comfortable and the spiffy lobby is nothing to be ashamed of.

Restaurants pour le frugal

All you right-hand-side-of-the-menu readers will rejoice at the delightful prices and delicious dining at any of these restaurants:

Auberge Basque 21, rue de Verneuil. The cook decides what you eat and when, but you get the best part of the bargain. Plenty of delicious Basque food at incredibly low prices.

Chez Léo 70, rue du Volga. A splendid feast can be had here for next to nothing. If you're a big eater on a small budget, don't miss it. The beef is something else.

Chez Coquin 15, rue Grégoire-de-Tours. Even the biggest bargain hunter will find seafood practically a steal here.

Or, serve yourself and save more money. Enjoy a meal at one of these gourmet cafeterias:

Restaurant Self-Service Elysées 67, rue Pierre-Charron.

The Cafeteria Marbeuf 5, rue Marbeuf.

The Latin-Cluny Self-Service 98, blvd. St. Germain.

Amusements pour "peanuts"

How can you live it up in Paris without dealing a fatal blow to your budget? Easy.

Classics of the silver screen can be seen at the Cinémathèque Française 29, rue d'Ulm. For just 50 cents you can take in a double or triple feature of the world's greatest movies.

Dancing? Again, you don't have to spend an arm and a leg. Kick up your heels at:

Le Chat Qui Pêche 4, rue de la Huchette.

Caveau de la Bolée 25, rue de L'Hirondelle.

Caveau des Oubliettes 52, rue Galande.

All entrance fees less than two dollars.

The theatre? Sure. Tickets for the famous Comédie Française Place du Théâtre-Français can be had for as little as 30 cents. And you'll see the finest productions of French classics in the world.

The Paris Opéra, Place de l'Opéra, has seats in the upper locations that go for one dollar. The Opéra-Comique 5, rue Favart is even cheaper.

Compter votre monnaie

Keeping track of your cash can be both easy and interesting when done in French currency. Here is a breakdown of the current rate of exchange:

New Francs (NF)	U.S. Dollars
1	$.18
5	.90
10	1.80
50	9.00
100	18.00

When counting that roll of bills, remember that the values are in figures which may still represent old francs. In other words, 1000 francs on a note means that it is worth 10 new francs or $1.80. You can identify the notes by the people who appear on them rather than the numbers. For instance, a Molière is 500 new francs or 90 dollars. A Bonaparte is 100 new francs or 18 dollars. It's a good system to use, especially if you can remember faces. (Avoid collecting and trading faces. For example, should someone offer to trade you two Bonapartes for one Molière, don't take him up on it.)

Numéros de téléphone

For just one thin dime, the price of a phone call, you can get lots more information and even a reservation. Call your travel agent or Air France:

New York, (212) 759-9000
Boston, (617) 482-4890
Chicago, (312) 782-6181
Philadelphia, (215) 735-8585
Washington, (202) 337-8711
Los Angeles, (213) 625-7171
Miami, (305) 379-6444
San Juan, (809) 724-0500
San Francisco, (415) 982-7150
Anchorage, 272-0531

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Out Island pace...on a secluded corner of the main island. Championship golf...sun-swept beaches. Tennis, marina. Fabulous wining, dining, night life. All in a luxurious beachfront hotel. Indulge yourself.

For reservations and new color brochure see your travel agent or call New York (212) 582-7650, Miami (305) 358-0416.

CORAL HARBOUR CLUB
Nassau, Bahamas

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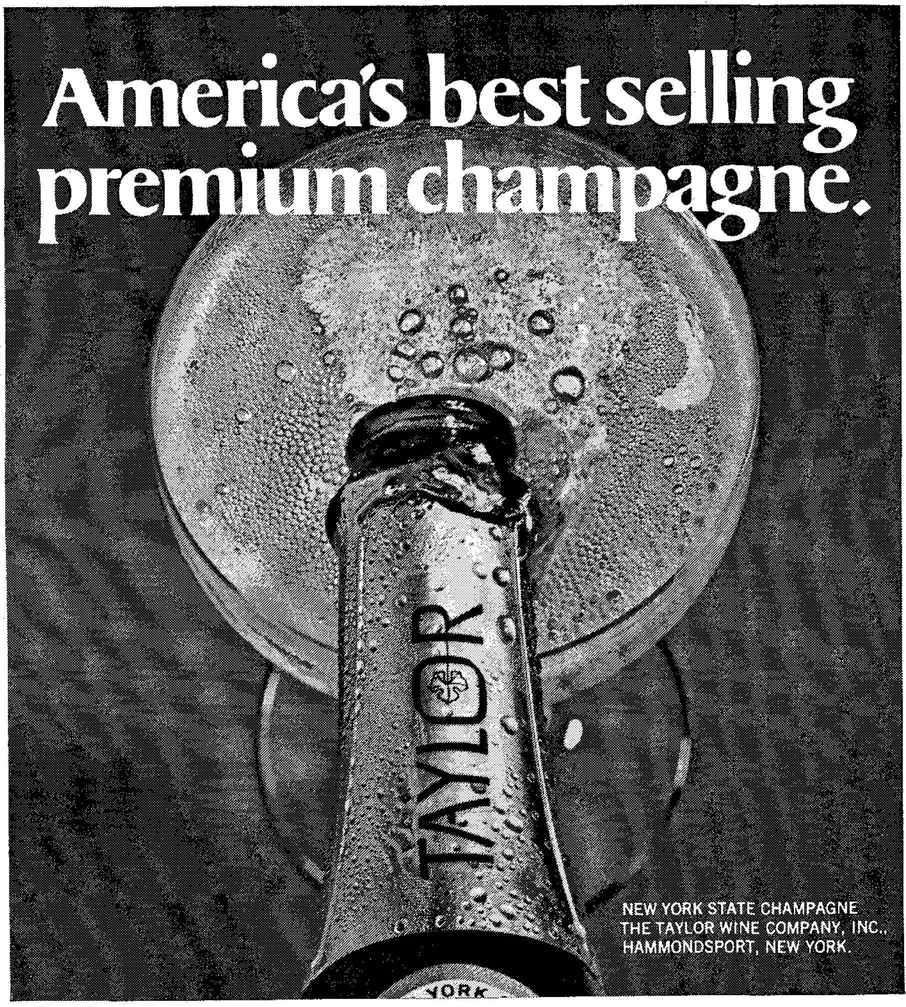

America's best selling premium champagne.
TAYLOR
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC., HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

or gray stripes on a deep French-blue background; they have button-down collars and cost $12. In Paul Stuart's collection of natty pinstriped shirts you may find an acceptable alternative to the dull white shirt that Dad puts on every morning because he has no other kind; these shirts start at $8.50. Paul Stuart's six-foot wool mufflers look like very long hard-edge Abstract paintings, but their vigorous designs are inspired by English regimental stripes; $10 each. The Antartex Sheepskin Shop, 139 East 76th Street, has very heavy hand-knit sweaters from Scotland decorated with Fair Isle or Norwegian designs on beige, white, or navy backgrounds ($30), and Bonwit Teller's version of the Poet's Hat, made in England, has a snakeskin band and comes in beige or brown ($35).

NOW we'd like to offer a few presents that have to do with some of the professions still largely occupied by men, such as, say, law enforcement and lighthouse keeping. (The typesetter who is at work here will not, we trust, repeat the memorable mistake of a predecessor who set the title of a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox as "My Soul Is a Light Housekeeper.") At a shop that is called, we're sorry to say, Chick Darrow's Fun Antiques, 1174 Second Avenue (61st), we saw a breathtaking present for a traffic cop: a real New York traffic light. Such fixtures, as you may know, are not easy to come by. They're all supposed to be destroyed when they are replaced, but this one somehow found its way to a scrap dealer and then to Mr. Darrow's emporium, and it may be had, with perfect legality, for $250. Its original internal workings are gone, but Mr. Darrow has equipped the shell with forty-watt bulbs and a timing device by means of which it flashes alternately red and green. Mr. Darrow also has a lot of old pinball and slot machines, jukeboxes, old Edison phonographs, and an arresting First World War poster that reads:

STAND BY YOUR JOB!
NO WAGE EARNER
CAN BECOME
EFFICIENT BY
SWAPPING JOBS!
STAND BY YOUR MEN!
NO INDUSTRY
CAN BECOME
EFFICIENT BY
SWAPPING MEN!

A lighthouse keeper might be pleased to get a new top for his lighthouse for Christmas. We saw a splendid one at George Karger Antiques, 1145½ Second Avenue (60th), made of brass and

If taming oil well fires were your job

you'd wear a Rolex

THURSDAY
26

Oil well fires are terrifying spectacles. Taming the flames calls for great skill—plus a daredevil courage not found in every man. Red Adair, shown here on a recent assignment, is one of those who has it to spare.

It's no surprise that he's a Rolex man. Men of action all over the world are invariably drawn to the watch that takes the rough right in stride.

The watch Red Adair wears is the Rolex Day-Date, $1,150. Its Oyster case* is carved from a solid block of 18kt gold. Inside is a self-winding 30-jewel chronometer movement that can withstand extremes of heat and cold.

Because so much of the work is done by hand, it takes more than a year to make a Rolex.

Which is why a Rolex will last you a lifetime.

*Individually tested and guaranteed to a depth of 165 feet, if case, crown and crystal are intact.
Official Timepiece, Pan American World Airways.

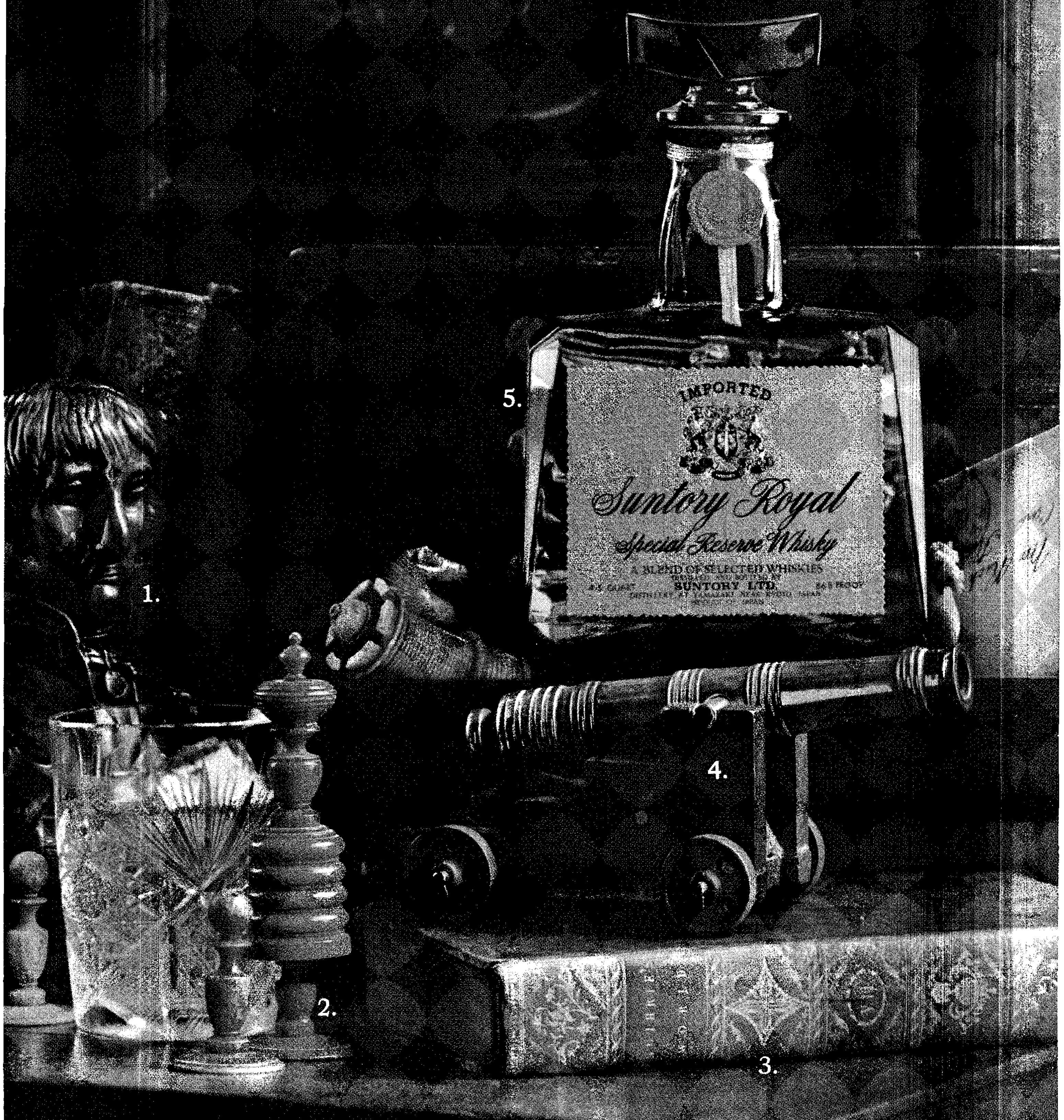
ROLEX

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036.
Also available in Canada. Write for free color catalog.

If you enjoy rare things

This is a whisky you may not have tasted before, or even seen. Light. Unbelievably smooth. A rarity among the fine whiskies of the world. Produced in limited amounts and found only at fine liquor establishments. Among the pictured treasures: **1.** Lord Nelson (hand-carved wood, 1820) $450; **2.** Chess Set and Board (hand-carved ivory, 1800-25) $200; **3.** Guthrie's World (12 Vol. 1764) $150; **4.** Miniature English Field Cannon (1850) $100; **5.** Suntory Royal Whisky (collection of rare, aged spirits produced to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the distiller) $9.50.*

Suntory Royal: the collector's whisky


5.
IMPORTED
Suntory Royal
Special Reserve Whisky
A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES
SUNTORY LTD.
1.
4.
2.
3.

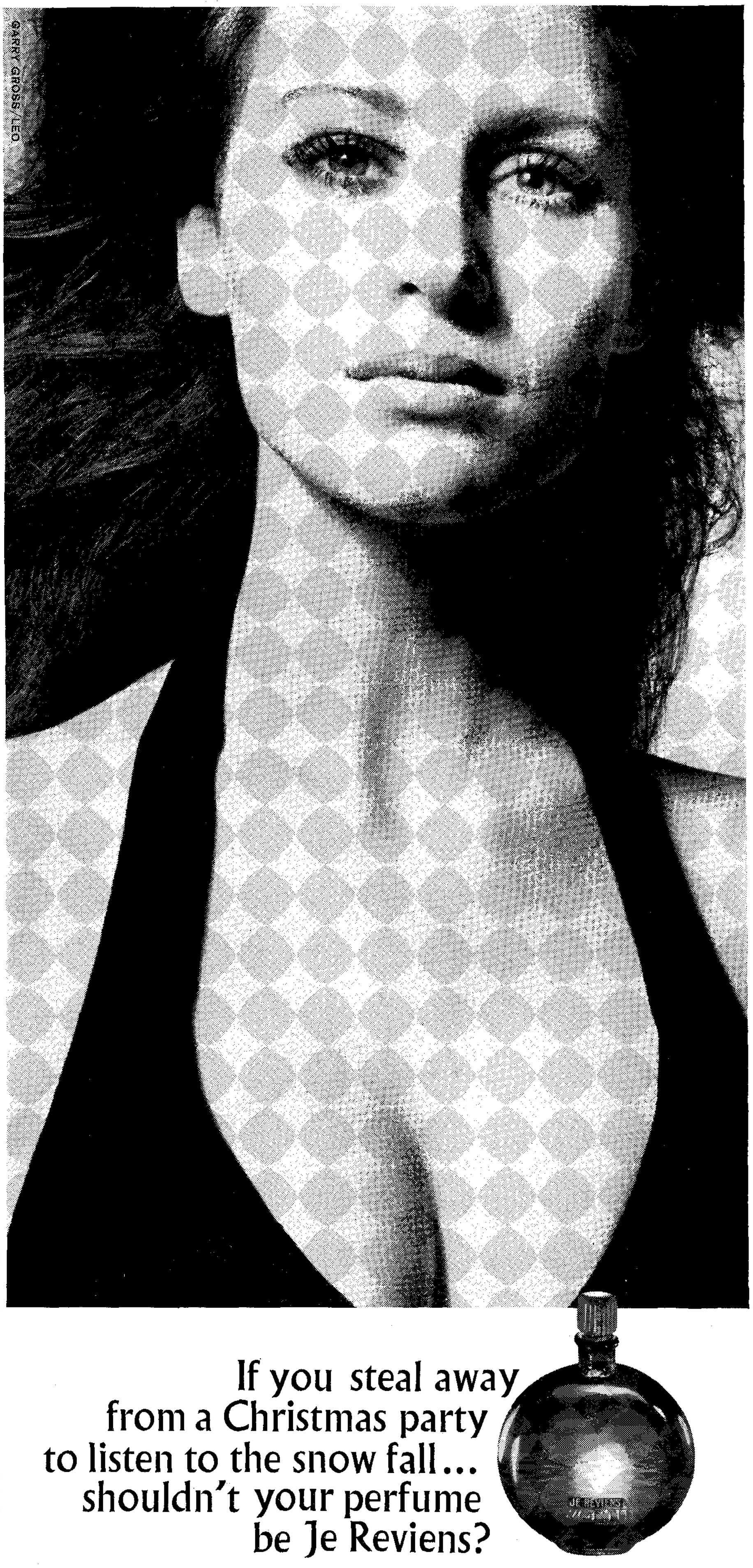
Visit the Suntory Pavilion—Expo '70—Osaka, Japan

86.8 Proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan. Suntory International, Los Angeles, California

**the Fifth in California. Other states may vary.*

taken from a lighthouse at the mouth of the River Clyde, in Scotland. It weighs four hundred pounds and costs $2,100. Mr. Karger's shop is full of objects you don't often come across. A geneticist might relish, and perhaps hang up in his office, a framed colored print Mr. Karger offers for $135 of "The Wonderful Albino Family, Rudolph Lucasie, Wife and Child, from Madagascar. They have PURE WHITE SKIN, SILKEN WHITE HAIR and PINK EYES though born of PERFECTLY BLACK PARENTS!" Mr. Lucasie is dressed sort of like Caliban and has a bouffant white hairdo, the mother has an impressive mop of silken white hair, and the child looks like a little Victorian girl. The print was made as an advertisement for Barnum's American Museum, in New York, where the albino family was being exhibited. We don't know who might like to get a red-white-and-blue four-foot-high cast-iron statue of George Washington dressed in Masonic robes and wearing a grim expression on his little face. The price of this oddly appealing object is $1,500. A member of the fancy would admire a primitive oil painting of a boxing match "*entre J. L. Sullivan et Charlie Mitchell dans la propriété du Baron de Rothschild*," as the anonymous French artist has written in its left-hand corner. This charming and colorful picture was painted in 1888, and the price is $1,350.

At E. Weyhe, 794 Lexington Avenue (62nd), we saw some prints that would make good presents for tailors or for designers of men's clothes. They are colored fashion plates from the *Bulletin des Modes* of the Société Philanthropique des Maitres Tailleurs de Paris, which published the fashions of each season in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Each large sheet (seventeen inches by twenty-three) has ten or so full figures on it standing in dandylike poses and dressed in outfits that don't look nearly as comical today as they would have looked a few years ago. These prints are very impressive when they're framed; they are rare, and the price (unframed) is $75 each. James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, possesses a series of watercolors by an English artist named Richard Dighton, which show men of varying degrees of portliness standing in profile and dressed in impeccable outfits, and which were done (the owner speculates) so that a tailor could demonstrate how his clothes looked on important customers. This tailor was obviously patronized not by rakes and blades but by clergymen and prime


GARRY GROSS/LEO

If you steal away
from a Christmas party
to listen to the snow fall...
shouldn't your perfume
be Je Reviens?

JE REVIENS PERFUME BY WORTH

PERFUME. COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50 TO $5.00. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. Y , 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

SLIPPED HIM "SOMETHING ELSE" IN PLACE OF ROQUEFORT?
Hmmmmmm? Thought he wouldn't know, just pay up and go —leaving a fat tip behind him. HAH!

In Salad Dressings as elsewhere, Roquefort means Roquefort Cheese. Made of sheep's milk. Ripened in the Roquefort Caverns. Not "something like it." Definitely not bovine blue cheese. Better restaurants are proud to show they serve the real thing. Ask to see Roquefort on the label of the portion or loaf. Like the label on a vintage wine.

Roquefort Association, Inc., 41 E. 42 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

ROQUEFORT FRANCE

IMPORTED FROM CANADA
GEORGE M. TIEDY'S CANADIAN LIQUEUR

If you drink Canadian whisky you're already half a Tiedy's drinker, too.

...Geo. M. Tiedy's* Canadian Liqueur.

Why? Because Tiedy's is made with your favorite whisky. Smooth Canadian whisky...subtly blended with an old French liqueur recipe.

And you don't have to be a Canadian whisky drinker to appreciate this beverage extraordinaire.

*(Pronounced Ty-dees)

82 PROOF. ANOTHER FINE BRAND IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

ministers, for the clothes are very sober and discreet. The paintings are delicate and detailed and mildly funny. They measure eleven inches by sixteen, and are in gold-leaf frames with hand-painted light-blue mats decorated with black and gold lines; $150 each.

For a violinist, we propose a cabinet that keeps stringed instruments at the ideal temperature and humidity. Such a cabinet exists, thanks to Isaac Stern, who persuaded the Cramer Products Company, makers of electrified wine-storage chests, called Cool-Safes, to make him a similar repository for his violins. The Well-Tempered Cabinet, as the new piece is called, is internally appointed with velvet-lined compartments and velvet-covered foam-rubber-cushioned drawers, and is sheathed on the outside with walnut plywood, so that it looks like a not beautiful but acceptable piece of furniture. This cabinet can be ordered to measure from Lew Raynes, 160 East 56th Street, for approximately $500. (This is clearly a present for someone who plays in Carnegie Hall, not outside it.) The original Cool-Safe is available in a standard size—twenty-one and a half inches wide, twenty-one and a half inches high, and twenty-three inches deep—and costs only $125. A honeycomb rack for twenty bottles, installed inside, is $25, or two adjustable shelves (on which violins could repose) can be used instead (also $25). The cabinets all come with locks, and operate on 110- or 220-volt circuits. They're quiet and don't vibrate.

For a doctor's desk, we found a small ivory reclining nude, for sale at Sydney Strange's Antique Exchange, 855 Second Avenue (46th), called a Chinese Doctor's Medicine Doll. Mr. Strange tells us that Chinese ladies, too modest to take off their clothes, would point out their troubles to the doctor on a doll's body that he kept around for that purpose. Mr. Strange's specimen of this pleasant piece of medical equipment is about six inches long, and costs $175. For a social historian, we have a two-part gift: (1) a scale replica, eight inches high, of the lunar module at Abercrombie & Fitch ($49.95), and (2) a sterling-silver napkin ring embossed with the plumed crest of Wales, commemorating the Investiture of Charles, at Dunhill ($30). For a megalomaniac, we recommend a desk with a three-by-six-foot walnut-veneer top and steel legs that is equipped with a TV set (it can be used in a closed-circuit system, too), an AM-FM radio, a tape recorder, a calendar clock, a telephone index, lights, desk pads, pens,

Synergistic Stereo

RCA introduces a component system greater than the sum of its parts.

You don't have to run yourself ragged shopping for matched components for your Stereo system. Now you can buy an entire first-class component system from one manufacturer. Us.

It's synergistic stereo—RCA's new component series. There's nothing quite like it for great stereo.

All by RCA

Take our SS5000 above. All of its components are matched to work together for optimum performance and compatibility. Every one of them—the speakers, the tuner/amplifier, and the turntable—were designed and built by RCA. And as you would expect, we also give you extra features such as:

Computer Crafted Tuner

The SS5000 features RCA's high-performance Computer Crafted Stereo Tuner in the tuner/amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separates stations crammed together on the dial.

100 watts peak power

Put behind all this a tuner/amplifier with 100 watts of peak power. This solid state stereo amp can handle everything from the massive tones of a pipe organ pedal to the delicate upper range of the piccolo. That's synergistic stereo for you.

Speakers in sealed enclosures

Each speaker unit houses a 10-inch woofer with an especially flexible rubber suspension called "Elastomer Surround"—a new technique in speaker construction.

Elastomer Surround provides greater depth and clarity to the bass tones, giving them such power they can actually blow out a match. The upper register is handled by two 3½-inch specially designed tweeters.

Synchronous motor turntable

The turntable on our SS5000 is a precision 4-speed instrument for automatic or manual playing. Its synchronous motor assures accurate record speeds regardless of line voltage variations. So friction-free is the turntable, it continues to turn for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

And there's more

Our SS5000 is abundant with features such as our famous Feather Action Tone Arm, a Duralife® diamond stylus, a pause selector, muting switch, tape and earphone jack—and many others.

Lower priced models, too

There are three synergistic stereo systems in all. Our lower-priced models—the SS4000 and the SS3000 are more compact, with some of the same features as the SS5000.

We said they were greater than the sum of their parts. But why not pay a call to your RCA dealer and find out for yourself?

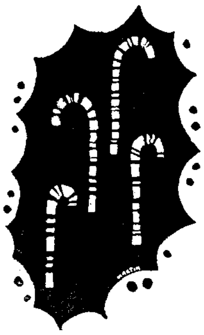
RCA

and an instrument panel for working all the electronic equipment. It's very impressive and off-putting. The price is $1,295 at Hammacher Schlemmer.

A barber whose shop is bleak and uninviting could be presented with the entire furnishings of a cozy Victorian barbershop, which an antique store came into possession of and entertains hopes of selling as a unit. The shop is the Place on Second Avenue, 175 Second Avenue (11th), and the purchase includes a barber chair newly upholstered in needlepoint, a child's high chair, three walnut cabinets, two mirrors, three mug racks and half a dozen mugs, and a high-collar rack filled with high collars. Assorted strops, razors, bottles of pomades and hair remedies, barber journals, advertisements for hair products, and other tonsorial odds and ends complete the set. The price is $3,500, which may look steep, but it is a pittance when seen in the perspective of a silver shaving bowl for sale at S. Wyler, Inc., 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), which wants $11,000 for it. When Mr. Wyler told us about a rare and costly shaving bowl he had, we assumed it was the same one he had shown us a few years ago, still rattling around the shop because of its $5,500 price tag. Nothing of the sort. The $5,500 bowl had been eagerly snapped up, and Mr. Wyler is confident of selling the $11,000 specimen. In case it is still available, it is an oval basin thirteen inches long and nine inches wide, with a three-inch rim, out of which a crescent-shaped notch has been excised to make it fit under the chin of the shaver. It is decorated with a small crest, and was made in 1729 by a silversmith named John Edwards. At Wyler, we also saw an object called a Victorian Decanter Set: a glass-doored wooden cabinet with a carrying handle on top and, inside, a shelf fitted with three cut-glass decanters and four small cut-glass stemmed glasses. This might be just the thing to give a serious-minded curator who travels a lot and finds the travelling bar cases now sold too disagreeably redolent of boozy laughter and party girls to take along on his sedate excursions. The price is $300.

The long wait at the airport's luggage counter, coupled with the all too frequent discovery that one's suitcase has gone to Texas, prompts many travellers to leave their Vuitton luggage at home and stuff their clothes into Bloomingdale shopping bags they can carry aboard the plane. Luggage manufacturers are beginning to take this situation to heart, and many are offering suitcases small enough to fit under a plane seat. We saw a particularly gift-worthy specimen of this genre at Dunhill—a suitcase of mellow light-brown pigskin, fourteen inches long, ten inches wide, and four and three-quarters inches deep, which has two separate compartments within, formed by dividers that snap shut and keep pajamas discrete from top-secret documents. There is an outside pocket for a newspaper or magazine; $50.

The Museum of Modern Art's appointment calendar for 1970 is illustrated with photographs of objects in the Museum's design collection, and is such an obviously fitting present for a designer that designers will probably receive as many calendars for Christmas as they have friends. The Museum's design collection is intended to demonstrate that a garbage pail can be as beautiful as a crystal chandelier, and it also has a marked functionalist bent, though Art Nouveau and other ornamental-design schools are represented. The cover illustration is of an armchair designed in 1964 by Gunnar Aagaard Andersen that looks like a dented, melting chocolate—ill-chosen, it seems to us, for, besides being ugly and bizarre, it gives a misleading idea of what is in the calendar. Classics such as Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona chair, Marcel Breuer's steel-and-cane chair, and the Olivetti typewriter are interspersed with recent acquisitions like Roy Richter's and Frank Heacox's racing driver's helmet and Douglas Scott's porcelain washbasin, all magnificently photographed in color or in black-and-white by Stan Ries. The calendar costs $6.50, because it comes in an unusual form. The eight-by-twelve-inch pages are loose-leaf, and are held together by a transparent hard-plastic binder whose top plate is four inches shorter than its bottom plate, so that only the illustrations are covered and the part of the page devoted to appointment-making can be written on. When the week comes to an end, the page is simply pulled out.



A student of languages might like to study a book entitled "Egyptian Language, Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics," by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit., late keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum (Dover, $3). In a few fun-filled days,

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our sweater and skirt set
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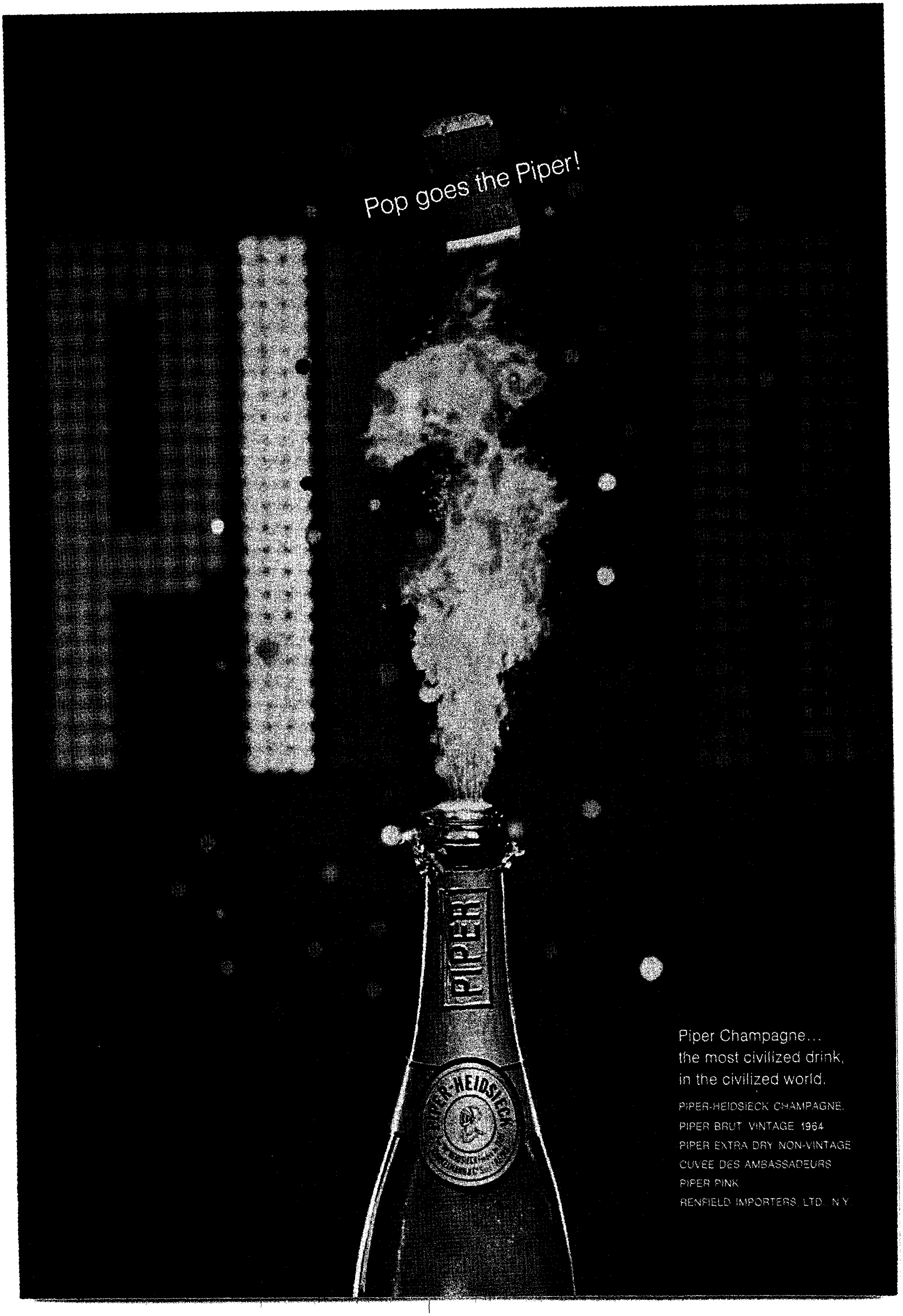
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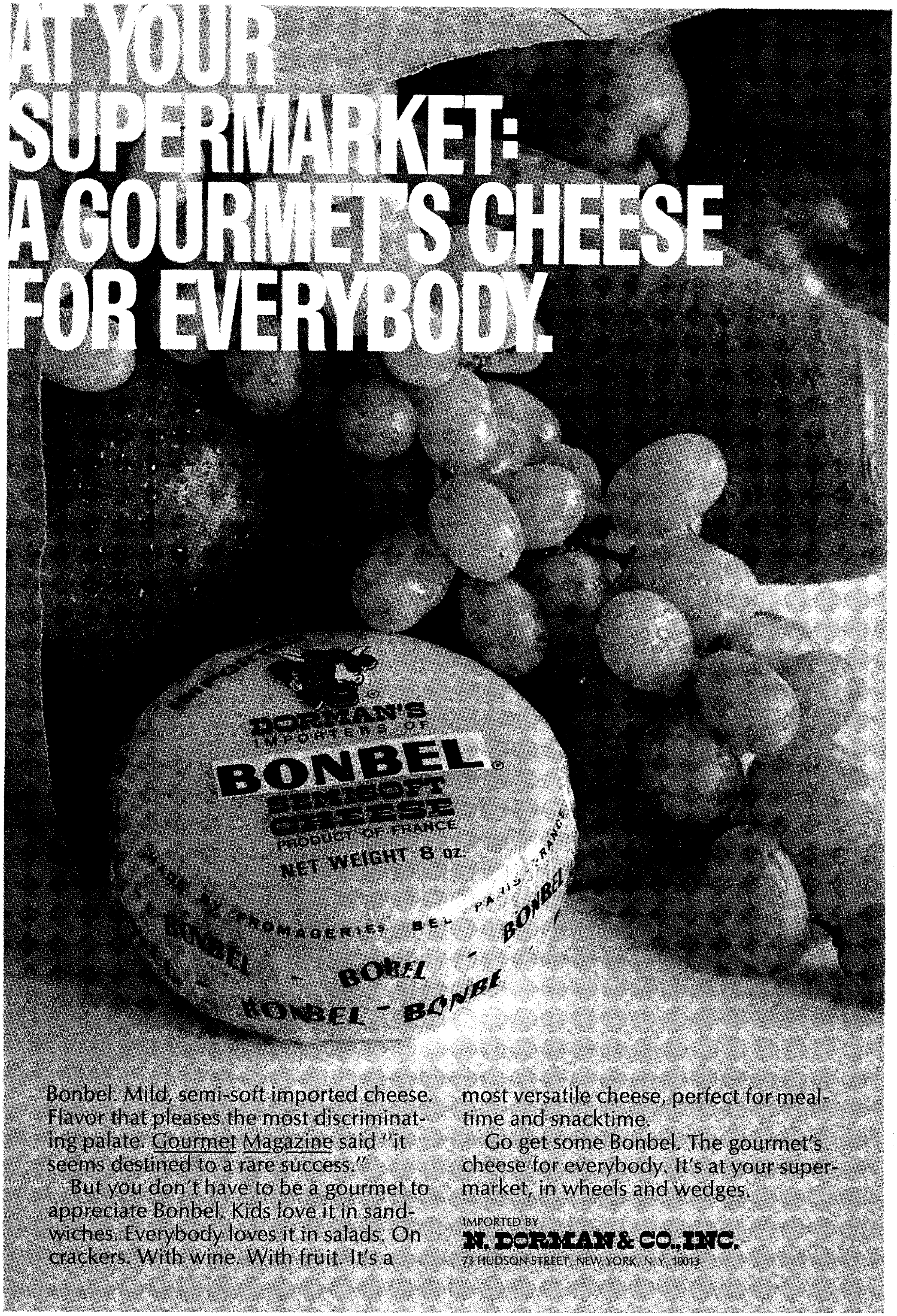
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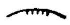
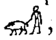
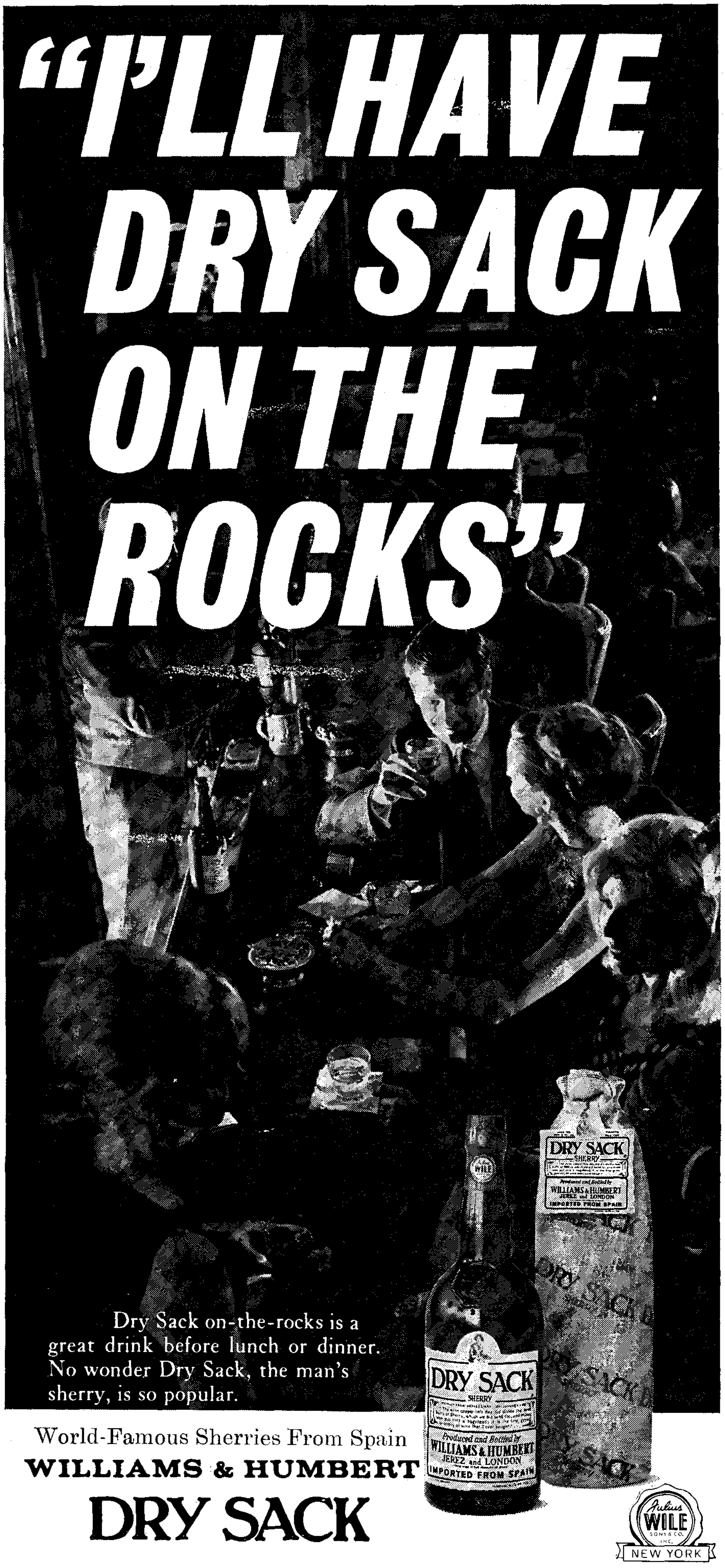
the student will be familiar with words like , which means "lip raised shewing the teeth," and , which means "man holding a pig by the tail," and in mere weeks he'll be reading stories like this in the original:

> His brother elder became like panthers southern. He made sharp his dagger, he placed it in his hand. His brother elder stood behind the door of his stable to stab his brother younger at his coming at eventide to make to enter his cattle into the stables. . . .The cow leading entered into the stable, she said to her keeper, Verily thy brother elder standeth in front of thee with his dagger to stab thee; run away from before him. . . . He looked under the door of his stable, he saw the legs of his brother elder [as] he stood behind the door his dagger in his hand. He set his load upon the ground, he betook himself to flight rapid.

BACHELOR apartments, which used to be dismal places furnished largely with beer cans and dirty socks, are becoming as meticulous as men's clothes, and many bachelors like nothing better for Christmas than some choice contribution to their households. Our unisex report on gifts for the house of two weeks ago may have provided for the bachelors on your Christmas list, but, if not, here are some large, heavy objects to consider that seem to us particularly well suited to places occupied by unmarried men. Lord & Taylor has a good-looking crystal vase that is the size of an umbrella stand (seventeen and a half inches high, nine inches in diameter, and made of glass three-quarters of an inch thick) for $50, and an elegant handmade reproduction of a ten-facetted crystal finial from an old French newel post that can scarcely be lifted and is affixed to a low bronze pedestal base for $85. The largest known milk-cooling pan is for sale at Corti Antiques, 562 Third Avenue (37th), for $1,500. It's a graceful glass bowl, twenty-five inches in diameter, that was free-blown (as the punty mark on the bottom proves), which must have taken some doing. It was made during the last century in upstate New York, and it has a pouring lip. Hanging on a wall at the Place on Second Avenue is a round metal object, two feet in diameter, that has a kind of Art Nouveau design on its surface and turns out to be a lens aperture used in aerial photography. The design of this wonderful-looking wall ornament can be changed by opening or closing the shutters of the aperture; $150. At Tablerie, 1033 Third Avenue (61st), we found a colossal oval fish platter of glazed white earthenware, twenty-six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and a half inches long and thirteen and a half inches wide, and decorated with a fish in relief on its surface; $20. Tablerie, understandably, won't ship it. For removing a fish intact from its poaching liquid, Bazaar de la Cuisine, 160 East 55th Street, sells a great big perforated tin fish scoop with a very long handle, priced at $2.95. John Gordon, 313 West 57th Street, offers a massive maple-burl bowl carved by an eighteenth-century folk craftsman. It has a vigorous roughhewn quality, and its mottled surface has taken on a mellow patina; it's twenty-one inches in diameter, and the price is $350. Mammoth ashtrays made of green, rust, or purple alabaster, a foot in diameter and two and a half inches thick, are for sale at Hammacher Schlemmer for $30.

For the single man's linen closet: Stone doilies? No, but sheets printed with white pinstripes on a gray, beige, blue, or red background, which look very manly and don't have to be ironed. Twin-size sheets are $7, queen-size $11, and king-size $14 (these prices apply to either top or bottom). A pillowcase is $2.60, and an extra-long one is $3. At Lord & Taylor.

Arni Frederiksen is a Danish craftsman who lives in Brooklyn Heights and makes wool tapestries that are likely to appeal more to men than to women. They have a heavy, brooding, Nordic, Expressionistic quality, and would look best in large rooms with white walls, where one could stand back and look at them from a distance. Mr. Frederiksen uses appliqués of silk, velvet, leather, suède, brocade, braid, and metallic threads in many of his works, whose basic texture is that of hooked rugs, and whose subject matter ranges from non-objective compositions to stylized adaptations of medieval tapestries. Prices start at $300 and go on up into the thousands. You can see the tapestries by calling Mr. Frederiksen for an appointment at 625-6389. Most of them are hung, Guggenheim fashion, on the whitewashed brick walls of a long staircase that leads to Mr. F.'s apartment, on the top floor of a private house, and a few are on display in the apartment itself, which is unexpectedly cozy and old-fashioned and looks out on a garden that has the largest ginkgo tree one is likely to see anywhere. We were further surprised to learn that Mr. Frederiksen started out as a watercolorist, because the opaque, static, ponderous medium in which he is now working seems exactly the opposite of the luminous, volatile watercolor art.

We turn now to some less substan-

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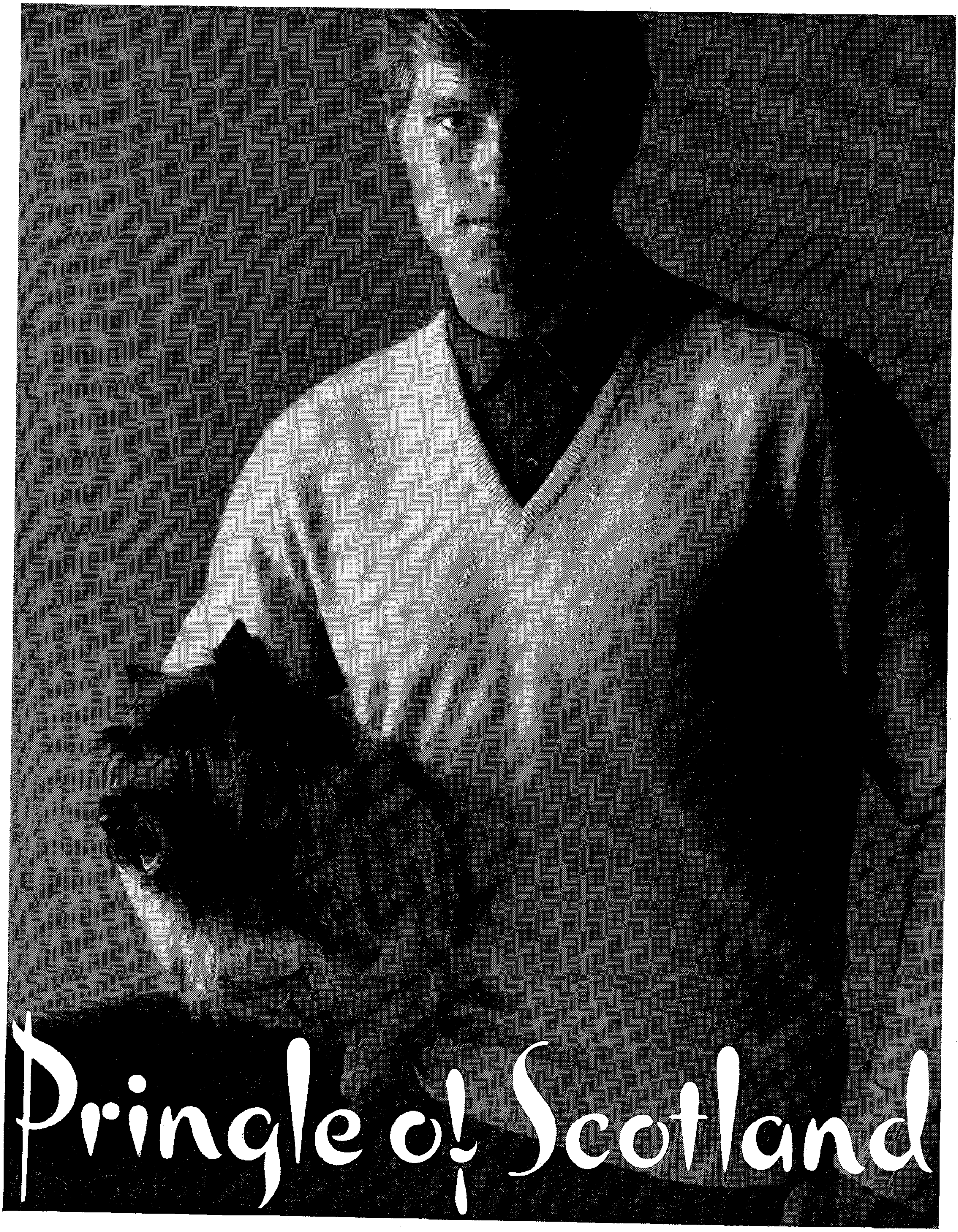

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tial but no less unfeminized presents for the house. For the bachelor's bar, there is an ice bucket for sale at Bonniers that has the merit of looking not like an ice bucket but like a handsome wooden box—an eight-and-a-half-inch cube of laminated oak. Only after lifting the lid do you realize that it is not a humidor or a storage chest but a place to keep ice. It is lined with white plastic, and the price is $50. A similar ice bucket, made of zebrawood, is $58 at Jensen. The Braun North America company's new cylindrical table lighter has the unfussy, masculine quality of all the Braun devices, and it handles better than any other table lighter we've ever encountered. It is made of red or black hard plastic, it is three and a half inches tall and two and a half inches in diameter, and it has a small, slightly depressed oval panel on the side. You pick up the lighter in one hand and press the panel with your thumb, and by some obscure electrical magic a flame immediately appears in a hole on top. The fuel is butane, and we're told that the lighter has to be filled only about every six months; $25 at all the places where Braun appliances are sold. For a man whose coffee table is in the style of one of the periods of furniture-making when coffee tables were unheard of, Tiffany has a breathtakingly elegant octagonal silver box, two and a half inches high and two inches in diameter, whose top lifts off to reveal a conventional lighter; $120.

Scarabaeus, 223 East 60th Street, makes to order big, round, very readable clocks, thirteen and a half inches in diameter, in a choice of bold typefaces (Roman or Arabic) and in a variety of frame colors, and with either plug-in or battery-operated electric movements. They cost around $80. Scarabaeus also has a good collection of the clocks that state rather than show the time, and are known as digital clocks. One sleek specimen from Italy, an electric wall clock, is a white plastic rectangle with two black boxes on the face in which the digits appear; $110. An unconventional but unexceptionable wall clock made by Howard Miller, of Michigan, is nine inches in diameter, is made of plastic, and has only the four Roman numerals XII, III, VI, and IX, which are artfully arranged to form a stark, distinguished black-and-white pattern; battery-operated, and $18.95. At Mr. Barny's Clock Shop, 1145 Second Avenue (60th), we saw some remarkable machine clocks made around 1875 in the forms of windmills, waterwheels,

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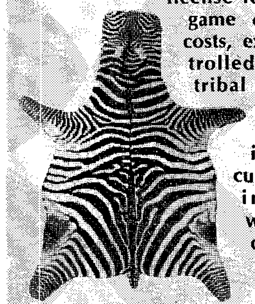

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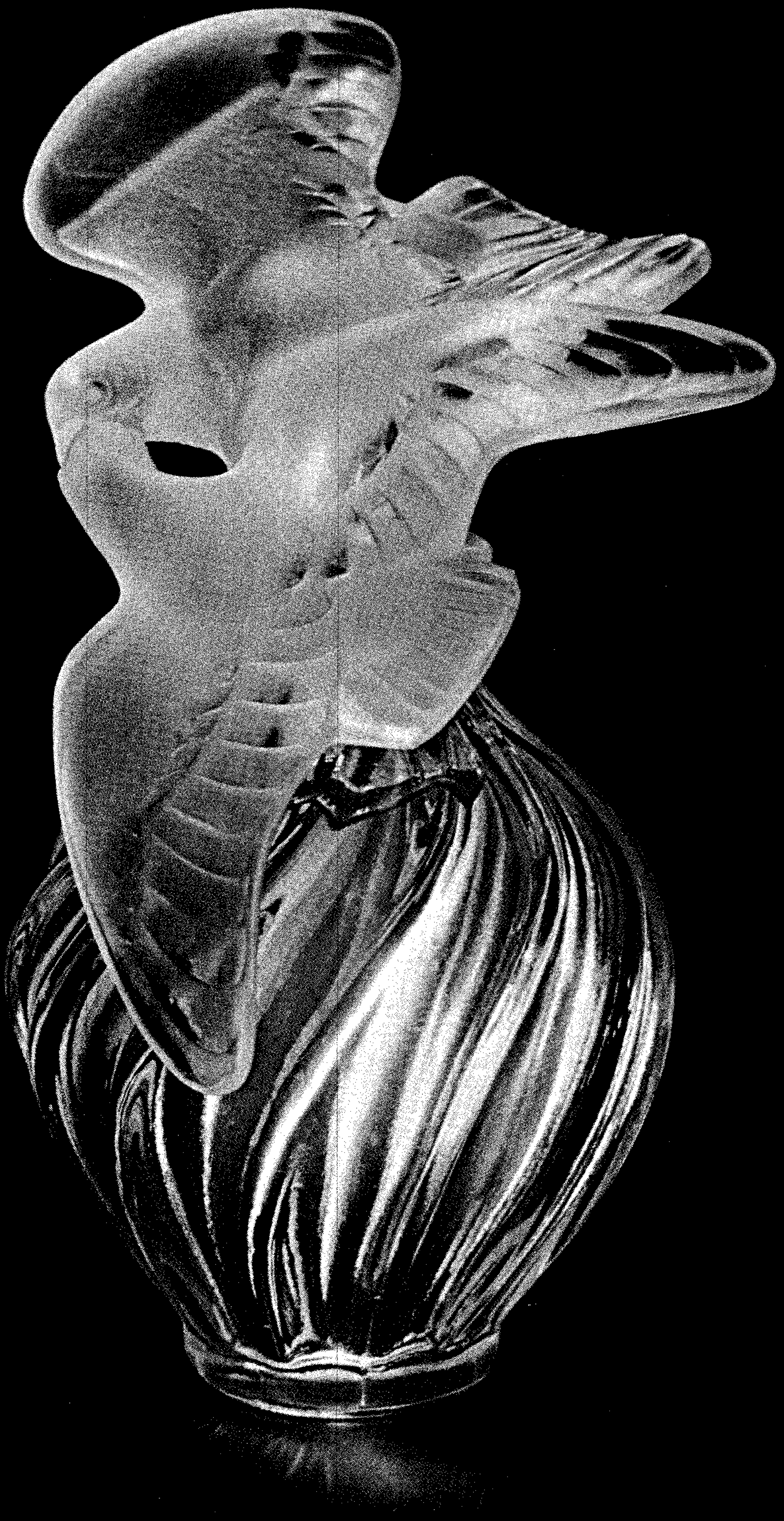
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BRISTOL CREAM

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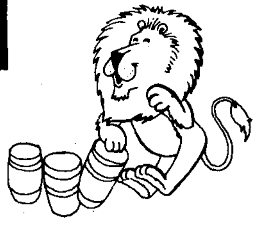
boilers, printing presses, and forges. When a spring works is wound, the machine, whichever one it is, is set in motion—the windmill turns, the press runs, and so on. Mr. Barny would not tell us what these rarities cost—lest we fall to the ground in a faint, perhaps. He has an enormous collection of old pocket watches at from $5 to thousands of dollars, and he let us inspect some treasures he keeps in a safe. One ornate eighteenth-century French gold watch is automated so that when a knob is pressed two men under the crystal strike a bell and a goat eats grass. Another automated eighteenth-century timepiece has a closed curtain on its face. When a knob is pressed, the curtain opens to reveal a scene whose jolly lubricity brings "Fanny Hill" to mind. Another fantastic mechanical device is a gilded cage filled with birds who warble intermittently, and so persuasively that it's hard to believe they're not real. At B. Harris, 25½ East 61st Street, we examined a fine nineteenth-century Swiss gold pocket watch called a minute repeater, which announces the time in chime language whenever a lever is pushed, so it never has to be opened; $350. Harris also has a number of choice plain gold watches from $150 up.

"A MAN DOING NEEDLEPOINT? IT'S NOT UNUSUAL ANYMORE," read a headline in the *Times* a few months ago, and thoughtful friends of male needleworkers are no doubt thinking about Christmas presents in the form of needlepoint patterns for the guys to work on in the coming year. There are the well-known Madison Avenue sources of patterns and yarns, such as Alice Maynard, Woolworks, and Mazaltov, and crewelwork kits are available at many department stores. A less well-known needlework shop, Barnes & Blake, 148 East 28th Street, is run by two men who favor bold, unconventional designs and believe that "people are tired of little flowers and pretty Victorian things." Their needlepoint patterns are handsome, spare flower designs, abstractions, and adaptations of old things; they also offer crewelwork patterns along similar lines, and finished tapestries, pillow covers, and vests. The partners met by chance at The Cloisters, became friends on discovering that they both did needlework, and presently decided to go into business together. Before the needlework venture, Mr. Barnes studied dance and bookkeeping, and Mr. Blake studied

Tribal Dancing



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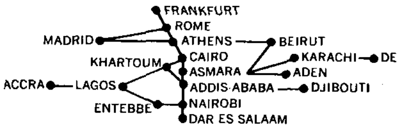

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for the ministry but found the seminary "too restrictive for my views and ideas." Mr. Blake was quoted in the *Times* as saying of his new profession, "This is much more creative than being a minister, and you get to meet a lot more people." We had hoped to get Mr. Blake to expand on this interesting statement, but he wasn't there when we paid our visit, and we're still brooding about it.

Some men exist, we're told, who have not yet exchanged their hacksaws for embroidery hoops, and who spend their leisure hours making things out of wood. Such men are as acquisitive of tools as children are of toys, and a Christmas present of some hand or power tool that his workshop lacks is sure to please a home craftsman very much. The Green Line power tools made by the Rockwell Manufacturing Company have an excellent reputation among woodworkers, and are notably safe, being double-insulated to protect the user from electric shock. A single-speed quarter-inch drill costs $9.95, and would be the logical drill for someone who doesn't do too much drilling. For someone who does, there is a drill kit for $37.99 that includes a variable-speed reversing three-eighths-inch drill, a Phillips driver bit, a chuck key, a side handle, a bit and finder for slotted screws, a masonry bit, three boring bits, three twist bits, a paint mixer, and a carrying case. A dustless belt sander with a vacuum bag—an obviously desirable tool for someone who works in an apartment—is $64.99, and a router kit, with a one-half-horsepower router, an edge guide, three commonly used router bits, and an illustrated instruction manual, is $49.99. The Rockwell Green Line tools used to be more expensive than comparable tools made by other companies, but now they've lowered their prices to meet the competition. Stores that carry the Green Line tools include B. Dulchin, 170 Seventh Avenue (20th); Paul Silken, 21 West 46th Street; Rudolf Bass, 175 Lafayette Street (east of Broadway); and Canal Hardware, 311 Canal Street. The Rockwell Company publishes a bimonthly magazine called *Flying Chips*, a kind of home craftsmen's *Sewanee Review*, which you can order as a gift by writing to the advertising department of the Power Tool Division of the Rockwell Manufacturing Company, 400 North Lexington Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 15208. A year's subscription is $1.75, a three-year one is $4, and a five-year one is $6.

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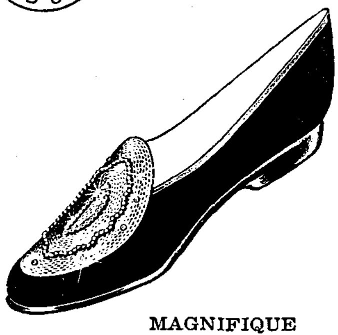

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'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
Stockings were carefully hung side by side
In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.

There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.

Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Soufflé.
(All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings,
Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!

They drank K&B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
Celebrations continued well into the night
(With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)

'Till each one exclaimed
with a cry of delight,
"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!"

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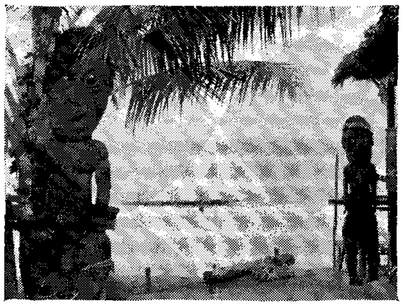

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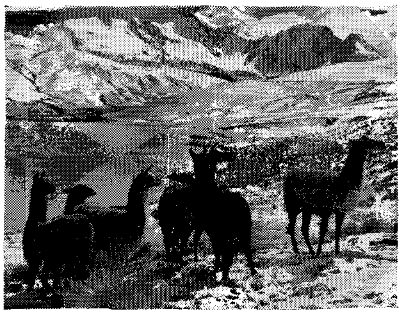

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number of cars in town equipped with horns that can play the wedding march from "Lohengrin." We have tracked them down to their source—the Motoring Shop, 595 Sixth Avenue (17th)—in case you'd like to contribute to the gaiety of our city by getting someone you know a horn like that for Christmas. The horns are part of a line of what the Italian manufacturers describe as "penetrating and road-clearing" air horns, all of which come with installation instructions, a mounting bracket, a compressor with an air filter, and all the required tubing. They range from $19.95, for a plastic copy of a Maserati horn (non-musical), to $64.95, for the horn that plays the wedding march. There is a horn for $54.95 that plays "La Cucaracha." The Motoring Shop has the necessary parts for most foreign cars, and a great many extraneous accessories, which the owner sells with an air of resignation.

Antique sporting prints are liked by sports enthusiasts, and New York is fortunate in having one of the country's largest collections of these relics to peruse at the Argosy Gallery, 116 East 59th Street. Just about every sport is represented—filed under its name, so that one has only to mention, say, curling, and a folder will be brought out full of prints pertaining to that odd sport. "No game in the world is more truly a game for gentlemen," we learned from a page of text and pictures extracted from *Harper's Weekly* on the subject of "The International Curling Bonspiel" of 1892 in Minneapolis; this measures twelve and a half inches by twenty in a mat, and is priced at $20. A tinted photograph entitled "Rudyard Kipling Curling in Switzerland" (fifteen inches by twenty-two with mat) is $12.50. A good-looking hand-colored print (also fifteen inches by twenty-two with mat) showing the game in progress costs $25. The Argosy's hand-colored prints of iceboating on the Hudson are noteworthy for their design and dramatic subject matter. "The Dangers of Ice-Boating" shows two men who have just fallen out of their boat, which is careering about on the ice in the distance; it measures eleven inches by thirteen, and costs $15. A print entitled "A Mile a Minute—The Empire State Express Versus the Ice-Boats on the Hudson" shows a locomotive and an iceboat and an ice-skater neck and neck; $20. One of the Argosy's baseball prints would be a handsome tribute to a Met fan's perspicacity. The baseball file is large, and includes a number of good-sized hand-colored prints from *Harper's*

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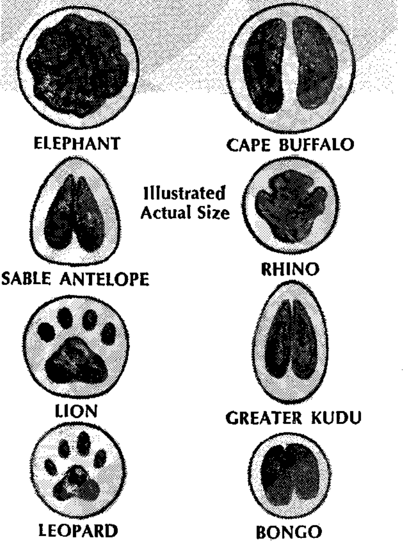

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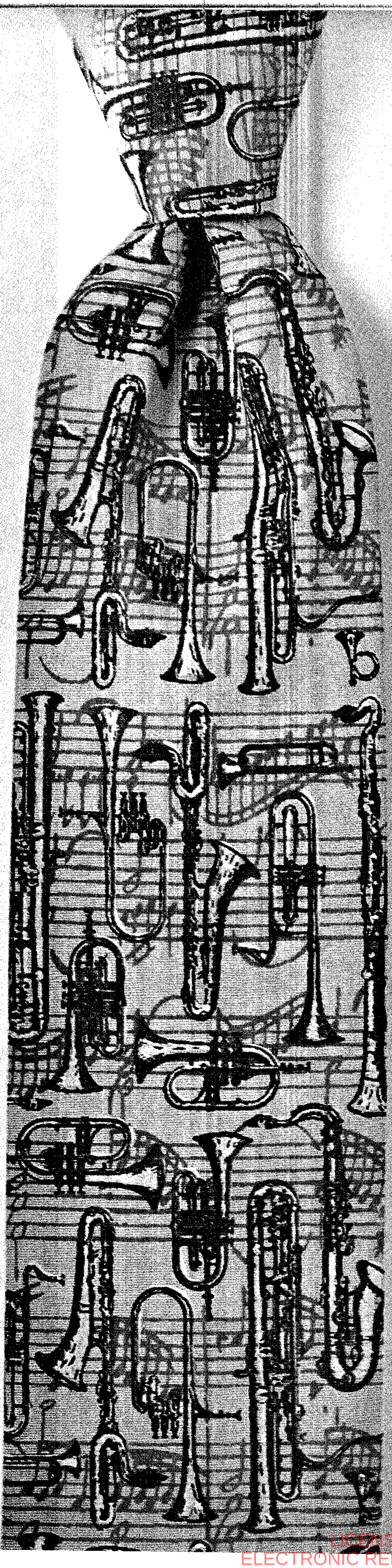

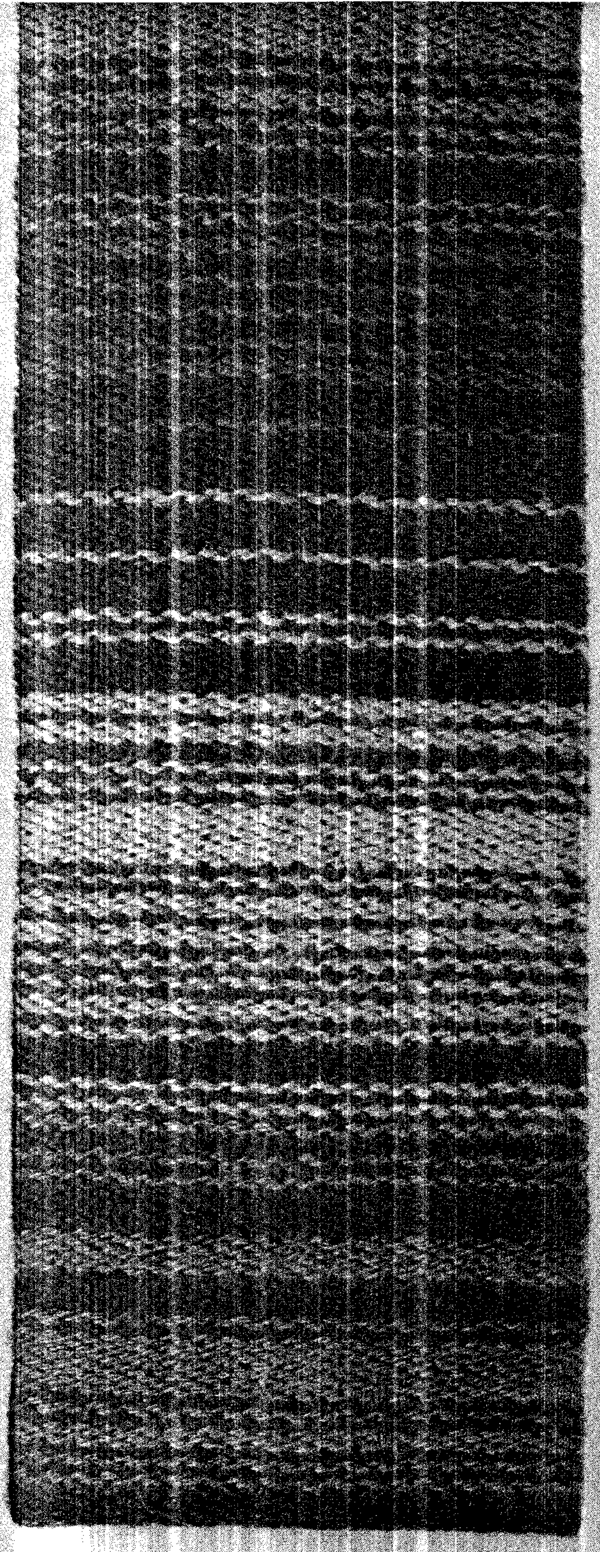

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(Pardon us while we slip into something seasonal.)

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Weekly, some in mats, showing breath-catching moments in old-fashioned baseball games in which the players resemble Gilbert and Sullivan characters and the spectators (all twenty of them) stand behind a rope. A print entitled "Thrown Out at Second" measures eighteen inches by twenty-four in its mat, and is priced at $30; an uncolored, unmatted print entitled "The Winning Run—How Is It, Umpire?" shows a desperate slide into home plate, and costs $20.

A sportsman whose keen interest in highball glasses decorated with mallard ducks has become a little dulled by the hundreds he has received for past Christmases could be given a book entitled "How to Stay Alive in the Woods," by Bradford Angier (Collier, ninety-five cents). It is a manual of survival techniques applicable to being lost in the woods or shipwrecked or stranded in icy terrain, and is full of the sort of specific information that can make the difference between staying alive and succumbing to thirst, starvation, cold, or a fatal accident. It is a book that a sportsman would do well to keep in his knapsack and consult the way a mother consults Dr. Spock; it could actually save his life. And for the armchair outdoorsman "How to Stay Alive in the Woods" makes extremely pleasant reading at this housebound time of year. One can almost smell the spruce needles (which Mr. Angier recommends as a source of Vitamin C) and the mushrooms (which he says to leave alone), and see the summer-night sky crammed with stars (by which one can get one's bearings when lost), and hear the howling of the wolves (who are harmless, according to Mr. Angier). One feels soft and untried as one reads about drinking the blood of birds when shipwrecked and crawling out of quagmires and building houses of snow when lost in the Arctic. "We now no longer camp as for a night, but have settled down on earth and forgotten heaven," Thoreau wrote. Mr. Angier's unpretentious little book is no "Walden," but it is, nonetheless, a worthy member of the literature of protest against overcivilization that men began writing about five minutes after they left the cave and that men will continue to read with rueful pleasure as long as civilization lasts.

•

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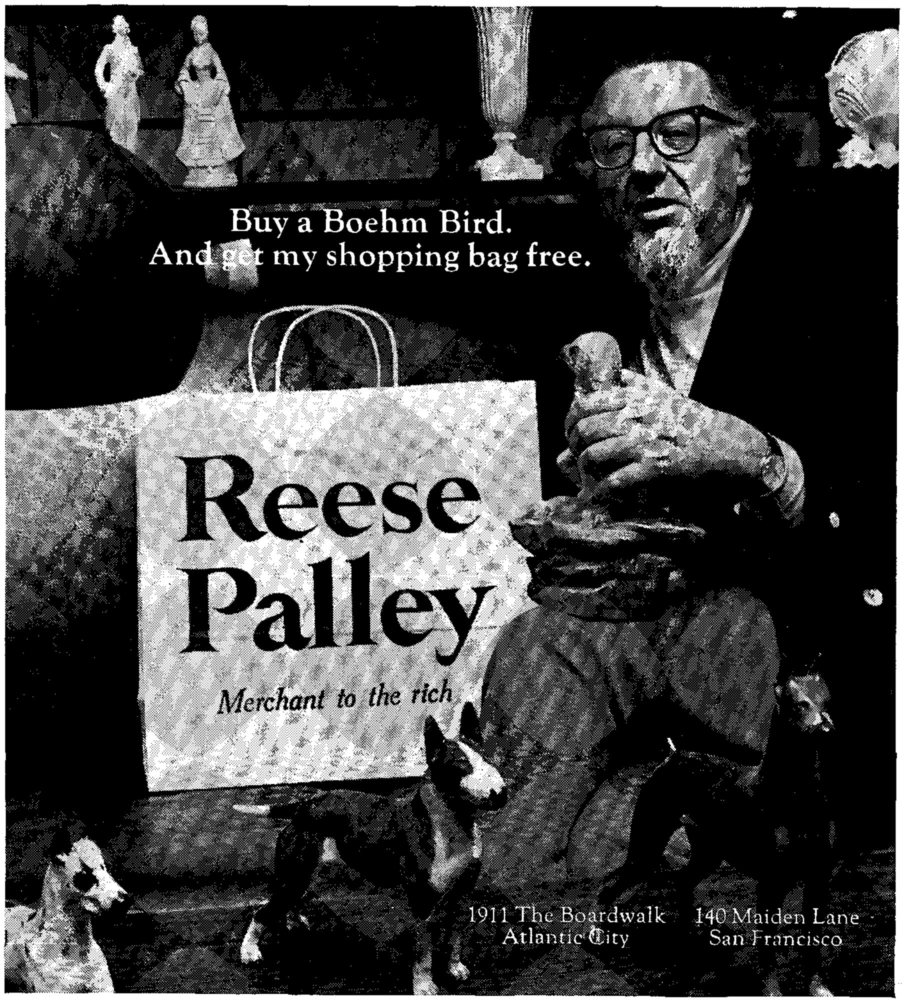

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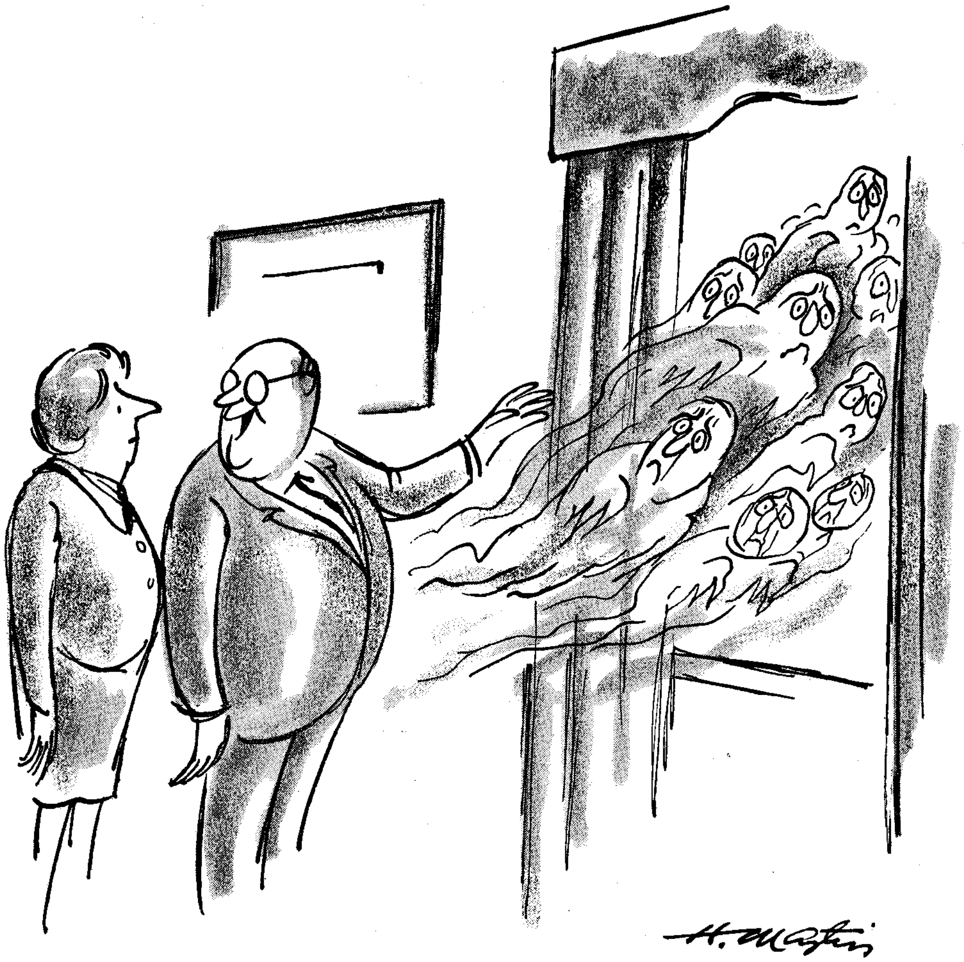
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE BOBCATS AND THE GRIZZLIES

A YEAR ago this autumn, when an old friend and I were driving back to New York after the Yale-Dartmouth game, we had a slight difference of opinion. As we were listening for the third or fourth time to that inescapable staple of late-Saturday-afternoon-in-the-fall radio, the roundup of college-football scores "across the nation," I reached over and turned the set off. I am a rather provincial football fan, and, as I told my friend, once I had learned the results of the games I was interested in, the last thing I wanted to hear all over again was that it had been Wittenberg 54, Valparaiso 19; Richmond over V.M.I. 35–0; Texas Tech 38, Rice 15; Montana State 29, Montana 24; and so on and so forth.

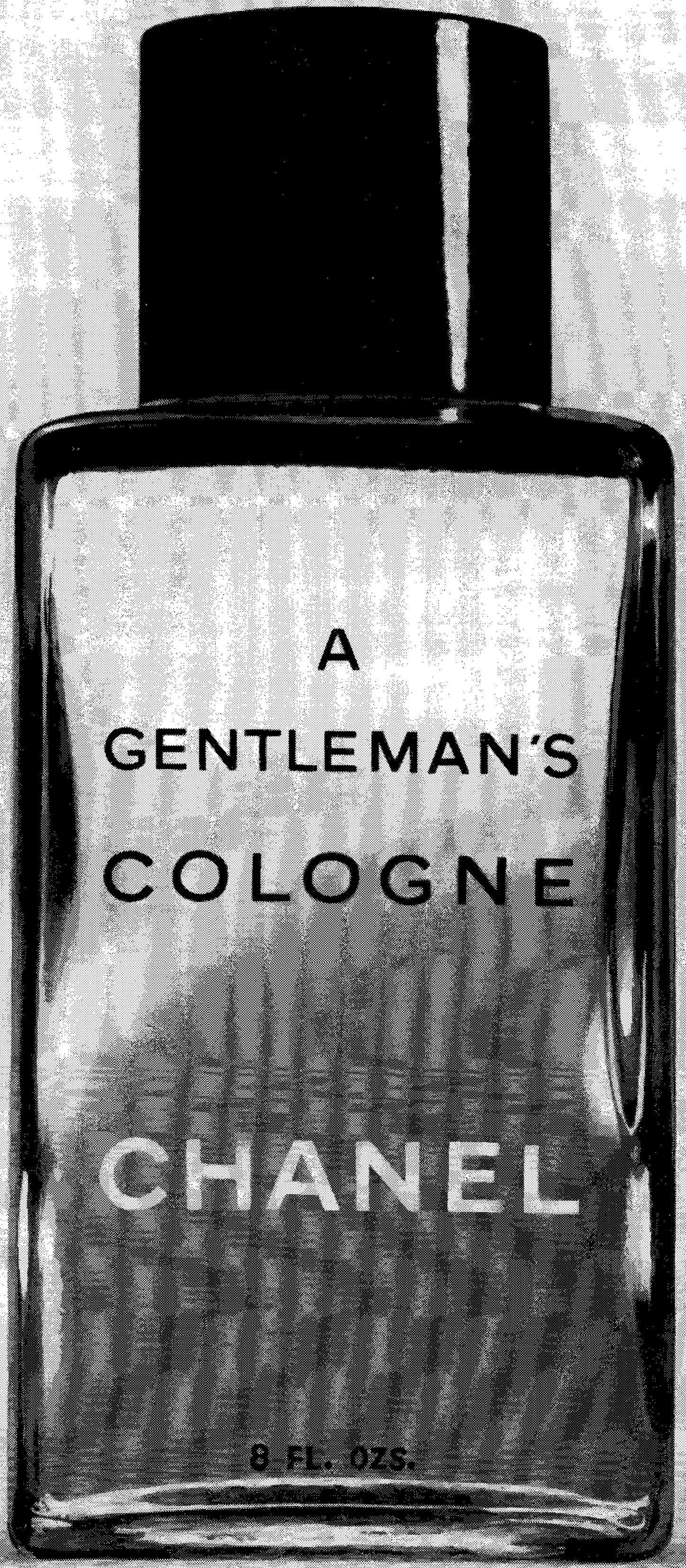
"I know," my friend replied. "But don't some of those games rouse your imagination? That 29–24 game in Montana—that must have been terrific. As a matter of fact, I think it would be a lot of fun to get away from the big time, publicized schools, and go way off somewhere and see what college football is like there these days. For example, wouldn't you love to see next year's Montana-Montana State game?" Not especially, I told him. However, the more I thought about it, the more attractive the idea seemed to me.

THE 1969 game between the Montana Grizzlies and the Montana State Bobcats was played in Bozeman, the home of Montana State University, on a recent Saturday. I flew out to Bozeman the Sunday before, spent a couple of days there, and then went up to Missoula and visited the University of Montana before returning to Bozeman for what is regarded in those parts as The Game. Both towns are remarkably pleasant, though decidedly different in personality. Bozeman, which has a population of about sixteen thousand, is situated almost a mile above sea level in southwestern Montana, just to the north of Yellowstone National Park, in the broad, mountain-rimmed valley of the Gallatin River. The Gallatin, named after President Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark on their expedition, combines with the Madison and the Jefferson Rivers at Three Forks, thirty miles northwest of Bozeman, to form the Missouri. I have been an admirer of Lewis and Clark since boyhood, and I suspect that one of the reasons I decided to go out to the Montana-Montana State game was the chance this would give me to visit a part of the country I had always longed to see. Bozeman itself, which was founded in 1864, was named after John Bozeman, one of the West's most celebrated scouts, who pioneered the trail over the mountains from Wyoming to the Gallatin Valley. In 1866, Nelson Story of Bozeman completed the first cattle drive from Texas to the rich grainlands of Montana, and since that time the Gallatin Valley has been famed not only for its wheat but for the quality of its cattle, which today are for the most part purebred Hereford and Angus. Bozeman still has the look of an old cowtown. Nearly all its stores are on one long Main Street, and their façades have that squat, blunt turn-of-the-century look. Until a few years ago, a local ordinance prohibited dancing after midnight, and at all times in beer halls. It has been revoked, but Bozeman remains a somewhat decorous and somnolent place. The only time it has made news in recent years was in 1960, when it was the site of the world middleweight championship bout between Gene Fullmer, of Utah, and Joey Giardello. (This, by the way, was the first sports event of national importance to be held in the state since 1923, when Jack Dempsey defended his heavyweight title against Tommy Gibbons in the mining hamlet of Shelby.) Montana certainly is not every man's paradise, and one can understand how a metropolitan *bon vivant* like Jimmy Cannon, the syndicated sports columnist, could find it unbearably boring and behind the times. Cannon, who had gone out to cover the Fullmer-Giardello fight, was lamenting one evening, as he started to cross Main Street, how he couldn't get a broiled steak anywhere in town, when a vehicle shot out of the dark and missed him by inches. "Great!" Cannon exclaimed bitterly as he pulled himself together. "That's all I need—



"I've consolidated all our debts into one low, easy-payment loan, and now I'm saying goodbye to all our worries."

The Mark of a Man.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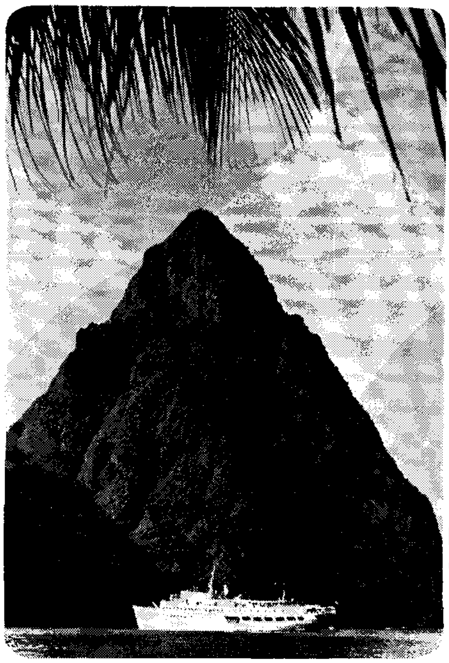

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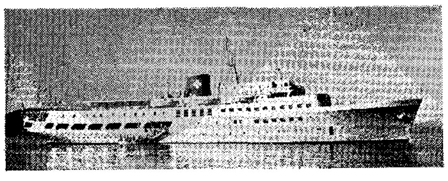

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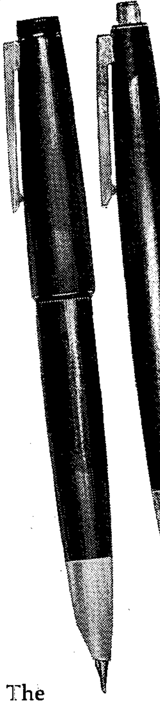
to get run over by a bicycle in Bozeman, Montana!"

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY, which sits at the top of a mild slope half a mile south of Main Street, is the oldest college in the state, having been established in 1893, four years after Montana entered the Union. It is a land-grant college, and this means, among other things, that in accordance with the Morrill Act of 1862 it receives a certain amount of federal aid in return for teaching "agriculture and the mechanic arts." Today, though it offers forty-two different programs in which an undergraduate can take his degree, it is still basically thought of as an "aggie college," and in one way it looks it—horses and cows graze on fenced-off farmland adjoining the campus on two sides. However, a considerable percentage of the college buildings are new and strikingly modern, and the campus is dominated by five recently completed high-rise dormitories, most of them eleven stories tall. They were desperately needed, because the student enrollment has doubled in the past dozen years, and is now approaching eight thousand. Ninety per cent of the boys and girls come from Montana, and by contemporary undergraduate standards they are a rather conservative bunch, unhippie and non-activist. This is not to say that they don't have minds of their own. Just a year ago, for example, they voted against building a new football stadium to replace Gatton Field, a relic that holds only nine thousand people, and most of those in temporary bleachers. Half the funds for the new stadium were to come from the undergraduates (each was being asked to ante up four dollars and a half annually), and the majority of them felt that the college needed a stadium—which would be used only four or five Saturdays a year—a lot less urgently than it needed a new swimming pool, more tennis and handball courts, and other facilities of that kind. Montana State does have a handsome circular field house, which was erected in 1958 and financed entirely by students. A huge, domed structure, it can seat ten thousand at basketball games, and it serves all the other sports to some degree or other. In late fall, for example, when the weather gets chilly cold and the turf on Gatton Field can become too hard for comfort, football practice is frequently conducted on the dirt floor of the field house.

The team worked out in the field house on the Monday before the big



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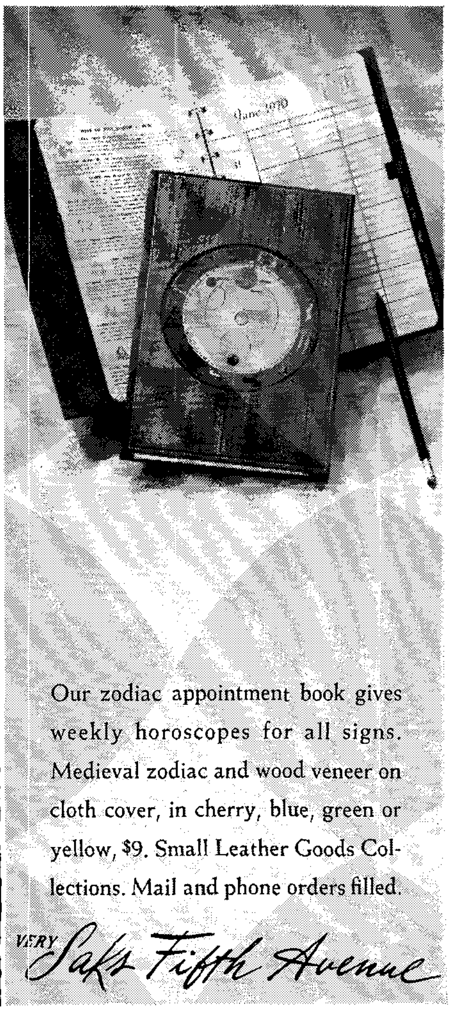

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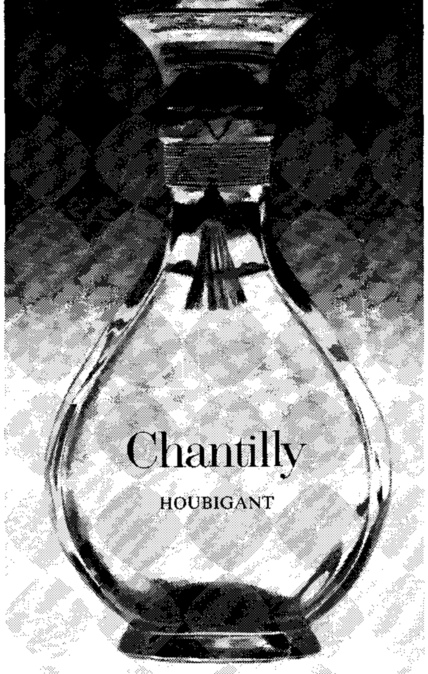

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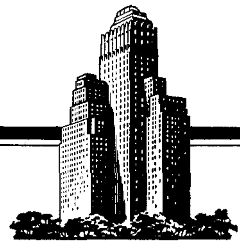
game with Montana, because more than four inches of snow had fallen the preceding Friday and the sun still had not melted the crusty cover. After the squad had warmed up by running through some "quickness exercises" modelled on those first used by Alabama, the Montana State coach, Tom Parac, concentrated on one thing. He had his offensive team simulate Montana's multiple-option attack, which operates from a formation usually known as the Texas Y but sometimes as the Wishbone T, and he and his assistants worked with the men on the defensive team, helping them recognize the basic plays they would have to stop and the many switches off those plays. Throughout the practice session, which lasted an hour and a half, both the offensive and the defensive units were full of chatter and pep, and I found this extremely impressive, since Montana State had been suffering through a very disappointing season. It had lost six of its seven games, including all three against its rivals in the Big Sky Conference. This was a harsh comedown for Montana State. Over the previous sixteen autumns, it had experienced a losing season only once. More than that, from 1963 on—that was the year it joined with Montana, Idaho, Idaho State, Gonzaga, and Weber State to found the Big Sky Conference—it had won the conference title three times and shared it once. Furthermore, it had beaten its arch-rival, Montana, eleven out of the previous thirteen years, and the last six years in a row.

At the close of practice, I had a chat about the upcoming game with Coach Parac, a rangy, low-register Montanan—from Lewistown, in the center of the state—who had been a football and basketball star at the college in the early nineteen-fifties and had put in eleven seasons there as an assistant football coach before taking over as head coach last year. Parac felt that his team's chances against Montana were far from hopeless. "I grant you that this year the Grizzlies have their strongest team in years," he said. "They're undefeated, you know. Going by comparative scores, they should beat us by three or four touchdowns. However, in a traditional game like the Bobcats versus the Grizzlies anything is possible. Despite our poor record, we've played some excellent football in spots, and I'll be surprised if our Bobcat team doesn't give the Grizzlies all they can handle."

I remarked on the spirit his players had demonstrated in practice, and Parac nodded in appreciation. "Actually, we began preparing our boys for the



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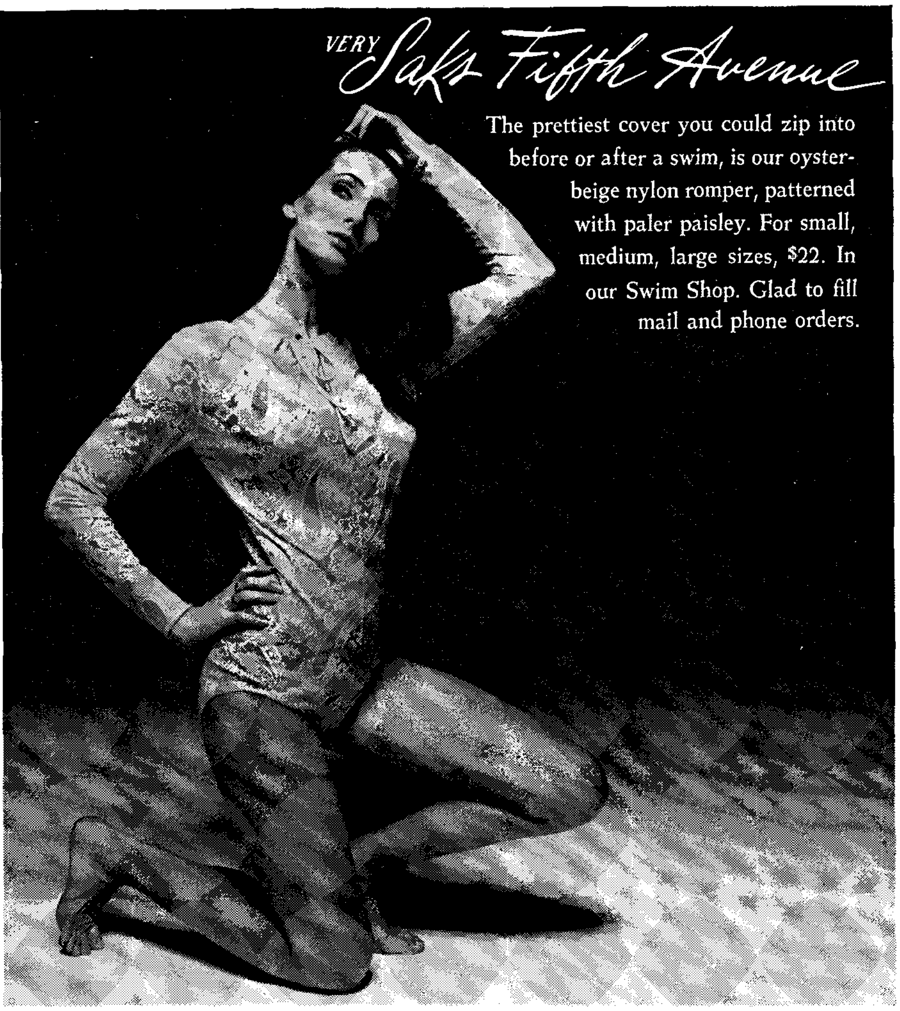
big game right after we lost to Idaho on Saturday," he said. "We'll try to get the readiness pot filled a little more each day. Saturday, when they see those Grizzlies come on the field, we want that readiness pot to come bubbling over." It was beginning to dawn on me that no one living west of the Dakotas and east of Idaho ever referred to the Montana State and Montana football teams except in terms of their mascots, the *Lynx canadensis* and the *Ursus horribilis*.

THE last man to leave the field house after that Monday practice was Frank Kalfoss, a compactly built, blond young man from Norway, who does the place-kicking for the team. Many of the game's most accomplished place-kickers—Jim Turner, of the New York Jets, for one—take it pretty easy during the week, limiting themselves to around a dozen kicks on two practice afternoons, so as not to wear the old foot out. Kalfoss makes it a rule to get off a hundred placements each day, and if he cuts down on the number he feels a certain loss of efficiency. During the practice I watched, he was regularly booting the ball the width of the field house—about forty yards—and was getting enough foot into the ball, as the new cliché goes, so that, whether he was kicking soccer-style or straight-on, the ball was carrying well up into the stands, which start twenty feet above the dirt floor. So far this season, Kalfoss had made good on six field goals over forty yards long and had yet to miss anything under forty-two yards. Some fans were of the opinion that he was every bit as talented as Jan Stenerud, the great kicking star of the 1965 and 1966 Bobcat teams, who is now in his third year of pro ball with the Kansas City Chiefs. Stenerud's story is a fascinating one. A Norwegian from the Oslo area, he came to Montana State on a skiing scholarship. (Each of the colleges in the Big Sky Conference is permitted a hundred and ten athletic scholarships, the number allotted to each sport being left to the individual college. This year, Montana State has sixty-eight students on football scholarships, and Montana has sixty-five.) Stenerud performed quite well as a ski jumper, one year finishing fourth in the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship meet. His aptitude for kicking a football was discovered in such an improbable way that it recalls nothing quite so much as the old movie in which a college scout looking for a forward passer stumbles upon a farm boy (Stuart Erwin) toss-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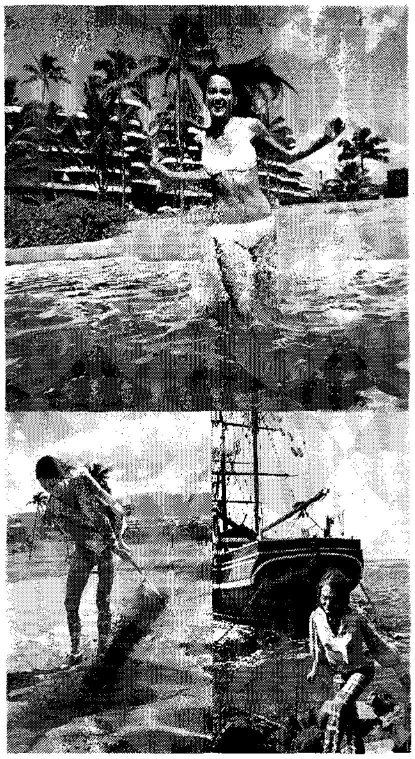
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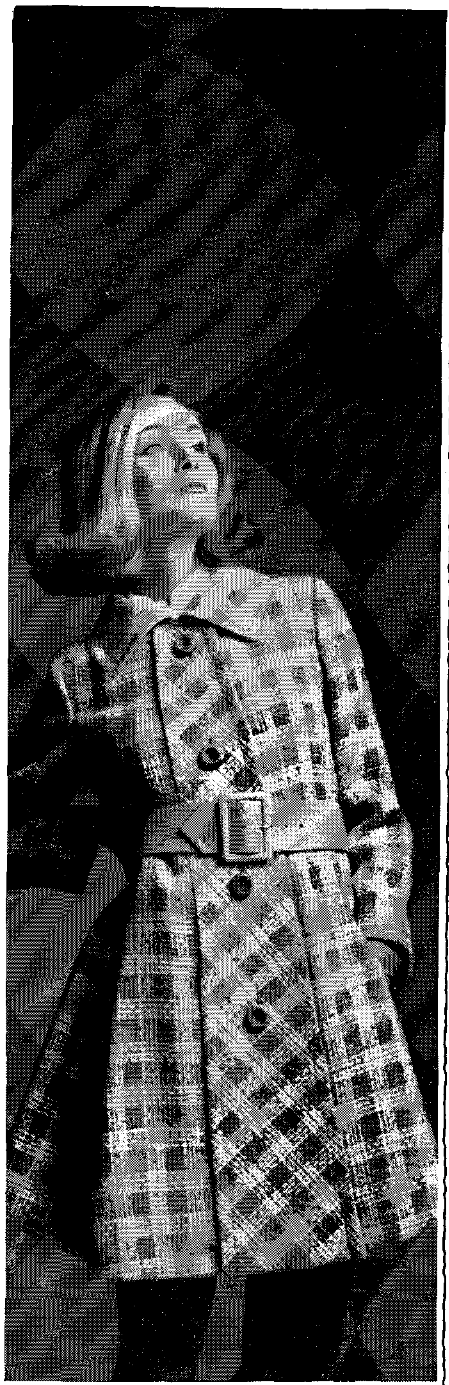

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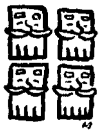
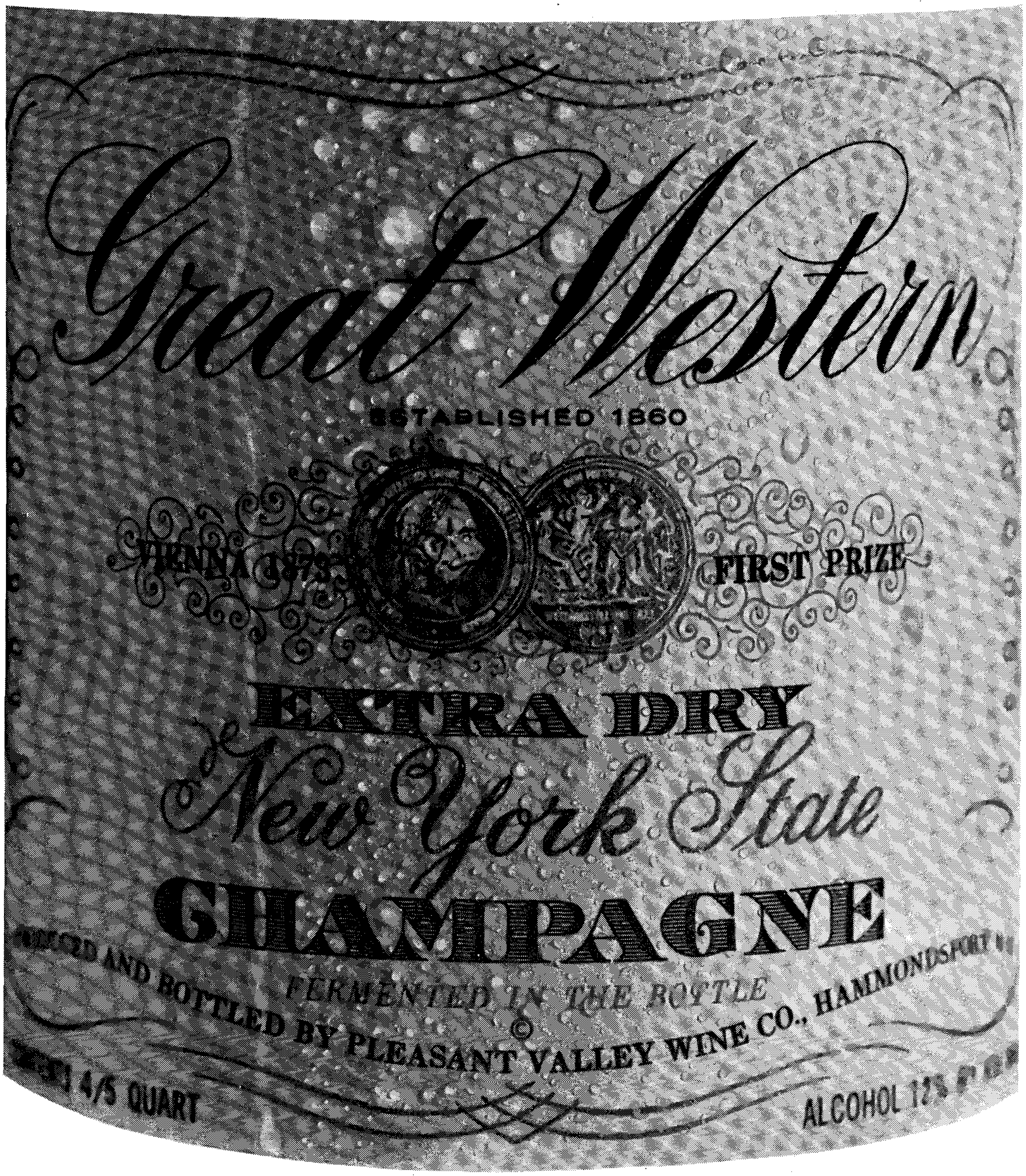
ing heavy watermelons sixty, seventy yards in perfect spirals. One autumn day in Stenerud's sophomore year, the skiing team was playing some informal soccer at one end of the football field, and Stenerud picked up a football that a couple of varsity players had been fooling around with. Having been a first-rate soccer player in Norway, Stenerud decided to see how difficult it was to place-kick an American football. With one of the varsity players holding the ball for him, and kicking it soccer-style, he began whistling it through the uprights from thirty-five yards out as if he had been doing it all his life. The football coach naturally wanted to put Stenerud into uniform immediately, but, under the conference eligibility rules, he couldn't be cleared for football until the next autumn. He was a sensation. In his senior year, he accounted for eighty-two points—a Montana State record. This included a monstrous forty-nine-yard field goal—really a fifty-nine-yarder, since in college football the goalposts are ten yards behind the goal line. Stenerud went on to sign a five-year contract with the Chiefs at fifty thousand dollars a year, and he has performed so well that he now has his own radio show in Kansas City. So far, Kalfoss has travelled much the same road as Stenerud. He, too, came to Montana State on a skiing scholarship, his freshman year coinciding with Stenerud's senior year. Back in Norway, he had been not only an outstanding ski jumper—he finished third in the junior division one winter in the famous Holmenkollen meet—but such a gifted soccer player that he was invited to try out for the national team. The moment it became known at Montana State that Kalfoss had this strong soccer background, it was inevitable, in view of the Stenerud saga, that he would be given a tryout to see if he could place-kick the American ball. He could. He was good to begin with, and he has improved each year.



In talking with Kalfoss, an intelligent and appealing young man, I learned that his major is architecture and that he intends to go into city planning—that is, unless he is drafted by the pros. He is a devotee of weight lifting, and he believes that his soccer, his skiing, and his work with the weights have all contributed about equally to his success as a place-kicker. "Soccer gives you the quickness you need," he told me. "The weights improve your muscle tone and your general condition. And ski jumping helps you to learn how to concentrate in the midst of a crowd, how to channel everything into suddenly performing a difficult physical exercise."

MISSOULA, the home of the University of Montana, is about two hundred miles northwest of Bozeman, at the junction of five fertile mountain valleys—the Bitterroot, the Flathead, the Blackfoot, the Hellgate, and the St. Regis. It is over three thousand feet above sea level, but because it is on the Pacific slope of the Continental Divide its weather is not funnelled down from Canada but comes out of the west, and so is comparatively mild. (Travelling up from Bozeman, I had been forced to switch from plane to train because a heavy snowstorm was in progress, but when I reached Missoula it was dry, clear, and almost balmy.) The Clark Fork, which rises near Butte and flows into the Columbia River, cuts through the center of town, and evidently it is a fairly cold stream, for "Missoula" is derived from a Salish Indian word meaning "chilling waters." The town, which is the center of a thriving lumber industry, has a population of about fifty thousand, but seemed a good deal larger than that to me, because it has an extensive shopping area and many of its stores and other buildings are very up-to-date.

The downtown section of Missoula lies to the northwest of the Clark Fork, the University of Montana to the southeast of it. The university, which is about the same size as Montana State (at the moment, it has a few hundred more students), operates a famous School of Forestry, but it is fundamentally a liberal-arts college, and it has had a reputation for being in the avant-garde since 1921, when its dramatic club presented the first performance in English of Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped," beating the Theatre Guild to it by twenty-four days. The university has one of the most charming campuses I have ever seen. At one end stands its oldest building and administrative heart, Main Hall, which went up in 1899. An over-ornate three-story rectangle topped with small cupolas and a large tower, it is an excellent example of turn-of-the-century American institutional Gothic, but though this is an architectural style of debatable aesthetic splendor, Main Hall, like many buildings of that genre (including its counterpart at Montana State, Montana Hall), has a strange beauty, perhaps because it evokes so much of what has been most admirable in our culture. Certainly it is beautifully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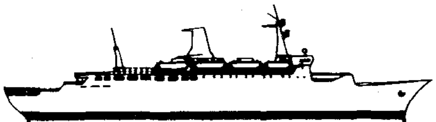

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ONE day during my stay in Missoula, I asked an undergraduate acquaintance what the difference was, as he saw it, between the student body of Montana and that of Montana State. "They're more caught up with what's going on here and now in *Montana*," he said. "We're much more in tune with the outside world." That is probably true, but for all their sophistication the boys and girls in Missoula seemed anything but blasé about the approaching game. All over the campus, stickers saying "Eat 'Em Up Grizzlies" were pasted on walls, windows, and doors. Wherever you looked, students were decked out with badges shaped like footballs and saying "Po-o-o-or Bobcats"—a needling strung-out dirge that is a favorite with the cheering section. The main lobby of the University Center dripped with homemade banners importuning the team to "Beat Moo U.," "Blast the Udder Team," and "Smash the Bozemo Hicks." It was easy to understand why everyone was up so high. This year's team had turned out to be a powerhouse. It had rolled up seven straight victories, and newspaper polls currently rated it the third-best team in the country in the so-called "small-college" category. Even allowing for the vagaries of traditional games, the Grizzlies were almost sure to put an

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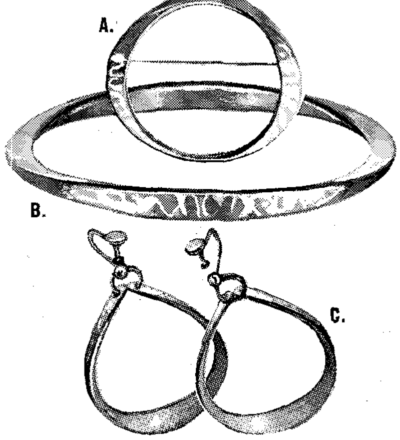

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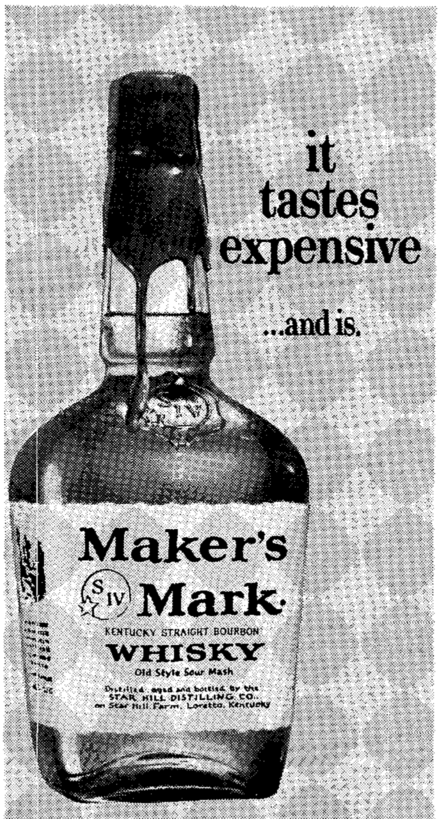

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end to the Bobcats' six-year winning streak. If they did, it would clinch the Big Sky Conference championship for them, and that would be something. It would mark the first time in seventy-three years of football that Montana—previously a member of the Pacific Coast Conference and the Skyline Conference—had won a conference title.

The man chiefly responsible for this sanguine prospect was Jack Swarthout, a member of the class of 1942, who had been appointed head coach in 1967 by the then incoming president, Robert T. Panzer, a member of the class of 1940. Swarthout had built up a splendid record at Olympia High School, in the state of Washington—between 1959 and 1966 his teams had won fifty games and lost only fourteen—but Panzer had another reason for bringing him back to Missoula. He remembered that Swarthout as an undergraduate had maintained an unusually high academic standing for an athletic hero, with a B average in his major, political science. Swarthout, who looks like a young Jack Dempsey, is a pleasant and direct man. The fine record of his 1969 team, he told me during a brief chat, resulted from good recruiting as much as from anything else. A large number of the men on the squad had come from Columbia Basin Junior College and Grays Harbor Junior College, both in Washington, and from other junior colleges in that state and in California where football is taken seriously. And I was interested to learn that five of the team's key players—among them Ray Brum, the quarterback, and Tuufuli Uperesa, a massive (six feet three, two hundred and forty-five pounds) offensive tackle, who is being touted as All-America material—are from Hawaii. (This had led some campus wits to refer to their college as the University of Hawaii at Missoula.) Swarthout, at my request, told me something about the Texas Y formation. The reason it is called the Y, or the Wishbone T, is that the fullback lines up three yards behind the quarterback and that the two halfbacks are split a yard deeper than the fullback. The reason it is called the *Texas* Y is that it was introduced in 1968 by Darrell Royal, the coach at the University of Texas. Last spring, Swarthout, who spent three years as an assistant to Royal in the nineteen-fifties, went down to Austin with two assistants of his own to watch the Texas workouts; they studied the operation of the Y offense, and this autumn they installed it at Missoula. The basic play is a hand-off to the

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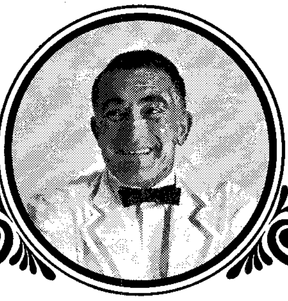
fullback, who hits the line outside of guard, either right guard or left guard. The opposing tackle is purposely *not* blocked, and this is the twist. If the quarterback sees that the tackle is going for the fullback, he pulls the ball back, taking it "out of the fullback's stomach," and moves laterally with it behind the line of scrimmage. His next move depends on what the opposing end does; like the tackle, the end is *not* blocked. If the end comes in after him, the quarterback pitches out, wide of the end, to one of his halfbacks. If, instead, the end slides out to cover the flank, the quarterback keeps the ball and cuts inside the end. "What we do is run the same play, with variations, forty times or so each game," Swarthout said. "When our men execute their assignments correctly, the opposing linemen inside the tackle are sealed off from pursuing the ballcarrier, and a play can go for big yardage. The Y has worked real well for us all season. I think we've averaged something like three hundred and forty-seven yards a game rushing."

I watched Montana's well-schooled offense during an afternoon practice, and I watched it again, this time on film, when I attended the Grizzly Den, a weekly luncheon of the team's boosters, held in the Bitterroot Room of the Florence Hotel. About two hundred Grizzly boosters—local businessmen and professional men, for the most part—had turned out to hear Coach Swarthout discuss the big game and comment on the film of the previous week's game, in which Montana had beaten Portland State, 49–14. The audience was a spirited and demanding one. For example, when Swarthout remarked that he had "been informed by more than one person that we can have a nine-and-one record and still have a lousy season if we lose to the Bobcats," the air was instantly filled with a rich assortment of trenchant phrases to the effect that he had heard correctly. Later, the control unit of the movie projector broke down halfway through the film and could not be fixed, and an elderly booster near me growled, "It's a lucky thing for Swarthout that he's got a winning season going for him." Whatever the psychological temperature of the Grizzlies themselves, the Grizzly Den was "up" for the big game.

MEANWHILE, back in Bozeman, a much more optimistic attitude had developed among the Montana State supporters, or so it seemed to me



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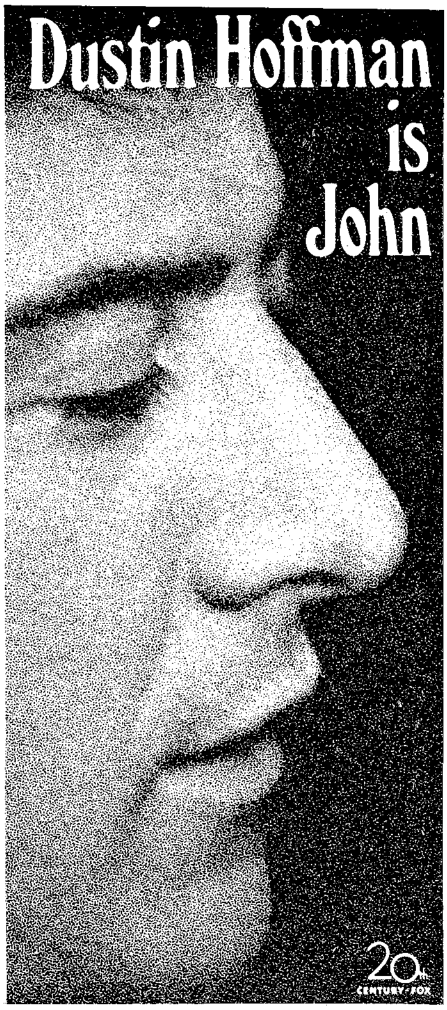

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20th CENTURY-FOX

on my return. A good index of this was the frequency of allusions to the '68 game; in that one, Montana State's chances had seemed hopeless when it went into the last quarter trailing 24–9, but the team rallied irresistibly and, with twelve seconds to go, scored the touchdown that won the game, 29–24. There were a number of references to that thriller at the Bobcat Boosters' breakfast, at the Baxter Hotel, in downtown Bozeman, on Saturday morning, which I attended, having pushed my way through the frost in time to sit down at seven-thirty sharp. About a hundred and fifty people were on hand, including a number of the big guns of the Century Club and the Steer-A-Year Club. (Each of the four hundred members of the Century Club donates a hundred dollars a year to Montana State's Athletic Association. The Steer-A-Year Club has sixty-odd members, ranchers in the Gallatin and Madison Valleys, and every year each donates one of his best steers to the Association, mailing in a check after he has sold the calf, either in the spring or in the fall.) At this breakfast, there was a lot of activity besides eating. First, seven girl cheerleaders, togged out in blue and gold, the college colors, led us in several cheers ("We are the Bobcats! The rough-and-ready Bobcats! And we eat bear meat . . ."). Acting President William A. Johnstone made a rather neat speech, in which he advised Coach Parac not to feel too sure of his job unless he won the game that afternoon ("You've probably heard the story, Tom, about the coach whose team had about the same record as yours, and who was told by the alumni head after he'd lost the big game, 'There's a train leaving town tonight at nine. Be under it!' "). Parac responded nicely and then moved into a description, complete with blackboard diagrams, of the Texas Y offense that Montana would be using ("We'll be ready for it. We've had some fine practices this week. The fact that the Grizzlies are 7 and 0 isn't going to have any bearing on what you see today"). An eighteen-piece contingent from the college band, featuring a girl on clarinet and another on alto sax, presented a rousing medley of school songs, including "Hit the Line, Montana," which is somewhat reminiscent of "Hit the Line for Harvard." Just as I was thinking how much this Bobcat Boosters' breakfast reminded me of the wonderful rural Iowa that Meredith Willson had conjured up in "The Music Man," a youngish Bobcat alumnus at

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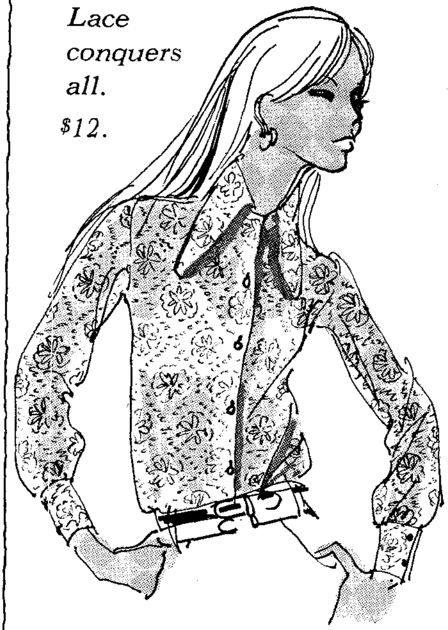
the head table, who was next on the program, rose to his feet and launched into a vibrant and amusing parody of the "Trouble" number from that show (the Grizzlies would be bringing to town their "shameless marching band," among other things, and that would be "Trouble, with a capital T, and that rhymes with G, and that stands for Grizzly"). Shortly after this, the breakfast broke up.

I arrived at Gatton Field an hour or so before game time. It was an absolutely beautiful day. There wasn't a cloud in the big sky. (I'm told that the reason the sky is so big in mountain country is that there is no ground haze.) In the distance, the tops of the mountains, white with snow, glistened in the sun, and so did the snow-covered farmland stretching toward them. The grass in Gatton Field had been cleared of its snow in midweek. There was a softish, worn area in the middle of the gridiron that was bound to get slippery, but in general the playing conditions were a great deal better than had seemed possible at the time of Tuesday's heavy snowfall (just about a foot). Outside the press booth, the Montana State sports-information man told me that the temperature was forty-seven degrees. The air was so dry that it seemed much warmer, and I noticed that most of the spectators were holding their overcoats instead of wearing them. I also learned from the sports-information man that the game was being televised in five cities—Billings, Great Falls, Butte, Missoula, and Kalispell—but that just about every town and village in the state would be getting the telecast indirectly, either by cable line or by community antenna. He also had one red-hot scoop to pass along: That morning, the Grizzly cross-country team had shellacked the Bobcat team, although the visiting runners had been attacked by a dog at one point on the race route and at another point had been pelted with snowballs by some local grammar-school kids.

Fifteen minutes before kickoff time, the stands were filled, and songs and cheers erupted from the undergraduate sections. Try as I might, I couldn't make out the words of the songs, so I have no idea whether the Montana State rooters' selections included their alma mater, "Fair M.S.U." ("Fling wide our colors bright and true,/ Sunlight gold and ether blue"), or whether the Montana rooters gave us "Montana Fight" ("Hail copper, silver, gold,/ Borne by our warriors bold./ It's the flag of the Grizzly Bear"). The cheers were comparatively easy to decipher.



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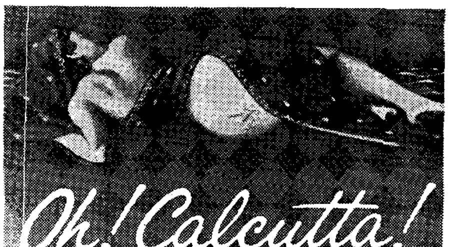

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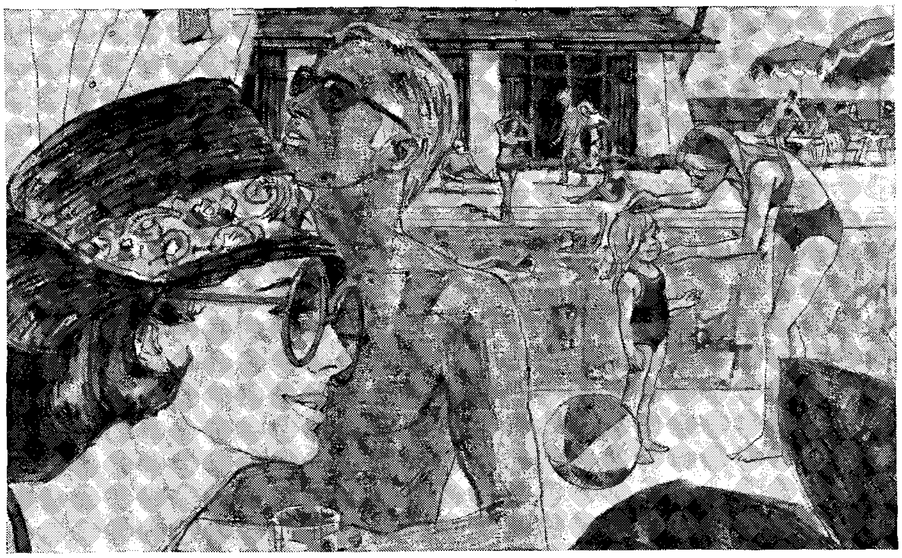
The Montana stands bawled out their "Po-o-o-or Bobcats" and something that went "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar! All for the Grizzlies stand up and holler! Two bits, four bits, six bits, a peso! All for the Grizzlies stand up and say so!" Across the field, the Montana State section was giving its cheerleaders, as requested, a "B," an "O," a "B," a "C," an "A," a "T," and an "S." A fan next to me, wearing a yellow paper visor with the words "Go Cats Go" on it, pointed out the current Montana State mascot, a nice-looking bobcat who is called Freddie Fang, but he wasn't able to spot a grizzly bear anywhere, and deduced that none had been brought down from Missoula. Now the two teams sprinted onto the field from their locker rooms, the Bobcats in blue uniforms and gold helmets, the Grizzlies in white uniforms trimmed with copper and copper helmets. Then came the national anthem, the opening whistle, and the kickoff.

In retrospect, the seventh play was the decisive play of the game. After the Bobcats had failed to make first down following the opening kickoff, the Grizzlies took possession on their own thirty-seven-yard line and moved into their vaunted Texas Y. On first down, Brum, the quarterback, faked a hand-off to his fullback and gave the ball to his right halfback, who picked up six yards off tackle. A well-executed play. On second down and four, Brum faked to his fullback, faked to his right halfback, slithered to his right, and pitched the ball out to his left halfback, Arnie Blancas. It was an almost perfect play. A strong runner, Blancas turned the corner easily and, helped by crisp downfield blocking, moved all the way to the Montana State fifteen-yard line before being tackled. However, as he went down he fumbled the ball, and the Bobcats recovered it. From that point on, it was a different game—as frequently happens when traditional rivals clash and the heavily favored team commits a blunder early in the game. In any event, Montana was never able to get its running attack going again. For one thing, Brum's timing seemed to be off, badly. For another, Coach Parac had obviously done a superb job of preparing his defensive unit for the Texas Y, and after the Bobcats had stopped the Grizzlies cold on a couple of series of downs you could practically see them expand with confidence and enthusiasm. Near the end of the first quarter, Montana State went out in front, 3–0, when Kalfoss, the Norwegian boy, kicked a field goal from the twenty-nine-yard line. How-



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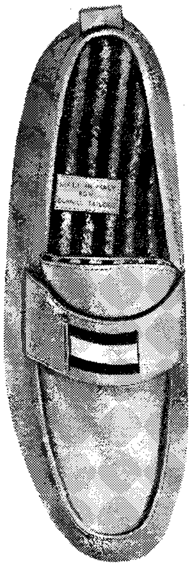

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ever, three minutes before the end of the first half the deep men in the Bobcats' defensive secondary fell asleep, and the Grizzlies scored on a forty-nine-yard pass play, Brum to Blancas. This made the score at the half 7–3. We had quite a ballgame on our hands, and I was so absorbed in it that I hardly paid attention to the Montana State majorette who capped the big half-time show by twirling two flaming batons while the Golden Band from Bobcat Land played de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance."

My hunch was that Montana's superior manpower and talent would begin to make themselves felt as the game wore on, but it didn't turn out that way. The third period was all Montana State. The Bobcats denied the Grizzlies a single first down, and they scored again themselves on a field goal that Kalfoss, the picture of calm and concentration, busted right through the middle of the goalposts from the thirty-two-yard line. And as the period ended, the Bobcats seemed headed for yet another score. A sustained sixty-yard march had carried them to the Montana three-yard line. Third down, goal to go. On the next play, the first play of the fourth quarter—with Kalfoss warming up his kicking leg along the sidelines in the event that he was needed on fourth down—the Bobcats tried a wide sweep around left end, and it proved to be disastrous. A hurried pitchout was not only mishandled, it was fumbled into the end zone and out of bounds for a touchback. The ball went over to the Grizzlies on their twenty-yard line.

Late in the fourth period, still trailing, 7–6, and with time running out, the amazing Bobcats got another long drive under way. With twenty-five seconds to go in the game, they had moved the ball down to the Montana twenty-five-yard line—fourth down coming up. Kalfoss trotted onto the field. As we noted earlier, the goalposts in college football are ten yards behind the goal line, and since Kalfoss, like most place-kickers, sets up seven yards behind the line of scrimmage, he was faced with a fairly tough kick. Not just the winning and losing of the game rode on the kick, everything did—all those wearisome months of endless practice, all those booster breakfasts and those motorcades from the airport when the team returned victorious, all that cheering and yakking and marching and worrying that still get poured into college football a hundred years after Princeton played Rutgers and the game came into being. Well, there

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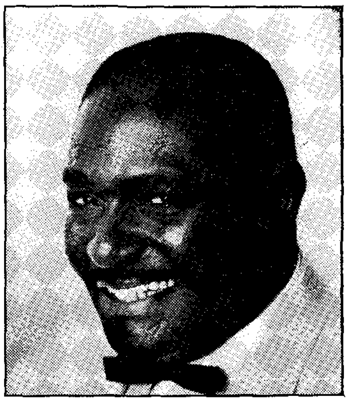

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we were at Gatton Field with twenty-five seconds to go, everyone on his feet, the big play coming up. There was nothing drastically wrong with the pass from the center or with the way the holder set the ball up or with Kalfoss's kicking action, but the timing could have been a bit sharper in every respect, and Kalfoss did not get off a real boomer. It was long enough, but too far to the right—six or seven yards too far. Moments later, the game was over. Montana 7, Montana State 6.

NEITHER side was exactly rhapsodic about the outcome. Montana's victory gave the Grizzlies the first conference championship in their history, and this naturally pleased their supporters, but their team, instead of humiliating the Bobcats with a regular *son-et-lumière* display, had played bumbling football and had been exceedingly lucky to win. The Montana State students, for their part, were proud that their team had risen to the occasion and played by far its best game of the year—the readiness pot *had* bubbled over right on schedule—but it is rather a hollow triumph to dominate a game thoroughly if in the end you fail to win it.

After the game, there was still a lot of daylight left, so I took a drive out to Three Forks. I spent a few minutes in the little town itself, staring hard at the Sacajawea Hotel, a musty white wooden structure named after perhaps the most romantic female in American history—the Shoshone Indian who guided Lewis and Clark practically the breadth of Montana. Just outside Three Forks, I walked to the spot where the Madison River, having been joined by the Jefferson a short distance to the south, unites with the Gallatin to form the Missouri—a handsome and vigorous river even at that point, about a hundred yards wide. Back in the car, I was thinking a mishmash of thoughts—about the game I'd just seen, about Lewis and Clark, about the two colleges and the two towns, about Princeton and Rutgers—and for no particular reason I flicked the radio on. A roundup of the college-football scores was in progress. It had been Arkansas 35, Texas A. & M. 13; Georgia Tech 20, Duke 7; Dartmouth over Yale 41–21 . . .

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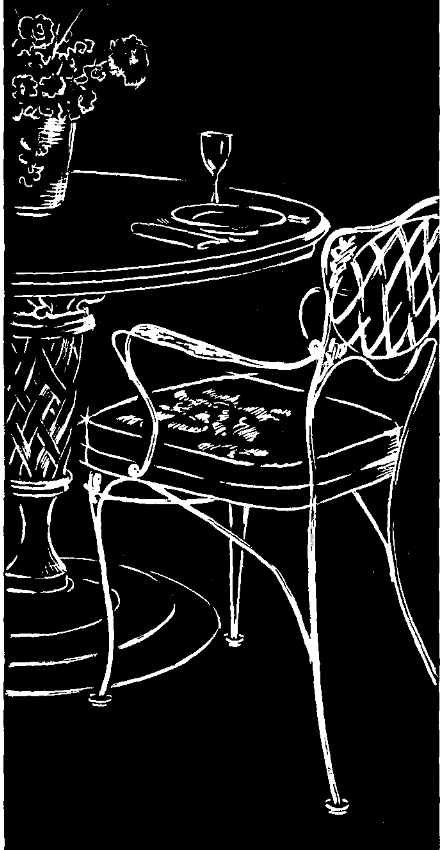

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"Z" is almost intolerably exciting—a political thriller that builds up so much tension that you'll probably feel all knotted up by the time it's over. The young director Costa-Gavras, using everything he knows to drive home his points as effectively as possible, has made something very unusual in European films—a political film with a purpose and, at the same time, a thoroughly commercial film. "Z" is undoubtedly intended as a political act, but it never loses emotional contact with the audience. It derives not from the traditions of the French film but from American gangster movies and prison pictures and "anti-Fascist" melodramas of the forties ("Cornered," "Crossfire," "Brute Force," "All the King's Men," "Edge of Darkness," "The Cross of Lorraine," et al.), and, like those pictures, it has a basically simple point of view. America stopped making this kind of melodrama (melodrama was always the chief vehicle for political thought in our films) during the McCarthy era, so Costa-Gavras has the advantage of bringing back a popular kind of movie and of bringing it back in modern movie style. "Z" has been photographed by Raoul Coutard, Godard's cameraman, in Eastmancolor used in a very strong, almost robust way, and although the photography is perhaps a little too self-consciously dynamic and, at times, not as hard-focussed as it might be, the searching, active style doesn't allow you to get away. Remember when the movie ads used to say, "It will knock you out of your seat"? Well, "Z" damn near does.

There hasn't been an exciting anti-Fascist suspense film around for a long time, and the subject of "Z" is so good that the audience is not likely to resent the use of melodramatic excitement the way it would now if the film were anti-Communist, like those Hollywood films of the early fifties in which our boy Gregory Peck was ferreting out Communist rats. "Z" is based on the novel by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos about the assassination of Gregorios Lambrakis, in Salonika, in May, 1963. Lambrakis, it may be recalled, was a professor of medicine at the University of Athens who was also a legislator and a spokesman for peace. He was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting—a murder planned to look like an accident. The investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. But in April, 1967, the military coup d'état overturned the legal government. "Z" reënacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to demonstrate how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order; it is a brief on the illegality of the present Greek government.

Jorge Semprun, the Spanish writer, who worked on the screenplay and wrote the dialogue, has said, "Let's not try to reassure ourselves: this type of thing doesn't only happen elsewhere, it happens everywhere." Maybe, but not necessarily in the same way, though some Americans are sure to take the conspiracy in "Z" as applying to our political assassinations, too. This movie has enough layers of reference without anyone's trying to fit the American political assassinations into it; our freaky loners, on the loose in a large, heterogeneous country, are part of a less tightly structured, more volatile situation. It's ironic that what apparently did happen in the Lambrakis affair should resemble the conspiracy fantasies of Mark Lane and other Americans about the death of President Kennedy. And to see how the network of crime and politics works to conceal the assassination in "Z" is aesthetically satisfying. One can easily recognize the psychological attraction, for both left and right, of spinning conspiratorial systems that make things grand and orderly. ("Z" opens with a witty treatment of right-wing paranoia.)

"Z" could not, of course, be made in Salonika; it was shot in Algeria, in French, as a French-Algerian co-production. The director, Costa-Gavras, is a Greek exile. (He was a leading ballet dancer in Greece before going to France, where he studied filmmaking and made his first picture, "The Sleeping Car Murder.") The score, by

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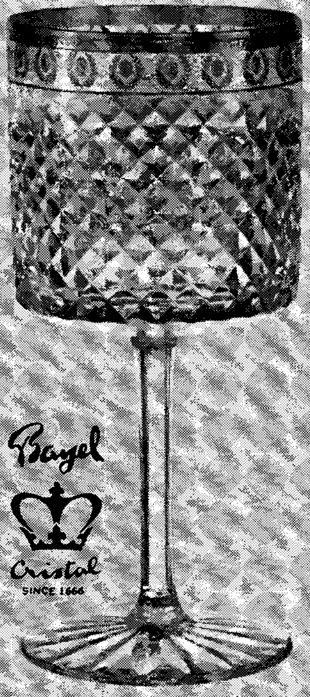

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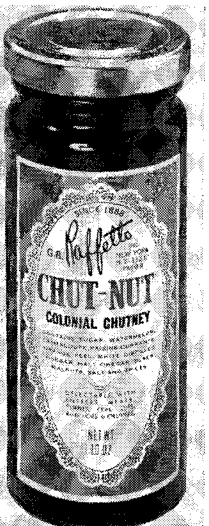
Mikis Theodorakis, who is now under house arrest in Greece (where his music is banned), is said to have been smuggled out. Yves Montand, who is the Lambrakis figure here, was recently seen as the Spanish hero of "La Guerre Est Finie," which Semprun, an exile from Spain, also wrote, and other actors from the Spanish setting turn up here, too. The Algerian locations, being the sites of actual tortures and demonstrations, add their own resonances; the hospital where injured men may be mistreated instead of treated plays its former role. The atmosphere is thus full of echoes, and the movie—consciously, I think—reactivates them. The subject touches off our recollections of Greece, of Algeria, of Spain, which combine to make us feel, "Yes—this is the way it happens," and to evoke images of and fears about all rightist terrorism.

On the one hand, there are the weak and corrupt and degenerate, the bullies and criminals—in a word, the Fascists. On the other, there are the gentle, intelligent, honorable pacifists—in a word, humanitarians. But Costa-Gavras gets by with most of this, because, despite our knowledge that he's leaning on us, he has cast the actors so astutely and kept them so busy that they miraculously escape being stereotypes. Some of them—particularly those who play the right-wing leaders, such as Pierre Dux in the role of a general—manage to suggest more than one notorious political figure. The cast of famous names and faces from the confused, combined past of many other movies forms a familiar, living background. I'm not sure exactly how Costa-Gavras has accomplished it, but in this movie—in contrast to so many other movies—the fact that we vaguely know these people works to his advantage, and enables him to tell the story very swiftly. It does not surprise us that François Périer, as the public prosecutor, is weak; that Renato Salvatori enjoys hitting people; that the magnificent Irene Papas is a suffering widow; that Charles Denner is half-Jewish; that Jean-Louis Trintignant is civilized and intelligent; and so on. All their earlier make-believe characters have merged in our memories; by now, when we see these actors they seem like people we actually used to know. I have sometimes found myself nodding at someone on the street before I realized that that was no old friend, it was David Susskind. There is the same sort of acquaintance with these actors, whom we have come to take for granted, and the ambience of known



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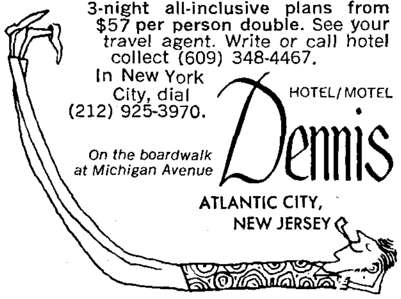

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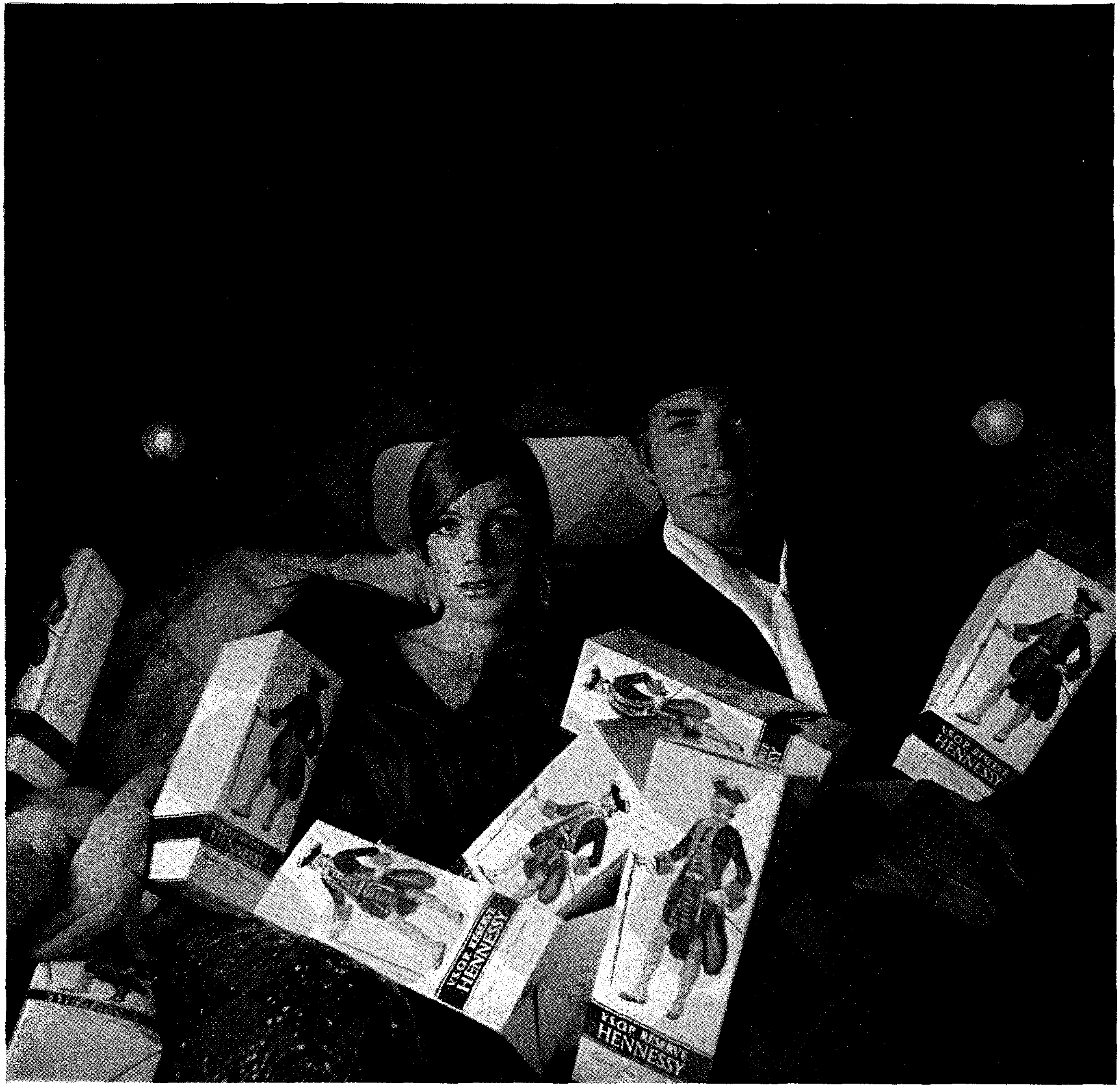

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people seems to authenticate the case.

Not all the elements are convincing. The staging of the crowd at the peace rally and of the police lines surrounding it doesn't feel right; it's confusing that the leader who dies appears to be beaten less than a man who survives; the motives of one of the assassins, who turns himself in, are obscure. Marcel Bozzufi, the actor playing this assassin, gives the most flamboyant performance in the film; it's enjoyable, because the movie needs to be lifted out of its documentary style from time to time, yet you are as much aware of Bozzufi's performance—even though it's a good one—as you were in "Open City" when the Gestapo chief came on faggy. There are scenes, such as Georges Geret acting a shade too comic with an ice pack, and Magali Noel being excessively vicious as his vicious sister, that are too much in the standard Jules Dassin-Edward Dmytryk tradition. And, as in the Hollywood forties, the martyred man is such a perfect non-denominational Good Man—like Victor in "Casablanca"—that one never really understands his politics or why the police and the military want to get rid of him. This is an ironic element in the book, where a possible explanation is offered—that the Fascists were afraid not of the left but of liberals, like this man, who were beginning to coöperate with the Communists. In the movie, though, we get the impression that this pure peacenik-liberal and his friends *are* the left and that they are mistaken for Communists (who probably don't exist at all) by the paranoid right.

But the pace, the staccato editing, the strong sense of forward movement in the storytelling, and that old but almost unfailingly effective melodramatic technique of using loud music to build up the suspense for the violent sequences put so much pressure on you that these details don't detract much. There is a serious flaw at the end, however, where the wrap-up comes too fast. All the way through, "Z" stays so close to the action that it doesn't explain the larger context, and by the end we have been battered so much that we want to understand more, so that we won't have been riding this roller coaster just for the thrills. The explanations of what happened to whom and how this incident precipitated the change in government, and then the reversals of fortune after the military coup, go by at dizzying speed, and this is a psychological miscalculation. We have an almost physical need for synthesis from a movie as powerful as this. We want to know who was protected by the new

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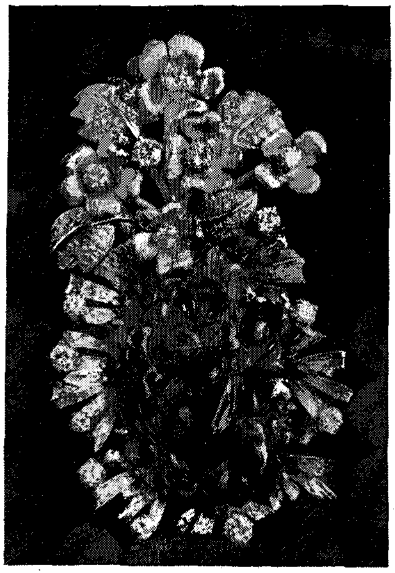

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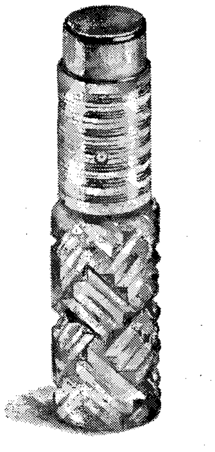
rightist regime and who was sacrificed; we want to see the larger political meaning of the events. We don't want just to use the film masochistically, to feed our worst fears or to congratulate ourselves for being emotionally exhausted.

In a thriller, the director's job is to hold you in his grip and keep squeezing you to react the way he wants you to, and Costa-Gavras does his job efficiently—in fact, sensationally. Is it valid, morally, to turn actual political drama—in this case, political tragedy—into political melodrama, like "Z"? I honestly don't know. The techniques of melodrama are not those of art, but if we accept them when they're used on trivial, fabricated stories (robberies, spy rings, etc.) merely to excite us, how can we reject them when the filmmakers attempt to use them to expose social evils and to dramatize political issues? Yet there is an aesthetic discrepancy when the methods are not worthy of the subject; when coercive, manipulative methods are used on serious subjects, we feel a discomfort that we don't feel when the subjects are trivial. It's one of the deep contradictions in movies that in what should be a great popular, democratic art form ideas of any kind seem to reach the mass audience only by squeezing it. I anticipate that some people may ask, "What's the problem? The movie is telling the truth." And others may say, "Whether it's accurate or not, it's convincing, and that's all a critic need fret about." Neither of these arguments clears away my basic uneasiness about the use of loaded melodramatic techniques, particularly now, when they can be so effectively blended with new semi-documentary methods to produce the illusion of current history caught by the camera. Given the genre, however, the men who made this film have been intelligent and restrained. I don't think Costa-Gavras ever uses violence except to make you hate violence, and such humanitarianism in filmmaking is becoming rare.

Melodrama works so well on the screen, and when it works against the present Greek military government it's hard to think ill of it. People will say of the moviemakers not that they're "laying it on" but that they're "laying it on the line." The truth is, they're doing both. "Z" is a hell of an exciting movie, and it carries you along, though when it's over and you've caught your breath you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker, if there were one (fortunately,



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there isn't), against the left or the center.

"ALFRED THE GREAT" appears to be not about the king who burned the cakes but about a movie studio that has been burning money. It is set in the Dark Ages, and it seems to have been made in the Dark Ages of M-G-M. Alfred, it turns out, is another "reluctant" king. (Was there ever a hero-king on the screen who wasn't reluctant?) David Hemmings' Alfred is some sort of sword-swinging pacifist with a Gandhian anti-sex, self-deprivation twist. Hemmings performs much like Tony Curtis in his "Yonder lies da castle of me fodder" days, and Michael York clangs around in funny armor as wild Guthrum, the Danish barbarian who's all aglint for the pleasures of the flesh. When Alfred agrees to give this sexy pagan anyone in his kingdom as a hostage, there can hardly be a child in a movie house anywhere in the world who won't know what poor Alfred can't guess—that Guthrum will take Alfred's bride, Queen Aelhswith. Prunella Ransome, as the sadly neglected Aelhswith, wears lovely gowns and the latest hair styles, but, in the interests of some madman's idea of authenticity, the actors and actresses don't wear skin makeup. It's such a novelty that our attention becomes absolutely riveted on their blotches and blemishes. There isn't much that's riveting, because the movie begins with murder, rape, and a bloody battle before we know why we should care, and it's execrably edited, as if it sought to keep us dislocated. It is all so terrible that after a while one sits back and counts the money going by on its way to the furnace; between five million and seven million dollars passes before the picture is charred to a halt. "Alfred the Great" is preposterously brutal, with such incidental details as the wholesale ravaging of nuns, but the movie has been made so incompetently that the violence doesn't shock one, as it does in "Z." It's just director Clive Donner's way of getting you to pay attention. Vivien Merchant plays a rather mysterious mute. My guess is that after she had read the script she simply refused to speak her lines. Which makes her the smartest person who had any connection with "Alfred the Great."

—PAULINE KAEL

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

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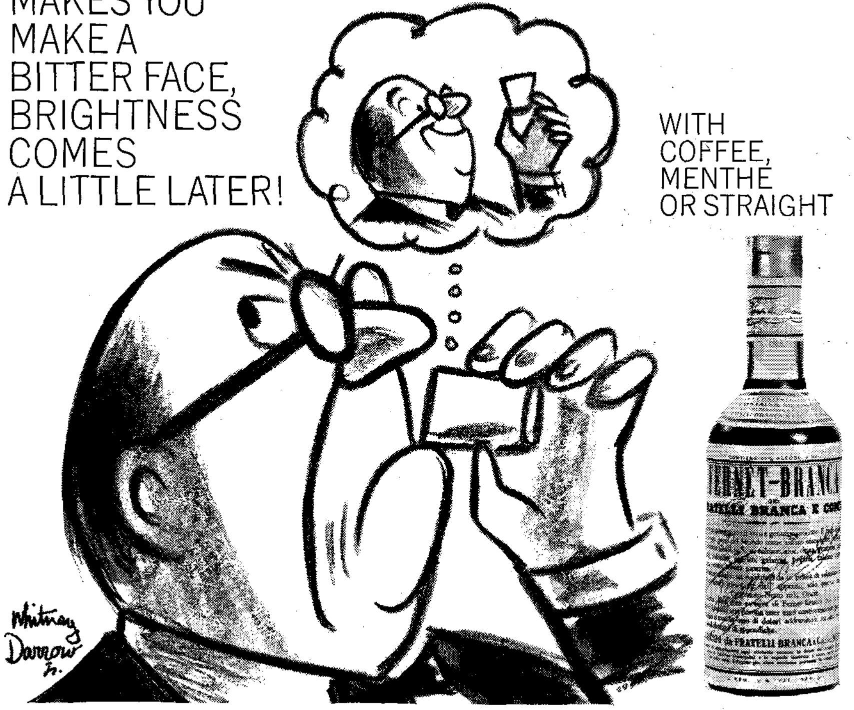

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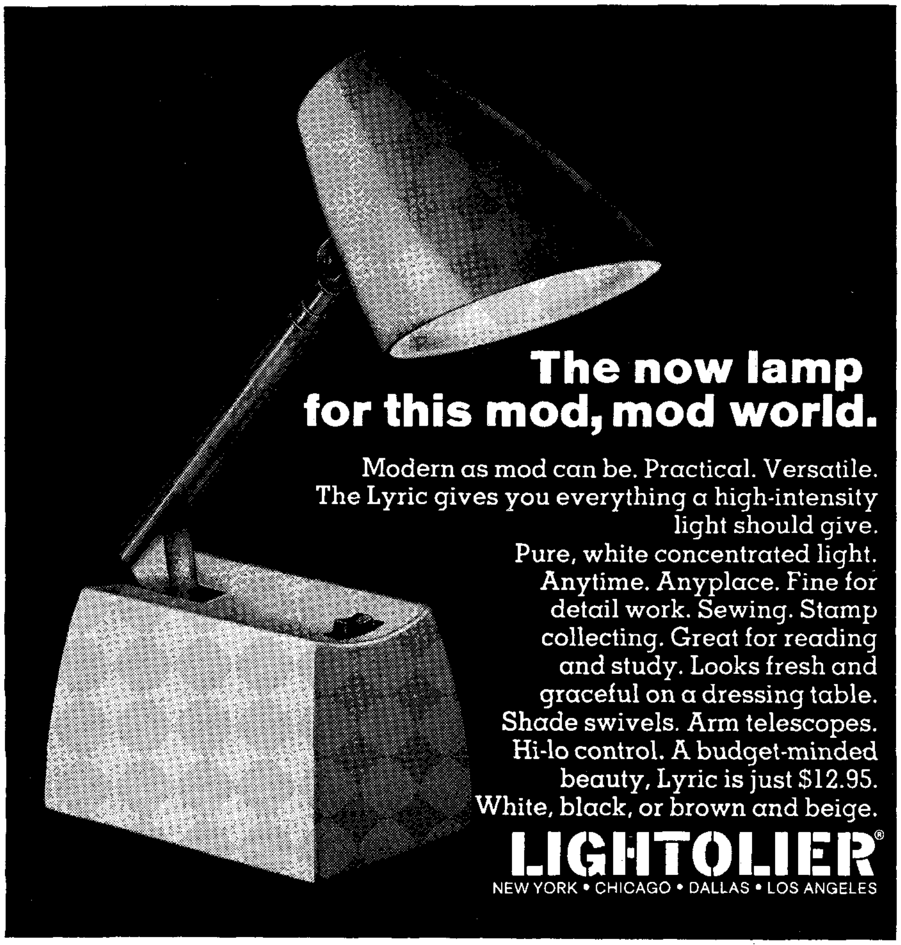
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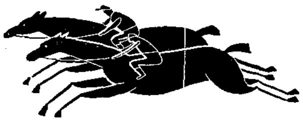
THE RACE TRACK

Staying Power

THE notion that horses—and especially Quicken Tree—are getting softer these days was upset in the fifteenth running of the Display Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. After a particularly gruelling race two weeks earlier in the Gallant Fox Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs, when Ship Leave, Hydrologist, and Quicken Tree passed the post inches apart, they met again last weekend, at two miles, and this time Quicken Tree won by seven lengths from Hydrologist, with Ship Leave third, three-quarters of a length farther behind. It was the second victory in the Display for Louis Rowan's six-year-old California-bred; two years ago he beat He's a Smoothie, one of Canada's best, and six others in a driving finish. Last year, he climaxed his invasion of the East with a victory in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, New York's only other two-miler. Saturday's running of the Display was done in 3:20⅕, and there wasn't a dull instant. Also, the jockeyship was better than it has been in a lot of long races I've seen. As usual, there was a claim of foul. Thomas, the boy on Good Manners, charged that Quicken Tree had crowded him, or something. The claim was quickly disallowed. By the way, Quicken Tree ran the last quarter mile in 0:24⅕; it's true that the early pace was slow, but a horse who can do that at the end of his run in a long race is something extra. I thought Ship Leave went well; Hydrologist, who had an advantage in the weights over their last meeting, didn't pass him until they were well into the stretch.



Of the ten that ran, I was most interested in Sabelium, a French five-year-old who had finished second in the Prix Gladiateur, at three miles, under 130 pounds, at Longchamp six weeks before. He's a great big beautiful bright bay, with good depth through the heart and powerful quarters. I thought he was the handsomest thing I'd seen since Majestic Prince. Daniel Wildenstein, who owns him, had him flown here specially for the Display, and, I fancy, was as disappointed over the performance as he was over the performance of Felicio, another of his horses, in the Man o' War at Belmont in October. For a mile and a half, Sabelium was fifteen lengths behind the next-to-last horse. He had never raced on a dirt track before, but I venture to say that the unusually long time he spent in quarantine affected his running more than the footing did.

SORRY to keep dragging Rudy Turcotte's name into these notes, but earlier last week the *Wunderkind* of our autumn season got six winners out of eight rides one afternoon. It had been five years since any jockey made such a score in New York. For the record, it was Venezia, on December 7, 1964, also at Aqueduct. Turcotte started off in the first race by winning on Subtet ($7.40) from Traffic Note, the favorite; he finished fourth in the second; he won the third on The Strumpet ($7.40), who beat Little Native, the favorite, by a head; he had no mount in the fourth; and he finished last in the fifth. Then he got rolling, taking the sixth on Hickory Hollow ($4.20) by six; taking the seventh on Luci Tee ($5.60) by five; taking the eighth on Lucky Richard ($6) by four and a half; and, riding for all he was worth, getting Awesome ($7.80) home by a length in the ninth. If you had put $2 on each of his mounts, you'd have added only $22.40 to your bankroll. That's because he has a big following, who make his mounts short prices. But even so it's better than tearing up losing tickets. What I like about the young man—more than his ability to ride a strong finish—is that he knows he has a lot to learn and earnestly studies the film-patrol movies of the races he rode in the day before. Not many apprentices do that.

LAST chance to get even: The Grey Lag Handicap, at seven furlongs, which wasn't run last April, thanks to the horsemen's boycott, heads the card at the Big A this weekend. It's the final stakes of the season. Colonel Martingale has no selections.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Anatoli Kuznetsov, the Russian author who obtained political asylum in England last summer, may make a lecture tour of the United States this winter. The Boston agency negotiating with him says his guaranteed net will be in six figures. Other sources put it at $150,000.

—*Newsweek*.

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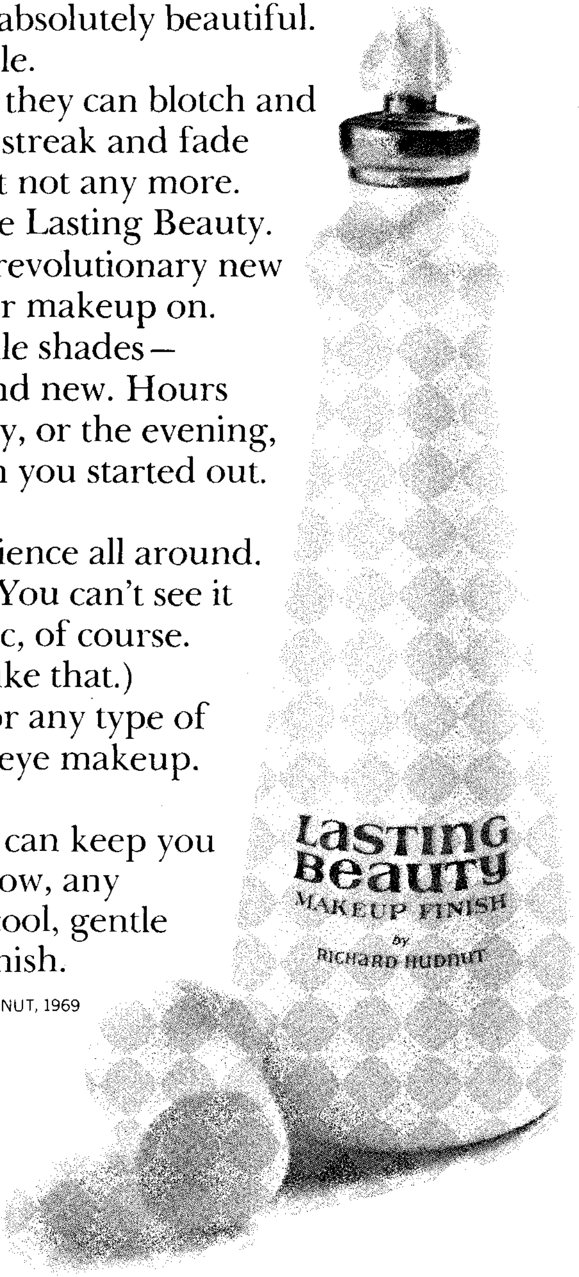

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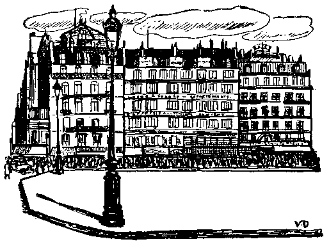
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 4

"THOSE countries erred that overwhelmingly fell upon the Americans for the massacre at Songmy, since at least the Americans will bring to public trial the men responsible for it. One could wish that all military nations would display the same courage. When it comes to massacring defenseless civilians, what difference is there between pulling the trigger of a machine gun and pushing the button on the bomb release of a plane? Yet there *is* a difference. It lies in that last look the victim gives before being shot. That last look is what now rises from the grave to haunt the murderer. . . . In the American memory, the six hundred dead at Songmy perhaps weigh more heavily than the eighty thousand at Hiroshima." As you might suppose, these restrained lines, reinforced by their bitter reference to a historic earlier American horror, are from *Le Monde*. Except for the Communist *L'Humanité*, none of the Paris newspapers were vociferous about Songmy. Two major Paris weeklies that are both strongly against the war even remained silent at first. The memories of the French press and the French people are still too fresh, too poisonously green, about the tortures that the French Army inflicted on native soldiers (and women) during the Algerian War—tortures frequently inflicted to obtain military information, as the Nazis had done, in the secret-police office in the Rue des Saussaies, catty-corner from de Gaulle's Presidential residence—for the French not to feel still traumatized today. Indeed, it would seem that it was only when de Gaulle, despite his proud, nationalistic myopia, saw that a colonial war, being uncontrollable, could not be won in modern times by an alien European army, fighting not only against a well-equipped native army but against an entire native population, that he brought the Algerian War to an abrupt end and forced peace and liberty on the still warlike Algerians, along with a generous commercial treaty. The way the Algerian War came to its official end seems to the French, in retrospect, to be part of a new system of controlled history. On de Gaulle's realistic deprivation of France of both victory and martial glory France has built the increased population and surprising durability of its present Fifth Republic. The most acute Paris reaction since the Songmy massacre has been curiosity as to when and how the White House now plans to terminate our increasingly demoralizing Vietnam war.



A CHEF-D'ŒUVRE of a new Russian-language film, called "Andrei Rublev" and directed by a thirty-year-old cinematographer named Andrei Tarkovsky, has, after multiple Moscow-manufactured difficulties, been permitted by the Soviet cinema authorities to be shown here, and is now playing in five Paris theatres, one of them on the international Champs-Élysées strip. The film, made in Moscow about three years ago, has not yet been shown in the Soviet Union, having been considered ideologically ambiguous in places—an error regarded in Russia as more dangerous than mayhem—even though it was made under the high aegis of the Union of Cinema Workers, coupled with the Writers' Union. A costly, remarkable production, its career until now seems to have consisted in being kept invisible and brought out only rarely, to be briefly quarrelled about. Last spring, it was supposed to have been shown at the Cannes Festival, but at the last minute the Soviet film authorities recanted. At this year's Festival, it was actually screened, but it was not permitted to be part of the regular competition, as if the Soviet officials feared that it might be given the Grand Prix, which could indeed have been the case. At this retrogressive moment in Moscow, when the strict strictures of Stalinist social realism seem to be rising again from their ashes, and the Solzhenitsyn literary problem of liberty for a writer to write and also to be published has been gravely dangerous for him (nor will he be aided by the publication here in French of his novel "The First Circle" or by its having been given a prize as the best foreign book of the year), it is natural that Soviet movies should also undergo some restrictions. This film, built in part around Rublev, who lived from about 1360 to 1430 and became the pre-Renaissance master painter of Russia's church icons, could be upsetting to Marxists of "strict obedience," since it is bathed in a pre-Revolutionary Slavic mysticism (and brutality). One

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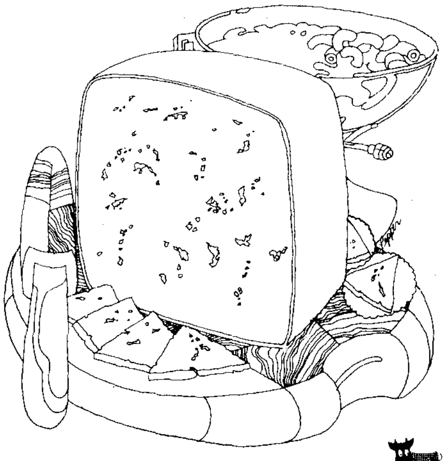

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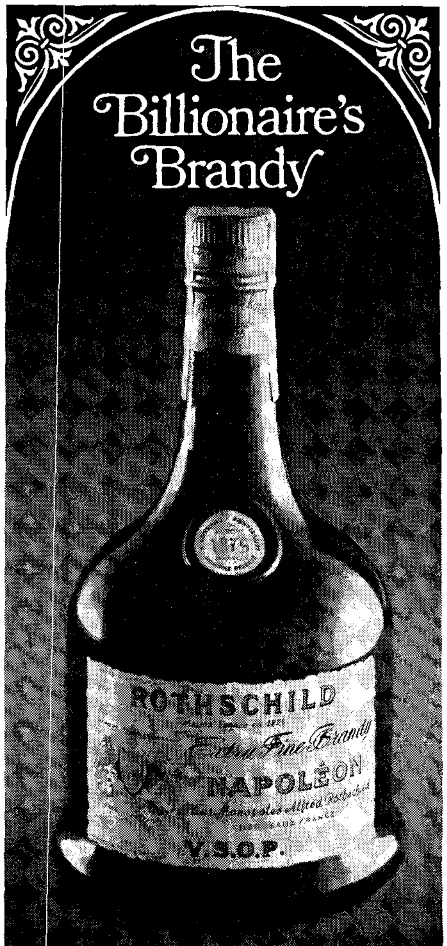
of the official Moscow criticisms of the film was that it is too religious (though, after all, Rublev was a painter-monk) and too long, which is certainly the truth. In Paris, it runs three hours without a break. It is like a descendant of the early, astonishing, populous historical films, such as Eisenstein's "Potemkin" (which it resembles but does not equal), of Russia's great golden epoch. It is a film that is fascinating, enriching, full of the sap and the soup of Russian rural life, of dirt and dirty girls, of trees and fields, and of people: dozens and dozens of them, whom you get to know with your eyes the way you know them with your mind in a Russian novel—people connected vaguely but consistently with one another, though hardly intimate (except through common tragedies), because there seems to be too much space in the vast horizons for intimacies. The film has a story—has several stories. One is centered on the Tartars, who every so often—riding wildly, even obsessively, sitting their horses like centaurs—rush in across the plain to raid and rape. Their leader, as handsome as a richly dressed yellow idol, is always laughing, in contrast to the sad-faced Slavs. The horseback riding and the crush and the quantities of black, neighing, galloping stallions and mares are an unforgettable sequence. The main story, of course, is Rublev and his determination not to paint a gloomy Last Judgment, of torture and worn-out wickedness, which is what the Church has demanded of him. As a man of the coming Renaissance, he wants to paint beautiful, happy people being judged, so as to cheer up the ugly mortals still alive, whose sins and bestiality are their only consolations on earth, along with holy days. You believe in Rublev as the true artist rebel, whose genius prevents him from obeying any authority except his own spirit—ideologically, not only the Slav mystic but the perfect disobedient revolutionary, who, as Russia progressed over time, would not have obeyed any Soviet art commissar. (This is what makes the film dangerous.) The final story, a short one, is that of Rublev's young friend, son of a great bell founder who knew how to make the bronze ring true. Because, as an artist, the lad longs to make his own great bell, he at first lies even to Rublev, as well as to the priests, claiming that his father, on his deathbed, told him the secret of the metal amalgam for enduring bronze. However, the boy has faith, if not knowledge, and he digs the great hole where the metal will be



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poured and helps build the rig to swing the bell aloft (all exciting to watch), and, under the eyes of a Muscovite prince, his story comes true, and you see the bell swinging and hear it ringing over the flat Russian plain. There is also a too long spring-bacchanal scene of naked full-busted and full-buttocked girls and bearded naked men, which is vigorous and touching at first, like a not very good fifteenth-century masterpiece of spring by an untalented country artist. At the end of the film, which suddenly turns from black-and-white to luxurious color, you see Rublev's famous painting of the Trinity, probably now in Moscow. It is a revelation. For Rublev was a great, too early Renaissance artist, with the formality of the thirteenth century not yet quite cast off.

IN the magnetic, scholarly, and intimate exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale of the poems, manuscripts, drawings, photos, personal letters of love or of mere inspiration, and other memorabilia of Guillaume Apollinaire, there is, hung in a corner, a peculiar black-and-white painting of a door—ugly, unvarnished-looking, shabby, and precisely the size of a very common door—which is the perfect portrait of a door in the famous Montmartre Bateau Lavoir studios, where most of Apollinaire's closest friends lived in the first splendidly gifted years of the early nineteen-hundreds, and in the poverty that still distinguished them, as proof that their superiority had not yet been recognized. It could not have been a portrait of Picasso's door, because on his he had painted "Rendez-vous des Poètes." In any case, the door portrait has an added historical interest this week, because the Bateau Lavoir was sold at public auction a few days ago and was then rebought by the City of Paris, to be preserved as a sentimental *monument historique* to the memory of those gifted creators of, and believers in, the bizarre, bewildering novelty that was French Cubist art.

The exhibition offers an ideal climate for staring and browsing; there are no crowds, and the visitor has time and space to peer, to consult the catalogue notes, and to remember, if he is old enough, the advent of Cubism—the greatest new aesthetic excitement in Paris in the first quarter of this century. It is the people around Apollinaire at that time who make the exhibition seem today still intimate and satisfying to Parisians. Repeatedly drawn toward women, he began his literary career when one quite reasonably refused to

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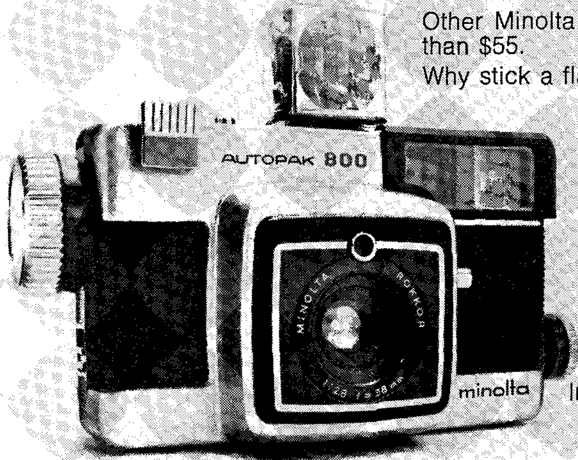

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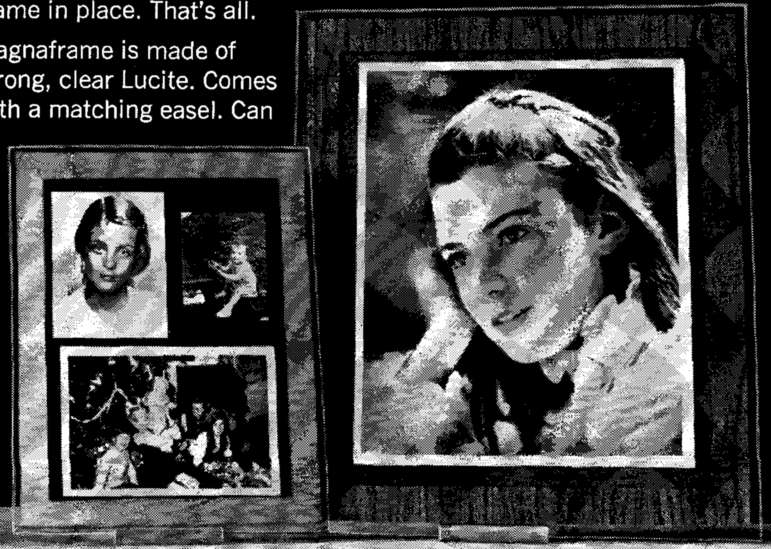

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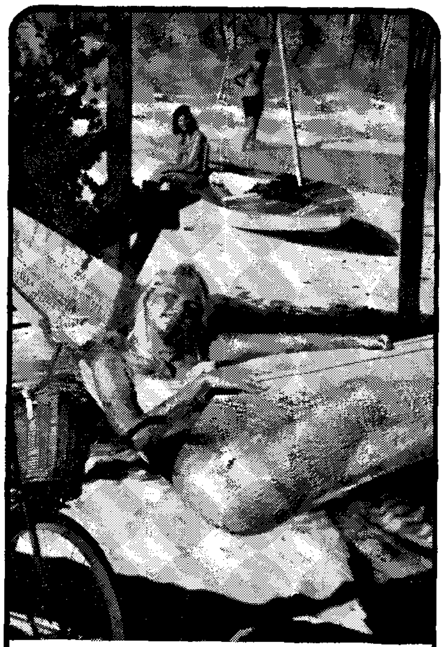

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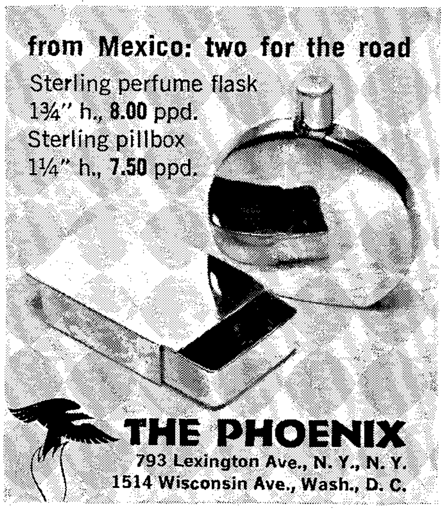

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elope with him and he wrote what is still his most celebrated and popular poem, "La Chanson du Mal-Aimé"—a phrase that entered the French language. Absorbing the material in the showcases, the visitor follows Apollinaire's career step by step—how, when penniless, he found a job in a bank, became intimate with Picasso and Max Jacob in the Bateau Lavoir, and, under their influence, began writing his first articles on Cubist art, of which he came to be the theorist. There is on view the handwritten original of a love poem to Marie Laurencin, the dominant love of his life, since his passion lasted at a white heat of suffering and joy for five whole years. The poem starts, "Mon destin, Ô Marie, est de vivre à vos pieds" and is written on the back of a credit slip of some provincial bank, for which he must have been working here in Paris. There is Marie's famous self-portrait—oval-faced and expressionless, like a swan's egg—which she gave Apollinaire, and which remained in his collection of memorabilia, the source of so much of this exhibition. In 1913, *Le Mercure de France* published "Alcools," a collection of his most recent poems, which established the first of his modern styles in poetry—styles that made his fame for their audacity, the titles of his books alone being like private headlines. His career in the First World War is now a familiar classic: a foreigner (he was born in Rome), he volunteered into the French Army as a front-line infantryman, and was given the rank of second lieutenant as recompense. In 1916, this led to his suddenly being naturalized a Frenchman—he who had always considered himself merely an internationalist, with Paris as his homeland. At this point in the exhibition, there is displayed the pleasing, unfamiliar photograph of his attractive unwed, lighthearted mother, who passed her nights and, indeed, her life at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo—the wayward Angelica de Kostrowitzky, daughter of an excellent, if modest, old noble Polish family. Her son was sired, it is supposed, by a well-born Italian follower of the Neapolitan Bourbons.

It was in March, 1916, now serving as an artillery officer, that Apollinaire was wounded in the temple by a shell fragment that pierced his helmet (shown in the Bibliothèque exhibition)—wounded to his surprise, because, according to the gossip André Billy, "he had believed in his own legend of invulnerability." With haste, his publishers brought out a book with another of his amazing titles, "Le Poète

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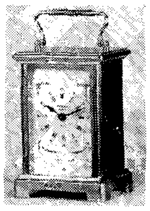

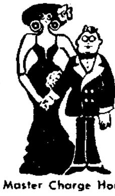

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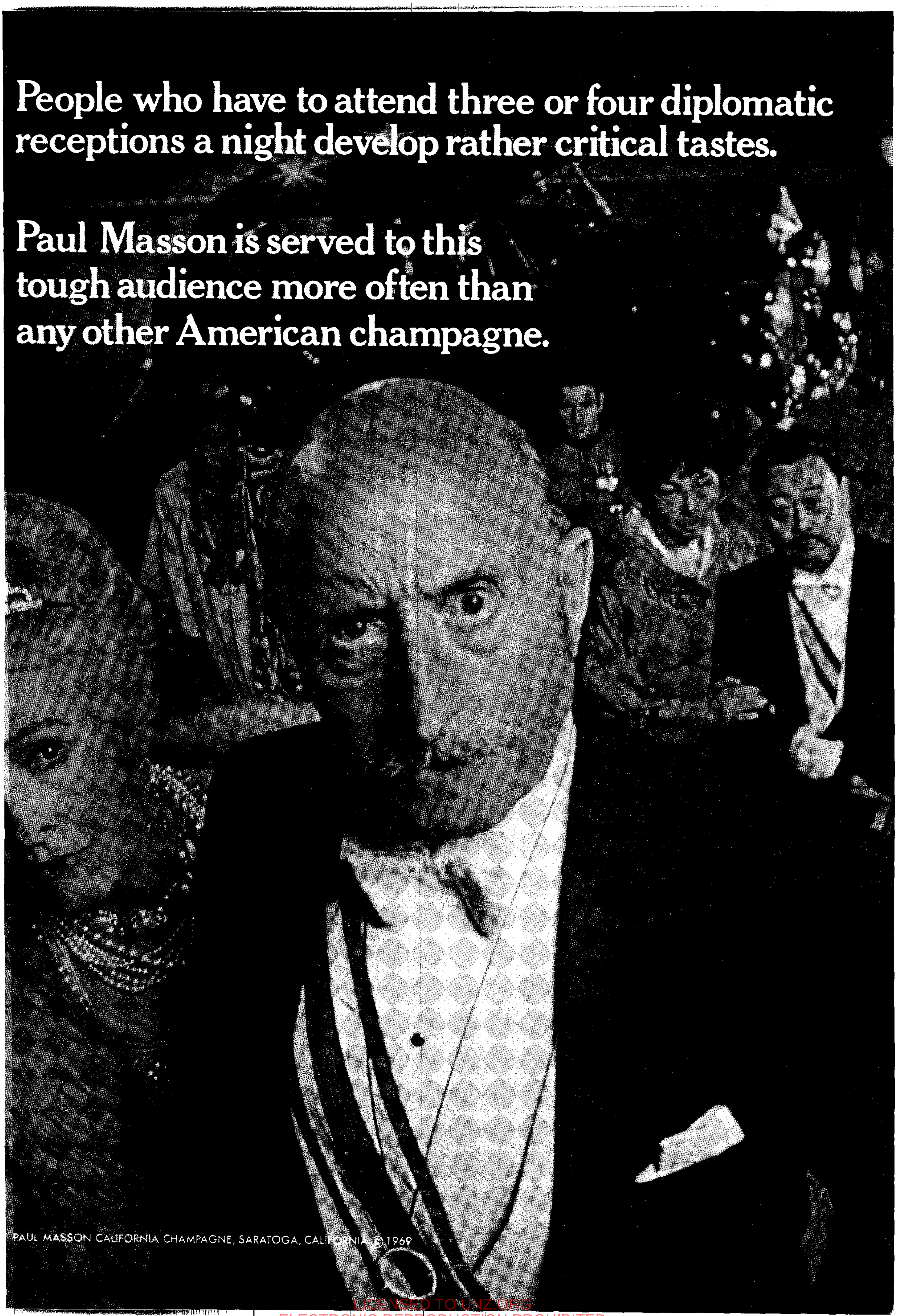

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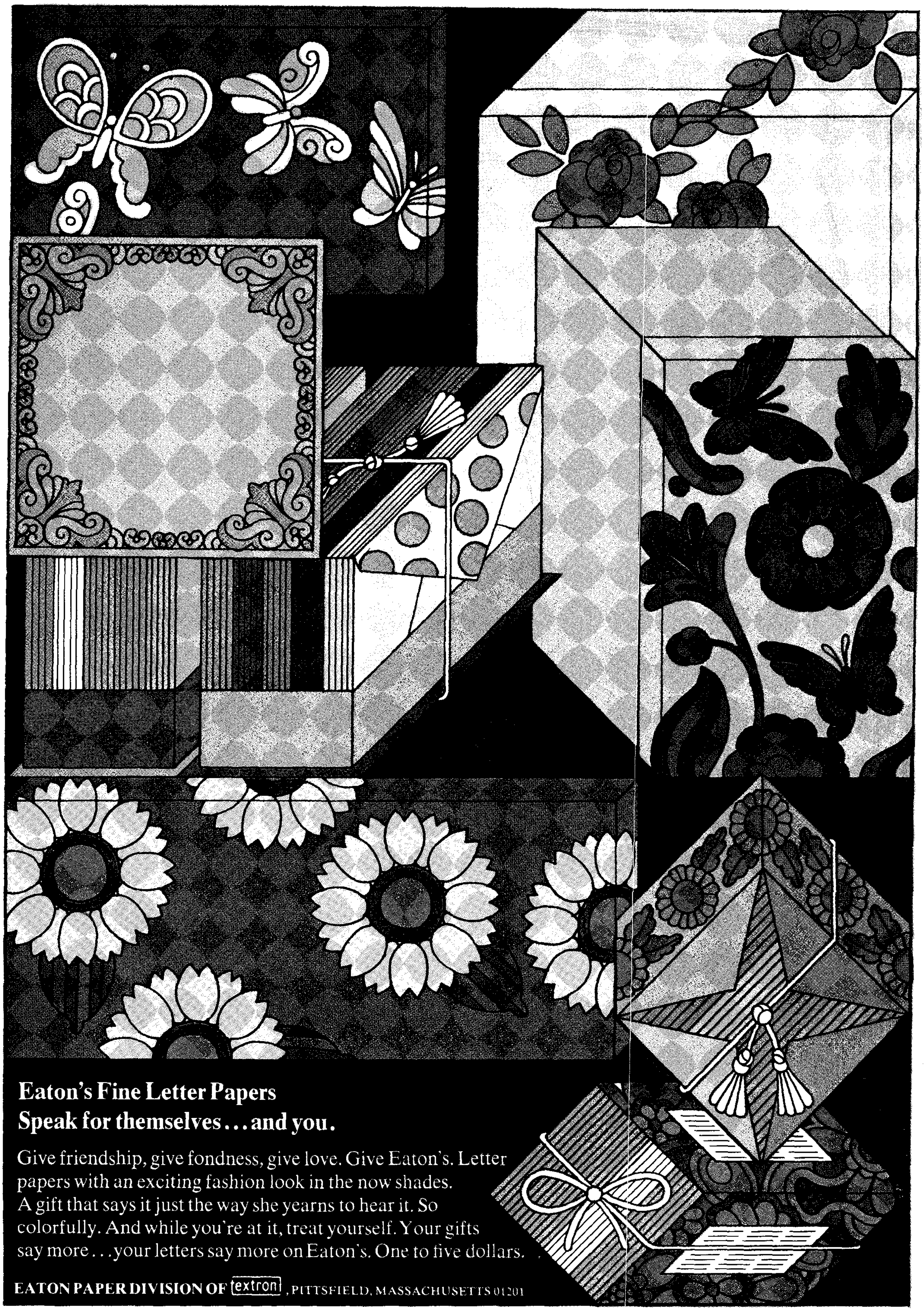

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Assassiné," which was not poetry but a collection of mostly autobiographical short stories he had written earlier. He was now the mastermind of the whole Montparnasse collection of writers, as a letter from young André Breton testifies: "I would give up Verlaine for you. I know most of the 'Alcool' poems by heart." Apollinaire wrote the program notes for the opening Ballet Russe performance of "Parade," at the Châtelet, and Picasso had long since made the famous portrait drawing of him in the hospital—head bandaged as though with a turban, and, only faintly visible, his Croix de Guerre pinned to his sickbed jacket. To celebrate the publication of "Poète Assassiné," his coterie gave him a banquet, at which the quarrelsome speeches by the Futurists against the Cubists deafened both groups. In June, 1917, a Montmartre theatre put on, with unimportant music, his anti-war playlet "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," a youthful satire that prefigured Surrealism. On its cover, it was subtitled "A Surrealist Drama"—the word being employed here for the first time. These "Tirésias" relicts are among the most carefully scrutinized by the bibliophiles who have attended the Apollinaire exhibition, for Apollinaire's time was running out. He had met a red-haired French girl named Jacqueline Kolb, who, like many other French girls, had become a war nurse. She had lost her fiancé in the same battle in which Apollinaire was wounded. She and Apollinaire were married in May, 1918, and Picasso was one of the bridegroom's witnesses. But that autumn the poet sickened with the new scourge of Spanish influenza. On his deathbed, he cried, "I want to live! I have so many things to say!" He died two days before the war ended. Behind him he left, like a new colony in literacy, an extension of modern emotion and expression in remarkable French poetry.

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At Christmas the Websters always had a tree spider-webbed with angel hair and ropes of tinsel. Underneath were figures of shepherds, wise men and a tiny manager that I looked for every year.—*Washington Post.*

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I AM glad to see that television opera is back after its long period of neglect since the demise of the N.B.C. Opera. And at least one man who did remarkable service with the N.B.C., the conductor Peter Herman Adler, is back at his old post. The host this time is N.E.T. Opera, on Channel 13, with Kirk Browning in the role of director. Last Wednesday night, the new series started off with a production of Leoš Janáček's opera "From the House of the Dead," which is based on the Dostoevski novel of that name, and all the techniques appropriate to television opera—closeups, superb acting, immaculate diction, faces undisturbed by vocal effort, and so on—were given full play. I found the result a moving theatrical experience, partly because of the excellence of the production and partly because Janáček had written what might be described as the ideal opera for television, even though it was composed in the twenties.

In some ways, Janáček was the most revolutionary opera composer of his time, which roughly paralleled Puccini's, and the operatic revolution he undertook did more to bring opera into the twentieth century than the efforts of any other composer. It is surprising that he has had no imitators, and that his work has remained obscure to most listeners up to the present day. Much of his revolution consisted in giving the words of his operas the musical inflections they have in ordinary conversation, and in making the orchestra the main bearer of the lyric element. Moreover, the orchestra in his operas is handled in a highly original manner. It never interferes with the vocal line, and it produces an undercurrent of harmonies—blocks of sound, really—that change frequently, to give atmosphere to what is going on on the stage. This method permitted Janáček to set to music what most composers would have considered totally inappropriate types of drama. "From the House of the Dead," though it contains more spoken lines and less singing than most of his other operas, is a good example of this. No composer in history except Janáček would have considered Dostoevski's gloomy account of his adventures in a Siberian prison camp fit material for an opera. "From the House of the Dead" lacks sex, that first requisite of practically all opera. It does deal with the second requisite—death—but in a totally unromantic manner. Yet "From the House of the Dead" comes off theatrically to the point where the audience becomes deeply involved in what is being presented. And its music is beautiful and altogether apt.

The opera is practically plotless. A Russian aristocrat who has been convicted of revolutionary activity arrives at the camp. His name is Petrovich. He is brutally treated, and thrust among the other prisoners. Then, one by one, a group of prisoners relate their life experiences. There are three murderers and heaven knows how many lesser criminals. Everybody has a believable human motive for what he has done. There is an interlude, on Easter Sunday, when one of the convicts dresses up as a woman and takes part in a ribald pantomime about "The Intrigues of the Beautiful Miller's Wife." There is a lot of drinking, and the surroundings are pitiably sordid. Eventually, Petrovich is pardoned and leaves. Seeing him go, the other prisoners celebrate his freedom, which they do not begrudge him at all. At the end, one has seen the inside doings of a typical Siberian prison stockade—and I doubt whether the stockades have changed much since the time Dostoevski wrote about such things. But, despite all the squalor, Janáček's music gives the characters a human dimension that seems to say, as he himself wrote on the manuscript of the score, "In every being there is a spark of God." Among the universally magnificent singing actors who participated, Robert Rounseville as Petrovich, Harry Danner as the kindly prisoner Alyosha, David Lloyd as Skuratov, Frederick Jagel as the aged Luka, and John Reardon as Shishkov, a man who has murdered for love, had the richest parts. The choice of the opera—by a great Czech composer, at a time when Czechoslovakia is being brutally oppressed and some of its citizens are probably being shipped off to just such camps—was obviously an inspired one. The performance was in English, no doubt causing some interference with melody designed for the inflections of the Czech language, but to a non-Czech the result was highly effective.

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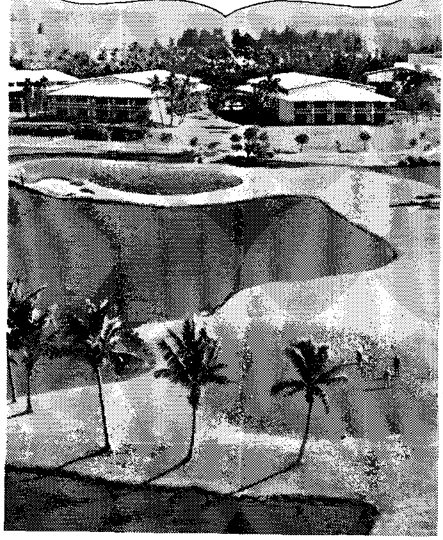

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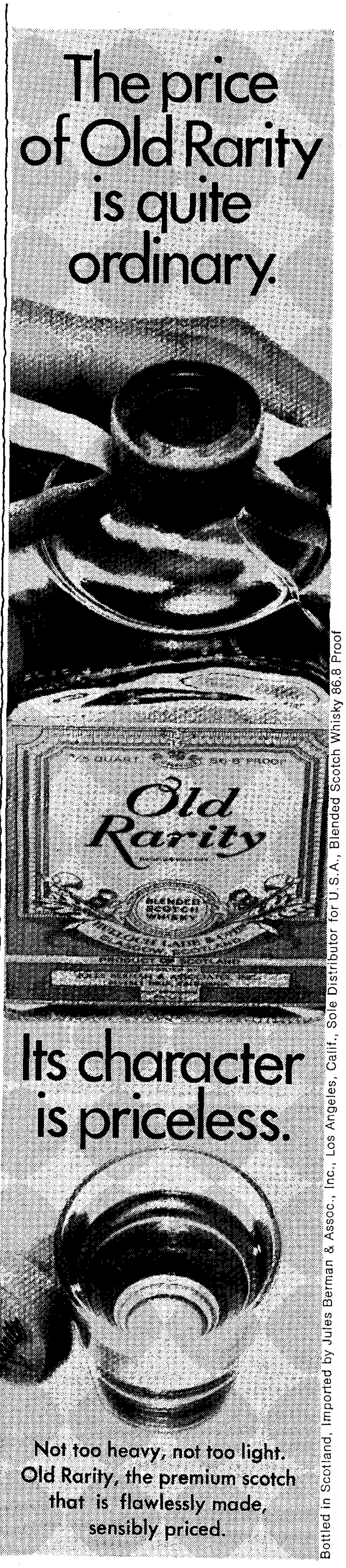
his life in Italy, is virtually unknown today except to musicologists and compilers of musical dictionaries. Last Tuesday night, at Alice Tully Hall, the Clarion Concerts, under the baton of Newell Jenkins, revived one of his historically most famous operas, "Medea in Corinto," for what was said to be its first New York performance. The event also constituted the first use of Alice Tully Hall as an opera house. Its orchestra pit had been lowered, and the staging presented a real operatic production, with imaginatively simple settings and pleasant costumes by Holmes Easley. The production was supervised by Nikos Psacharopoulos. Most people were pleased by the acoustical properties of the hall when it is used in this manner, and the performance had its virtues. Unfortunately, Mayr was a *bel-canto* composer, with a style that sometimes resembled Mozart and sometimes nearly everybody else up to Giuseppe Verdi, and the demands he makes on his singers in this work are of an athletic type that only a handful of present-day artists can cope with. The singers on this occasion, with one possible exception, were not up to these demands. Nearly all the *fioritura* was merely sketched, and the Italian diction of one of the singers—Allen Cathcart, who sang the role of Giasone, or Jason—was utterly miserable. Some matters went better. Marisa Galvany, making her New York début, as Medea, showed a lot of acting temperament and a voice of fairly rich quality, with a considerable amount of agility. She is twenty-nine. I should say that she is a distinctly promising singer. Robert White, who sang the role of Egeo, or Aegeus, is a young man with a quite pleasant tenor voice, which he pressed skillfully into the falsetto range for some high notes. Thomas Palmer, a basso with weak low notes, was otherwise acceptable as Creonte (Creon), and Molly Stark sang well enough in the role of Ismene. Joan Patenaude looked pretty and displayed a pleasant lyric soprano voice as Creusa. But none of this, except perhaps Miss Galvany's Medea, was anywhere near the virtuoso standards this sort of opera requires, and Mr. Jenkins' conducting, though accurate, was terribly stiff.

The opera itself remains a museum piece. Neither its libretto nor its music has the classical concision of Cherubini's "Médée," which was written sixteen years before. It contains some pretty dull passages. I do not presume to say that Mayr had no style of his own, though such was the impression given by all those Mozartisms and



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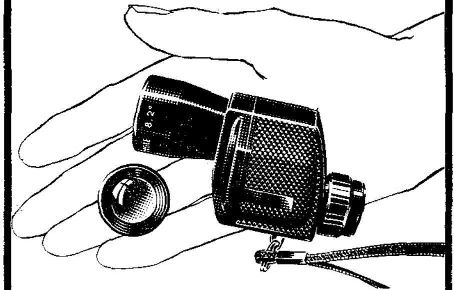

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Donizetti-isms. One cannot tell from a single work whether *any* composer has a style of his own—imagine trying to decide whether Chopin had a style of his own from a single fantasia; the conclusion would be that he sounded something like Schumann, something like Liszt, etc., etc. But the fact remains that Mayr's "Medea in Corinto" is not very coherent, not really well constructed. I am glad to have heard it once, and I applaud the Clarion Concerts' spirit of enterprise in unearthing it. But I have no desire to hear it again.

THE Russians seem to have an inexhaustible supply of magnificent pianists—just as many nowadays as they had a couple of generations ago, when they started exporting them. Alexander Slobodyanik, who appeared in Carnegie Hall last Thursday night, stands high among them. His technical fluency and delicate control of tonal shadings put him immediately in the first rank among contemporary pianists. He is also a superb Chopin player, who knows and presents brilliantly every subtlety of the traditions of Chopin rubato. Besides all this, he is an extraordinarily handsome, tall, blond young man who seems destined to become a concert idol in the West, if the Russians let him out often enough. His manner of playing closely resembles that of the Russian spellbinder Sviatoslav Richter. There is the same thirty seconds of reverent meditation before he begins to play, the same throwing back of the head in climactic passages, the same look of intense concentration. Yet Mr. Slobodyanik is no imitation. He is quite a spellbinder himself. His program the other night contained Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat Major, Opus 26; two mazurkas and an étude by Chopin, as well as the F-Minor Fantasie, Opus 49; Prokofieff's Sonata No. 7 in B Flat Major, Opus 83; and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The Stonington Volunteer Fire Department responded to a call at Mrs. Everett Eaton's at 12:46 P.M. Tuesday. The fire was confined to a pair of slippers in the broiler.—*Stonington (Maine) Island Ad-Vantages.*

That was the day it snowed.

•

Most groups realized that even though life in Yugoslavia was not good, existence without it was impossible.—*Horace G. Lunt in "Current Trends in Linguistics."*

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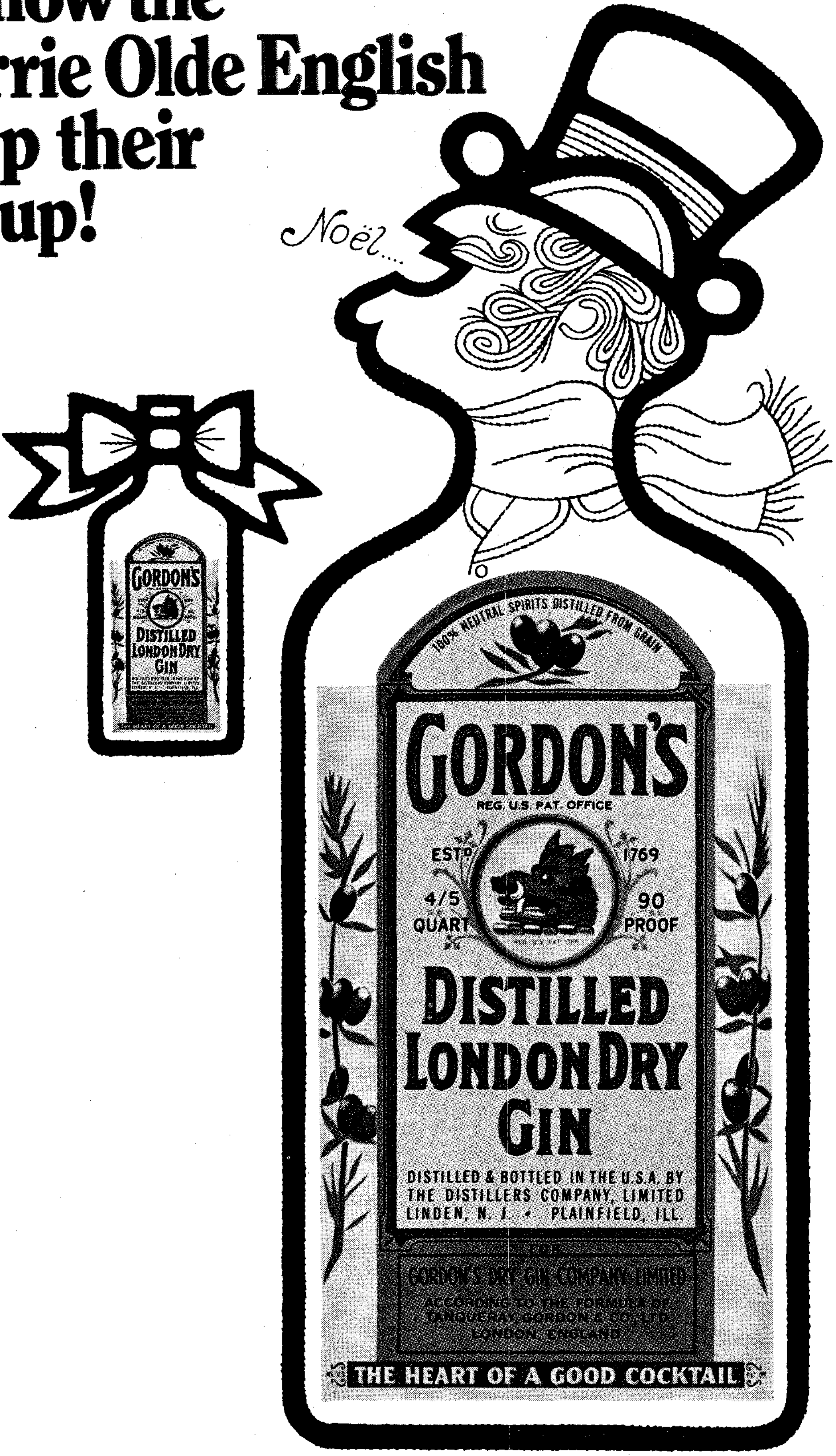
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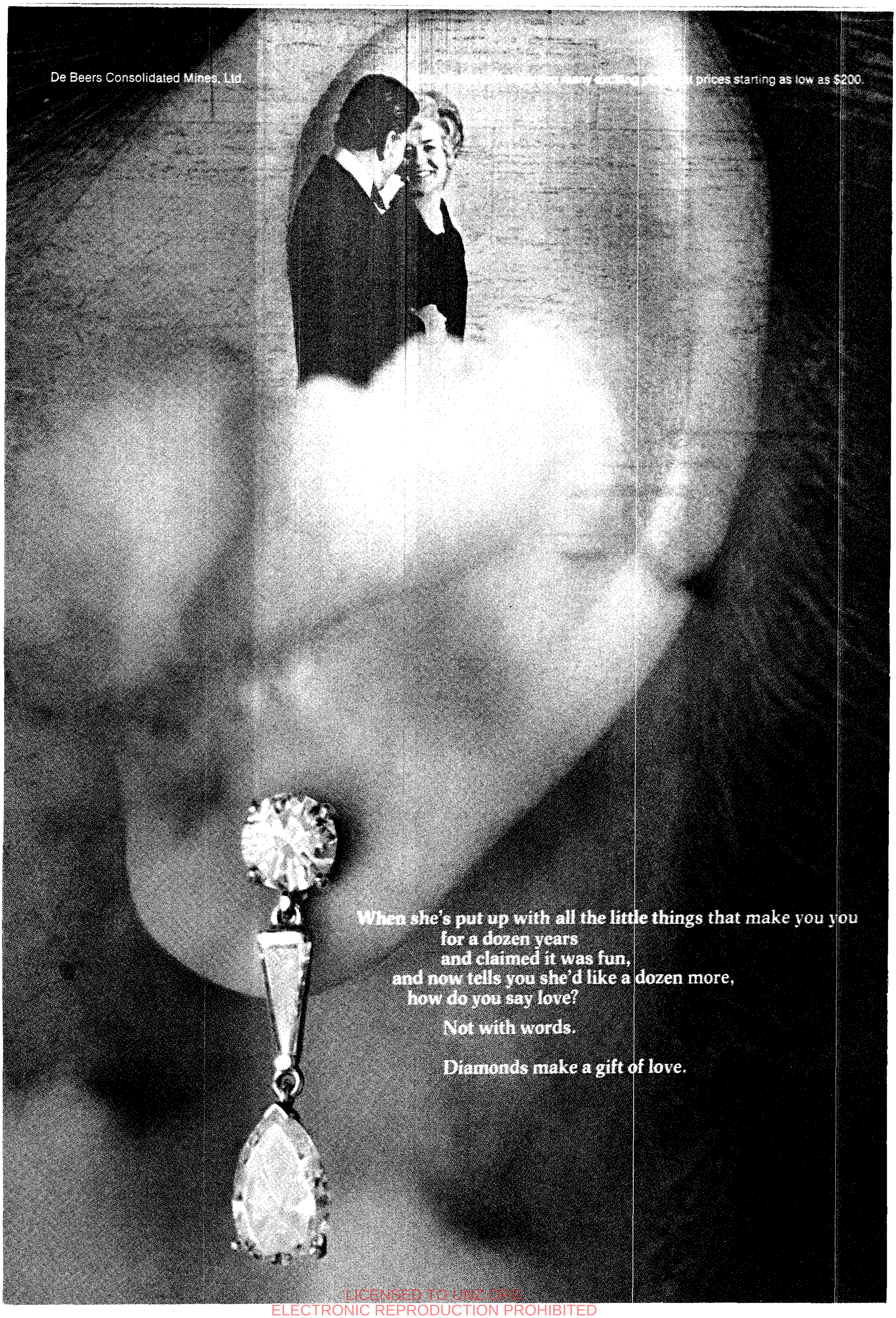

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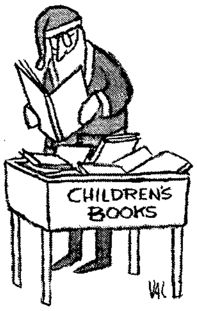
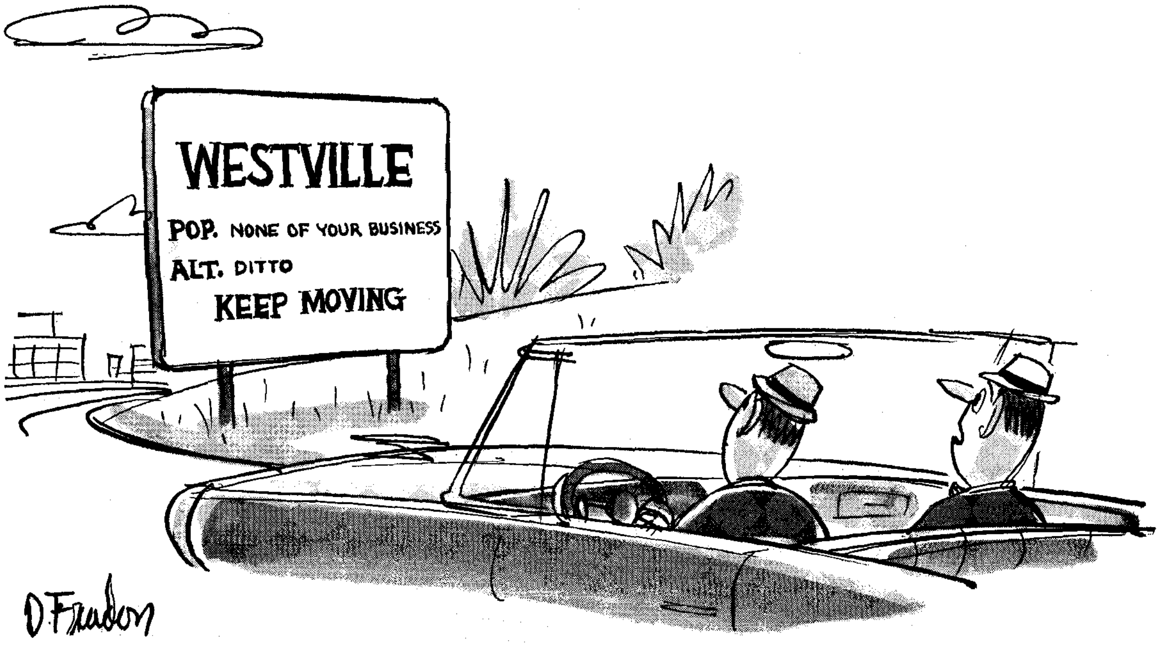
BOOKS

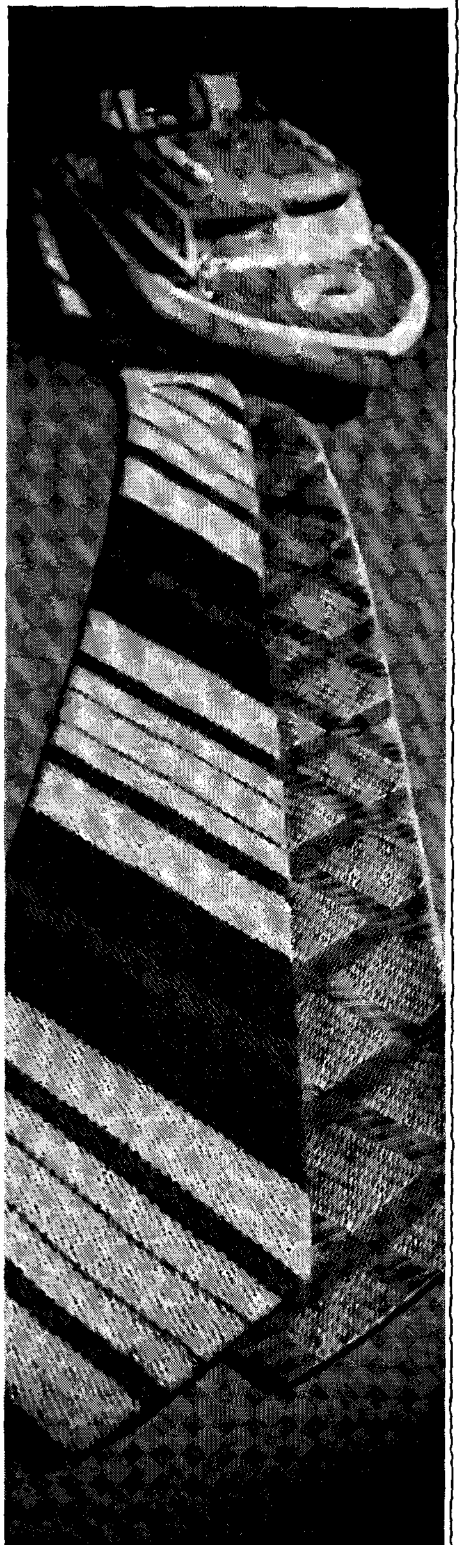
Children's Books for Christmas



ONCE again, the yield of picture books for small children is a bumper crop, and on the whole they are so eye-catching and exuberant that the Christmas shopper will be hard put to it to choose among them. The most spectacular in the season's cornucopia is the big, expensive ($9.95) reissue of "Pinocchio" (Macmillan), with Attilio Mussino's crisp, kinetic illustrations of the four-flushers and blackguards and ministering angels who people the world of the perky, fibbing, hedonistic marionette. Some children, I am told by protective young mothers, will be unnerved by this heady brew of slapstick and mayhem and nearly excruciating suspense, and will accept unquestioningly the awful consequences of Pinocchio's torts and misdemeanors, of which they themselves, in varying degrees, are often guilty. When he tells lies, his nose grows prodigiously long; when he refuses to take his medicine (having caught cold through his own silly fault), four black rabbits come to fetch him away in a coffin. However, the heart within the imp is so gentle and so good that reprieve arrives always in the nick of time: a thousand woodpeckers fly in out of the blue to shorten his nose when he has demonstrated his remorse, and the undertakers disappear as soon as he drinks down his cough mixture. The jumpy mothers' argument is that although Pinocchio is made of a piece of common firewood and his clothes are paper and his hat is a scrap of bread, he behaves like a boy—and, indeed, eventually becomes one. (I was never convinced by that metamorphosis, and I didn't like it.) And this sort of anthropomorphism, they say, is disconcertingly real, whereas stories whose protagonists are lions or donkeys or water rats are too remote from possibility, even though the creatures' experiences and speech are human, to be disturbing: the child will marvel at the magic but will not be unseated by the mishaps that befall a quadruped. Still, I imagine that for every gullible child who swallows the stiff morals in "Pinocchio" there will be fifty others who will miss them altogether and will be delighted with the spanking pace of his adventures and his hairbreadth getaways from the clutches of assassins, from the frying pan of an ogre who mistakes him for a fish, from the coils of an immense green serpent whose tail smokes like a chimney. Tom Thumb, who also reappears this year, could by the same token distress chameleonoid children, since he, despite his minuscule size, is a genuine specimen of *Homo sapiens*. But again it seems likely that the reader will be less involved in Tom's claustrophobia when he falls into a pudding or is gulped down by a fish than in his cavalier mouseback riding and his rise to illustrious knighthood in King Arthur's court. Barry Wilkinson, who illustrated "The Diverting Adventures of Tom Thumb" (Harcourt, Brace & World), offers as well a new "Puss in Boots" (World), and to both of these short and sweet old tales he brings a bright buoyancy of color and line that imparts a blithe airiness to every page. Among the many other refurbished standbys are several selections from Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense," the most Learlike being "The Dong with a Luminous Nose" (Young Scott Books) as interpreted by Edward Gorey. Yearning for his lost Jumbly girl with the sky-blue hands and the sea-green hair, the Dong wanders by night on the dismal Gromboolian Plain, his way lighted by the wondrous lamp he has contrived to fit over his nose. Mr. Gorey's Plain and the Hills of the Chankly Bore are as sad as a train whistle in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere, and his Dong is as lorn and quizzical as can be. Some years ago, Barbara Cooney made the pictures for Francis Steegmuller's winsome translation of Lear's "The Owl and the Pussycat" into French ("Le Hibou et la Poussiquette"), and now the English text is out (published by Little, Brown) with the same beguiling studies of the lovers at sea in their pea-green boat (the seductive cat lies sunning on deck with a high-crowned straw hat over her eyes, while the owl, in a skipper's uniform, scans the horizon through businesslike binoculars) and their wedding breakfast of mince and quince. Surely there is no more peaceful idyl of romantic love in all of literature. For his versions of "The Pobble Who Has No Toes" and "Calico Pie" (both Follett), Dale Maxey uses great splashes of showy color and outlines them in black, and the effect, though it is attractive, is too noisy and haphazard for Lear's idiosyncrasies: gleeful as Lear's prodigies are, they rollick at a trot rather



"There's a sick community!"



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than a gallop, and they are never *en déshabillé*. Kipling's wild animals, on the other hand, are a rough-and-tumble lot, with a sassy mode of address, and they lend themselves to bold treatment. Ulla Kampmann's bulky and flamboyant collages for "The Elephant's Child" (Follett) are admirably suited to the instructive legend of how the elephant got his trunk when his nose was pulled by a crocodile on the banks of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River all set about with fever trees. This sampling of "Just So Stories" made me wish for more, although I remember my embarrassment at the iterative salutation "O Best Beloved"—as invasive, I felt, as "Dear Reader."

The modernization of children's classics is a risky undertaking, and more often than not is as ersatz as a plastic Christmas tree. "The City and Country Mother Goose" (American Heritage), illustrated by Hilde Hoffmann, knocks down and tramples on the images that the rhymes traditionally conjure up: the silver bells and cockleshells of Mary's garden grow on the dividing island in a city street abounding in brimful garbage pails, scavenging cats, down-at-heel mothers holding howling babies, and idlers, quite possibly stoned on booze or dope, lounging on stoops. If this is an appeal for urban renewal, it does not strike me squarely between the eyes. The pease porridge in the travesty is being bolted at a picnic table in a public campground by a family of the species *Boobus americanus*, and the nature of the little star twinkling up above the world so high is being contemplated by a pair of shaggy, cretinous hippies at ease against the side of a trailer, their guitar momentarily stilled—only momentarily, however, one is sure, because from the look of them they are the sort who do not observe quiet hours. The humor of substituting cranes and skyscrapers for castles and daisy fields is too esoteric for me, but the dead-end kids may like it. "And So My Garden Grows" (Mother Goose Library), by Peter Spier, is quite acceptable to my old-fangled crotchets; in delicate and richly detailed pictures and with appropriate nursery rhymes, it traces the wanderings of two nineteenth-century children from their Florentine slum through the splendid gardens of villas where fountains play and peacocks strut among statues, into a courtyard in a walled medieval city, through vineyards and olive groves, and along the Via Appia Antica. The buildings and gardens were sketched on the spot, and in an explanatory note Mr. Spier gives the location and the history of each one of them. Another reliable jingle—retold in prose and with a good many embellishments—is "Ladybug, Ladybug" (American Heritage), by Kathleen N. Daly and Susan Carlton Smith. The text is too fey for my taste (the word "tiny" recurs like the buzzing of a fly), but the drawings are altogether charming, and in a glossary each flower and weed and insect is identified by its common and its Latin name.

"The Wonderful Eggs of Furicchia" (World), by Anne Rockwell, are laid by a magical hen, and they have the power to heal the sick, to enrich the poor, to enlighten the stupid, and to beautify the plain—if, that is, the consumer has a good heart. An ugly woman whose heart is as black as sin comes a cropper when she tries to find the hen's secret; she turns into a big fat hen herself and her eggs hatch only mice. This is a medieval Italian story, and Miss Rockwell ornaments it handsomely with highly stylized illustrations suggestive of illuminations and tapestries; there is an especially pretty scene of an ailing donkey (who will be cured by a therapeutic egg) lying in a field of *millefleurs* populated by small birds and much larger butterflies. A brand-new miracle-working fowl this season is "Little Hatchy Hen" (Harcourt, Brace & World), the creation of James Flora; she can hatch automobile tires from rubber bands and an airplane from a kite and an old electric fan, and she achieves her zenith when she produces a companionable dinosaur from an egg a million years old. Standing out in the crowds of accomplished and helpful and merely amiable beasts are "Nanette the Hungry Pelican" (Rand McNally), by William Wise and Winifred Lubell, an obstreperous bird wearing a heart-shaped locket who gobbles dow towels and jam and garden hose bu makes up for her gluttony by thwarting a pair of jewel robbers, and "Lovabl Lyle" (Houghton Mifflin), by Bernard Waber, a full-grown crocodile resident in a New York City brown stone, who receives poison-pen letter from a squeamish little girl until h rescues her from drowning, where upon she changes her tune. Anatole the hero of "Anatole and the Thirt Thieves" (McGraw-Hill), by Ev

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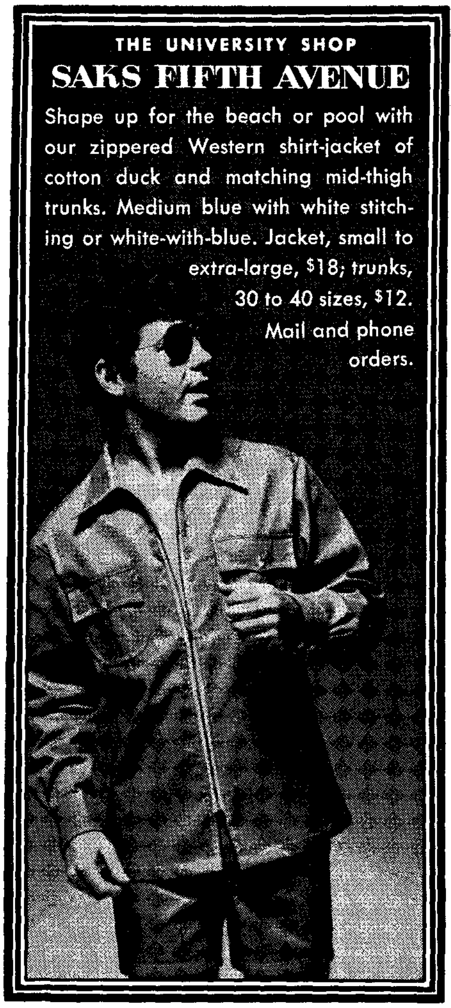

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Titus and Paul Galdone, is a beret-wearing mouse employed as chief taster in a cheese factory, and he is honored by having a merchant vessel named after him when he uncovers a ring of crooks smuggling cheese out of France to America; one assumes the contraband is unpasteurized and is intended for a discriminating if law-breaking clientele. I am especially fond of William Steig's donkey named Sylvester ("Sylvester and the Magic Pebble," published by Simon & Schuster), who through misadventure is turned into a stone and remains in this unhappy condition from a summer day (in the winter, he is snowed on, and a woeful wolf uses him as a podium from which to howl) until the following spring, but is depetrified and restored to his parents just as they have laid out their picnic lunch of pickled oats and timothy compote on the stone that they never dream is their own son. Sylvester's father is a studious-looking fellow in eyeglasses, and sometimes his mother wears a raffish bandanna around her neck, taking years off her age. They are a nice family—the sort who would make good neighbors. An alligator named Alexander, sharing the menage of an Old Lady with a yak, a Brindle London Squatting Cat, and a Magical Mouse, saves a town from inundation in "Alexander and the Magic Mouse" (American Heritage), by Martha Sanders and Philippe Fix. And in "The Lion's Eyeglasses" (Coward-McCann), by Charles Vildrac and Noelle Lavaivre, a host of beasts, some overweening and some altruistic, hinder or help their aging and myopic King, the Lion himself, when he mislays his spectacles, without which he cannot see to hunt; the day is saved by the valet, a small, smart capuchin monkey.

Four-footed and feathered friends are not the only ones vested these days with virtue and talent. Ralph Steadman commends "The Little Red Computer" (McGraw-Hill), a backward machine who flunks out of school because he (possessing a soul, the computer must have an animate gender) can't do arithmetic. He is chucked into a field as rubbish, but before his disintegration is complete and his machinery is silenced forever he is found by scientists, to be programmed with such worthy if poetic information ("If you should go to the brightest star in the southern sky beyond the Little Heaven where stars are born and blossom like flowers . . .") about outer space that he is installed in a rocket ship to lead an expedition to the moon. All going to show, perhaps with a del-

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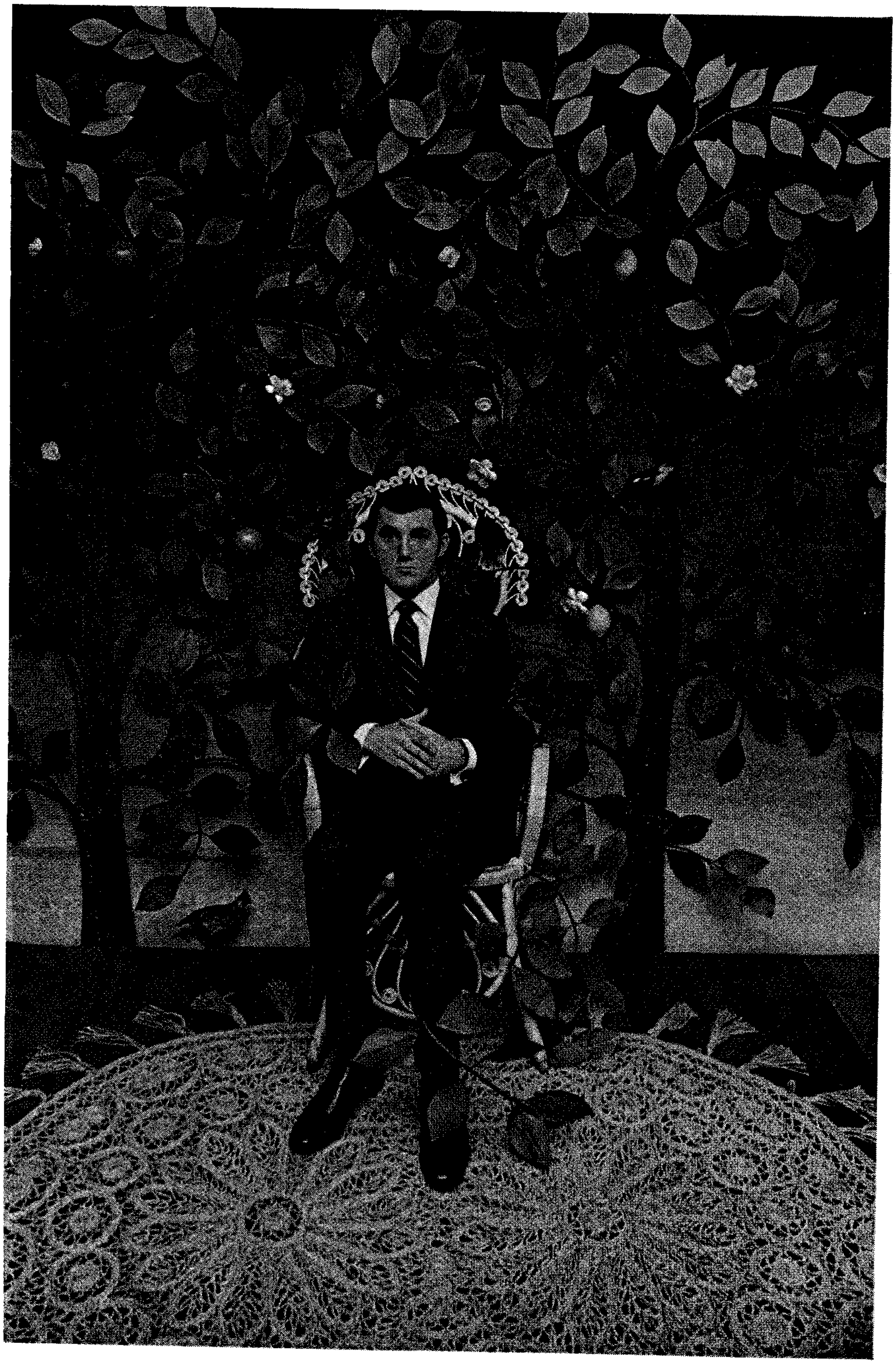

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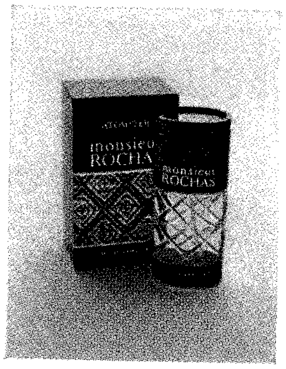

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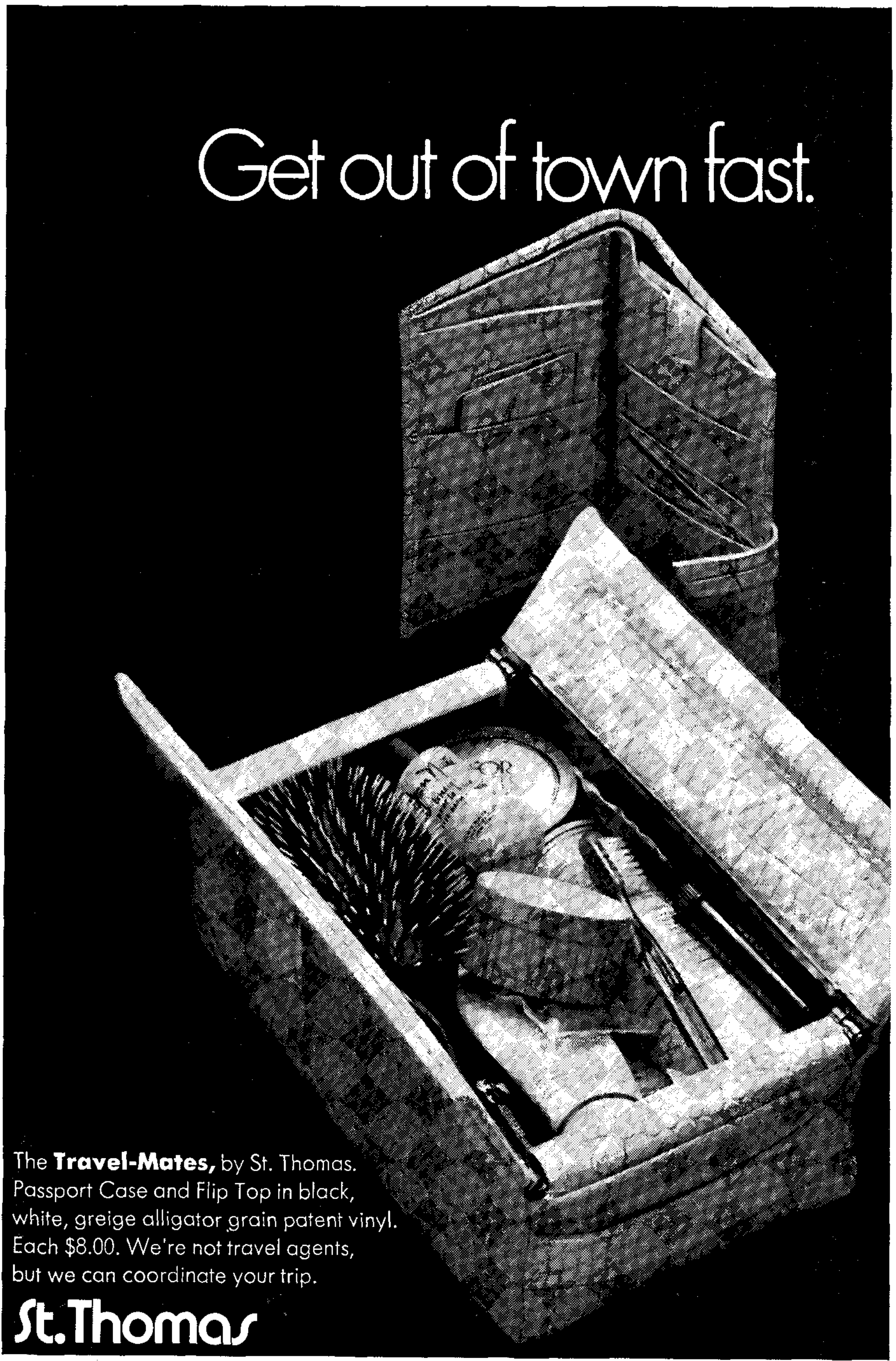
eterious effect on the nursery set, that a dropout can rise in the world if he is charming.

Old-fashioned as little boys may seem in this bizarre parade of mummers, there are two I particularly like. Robert Bright's "Gregory" (Doubleday), "the noisiest and strongest boy in Grangers Grove," is a practicing Baron Münchausen who can ride the huffiest honey bear for miles around, can push the most immovable mule in the county up hill and down dale, can rob an eagle's nest without half trying, and, far from being out of breath, can holler at the top of his lungs as he cuts all these capers before breakfast; Walker, of "Walker, the Witch, and the Striped Flying Saucer" (Little, Brown), by James Stevenson, tells Jane, with becoming diffidence (not entirely sure that she will believe his recital) of what happened when a witch woke him up out of a sound sleep and set him searching for a flying saucer striped like his pajamas: the U.F.O. was manned by a hospitable gent smoking a long cigar and sitting on the porch of his Victorian house, which perched, along with "a lot of groovy stuff" (the stuff includes a biplane, which Walker flies as easy as pie) on top of the saucer.

A parent with a beautiful voice and with children susceptible to music could spellbind an audience with "A Child's Christmas in Wales" (New Directions), Dylan Thomas's haunting, wry evocation of boyhood Christmases that were so alike that "I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six." The uncles sat in the parlor trying their new cigars while "some few small aunts, not wanted in the kitchen, nor anywhere else for that matter, sat on the very edges of their chairs, poised and brittle, afraid to break, like faded cups and saucers." The houses were warm in the snow; "mistletoe hung from the gas brackets in all the front parlors; there was sherry and walnuts and bottled beer and crackers by the dessert-spoons; and cats in their fur-abouts watched the fires." These uncles without their collars and these aunts in their festive fichus and the self-indulgent cats ("fur-abouts"! What sumptuous attire!) are shown in masterly wood engravings by Fritz Eichenberg; the texture of the engravings has an almost tactile vibrancy.

A most happy Christmas choice for a family of several children would be "Savez-Vous Planter les Choux?" (World), a collection of French songs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put together and illustrated by Anne Rockwell. This is marked by the same gaiety and clarity that distinguish her "Wonderful Eggs of Furicchia." There are scores, and there is an English trot for the ignoramuses who still do not know French.

TO judge by the confidence with which publishers annually bring them out, legends, fairy tales, and folklore are still staples among the children who have learned to read to themselves and who are no longer dependent on pictures to show them the difference between the Old Lady and her Brindle Cat or the heron and the hedgehog. Handsome as they often are, and readable and interesting as studies in comparative culture, it seems unlikely that many of these collections are found under the tree on Christmas morning; world-travelling great-aunts, in the hope of capturing the attention of their young kinsmen, might supplement their own reminiscences of days ashore in exotic lands with "The Serpent Prince" (World), tales from northeastern Thailand, told by Kermit Krueger, or "The Ramayana" (William R. Scott), Elizabeth Seeger's version of the Hindu epic, with gorgeous illustrations, after the manner of Persian miniatures, by Gordon Laite. A good school library should be stocked with these Oriental classics and with those from ancient Greece and Rome, from chivalric times ("The Knight of the Cart," Lancelot's rescue of Guinevere from Sir Malagant, is pleasingly retold by Constance Hieatt and published by Crowell), and from pre-Columbian America; the reliquaries of the British Isles, the Slavic countries, Scandinavia should be available as collateral reading for classes in history and geography. "Wordhoard" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), for example, a group of Anglo-Saxon stories gathered by Jill Paton Walsh and Kevin Crossley-Holland, would be an admirable accompaniment to lessons in the history of England from the end of the Roman occupation to the Norman conquest—a murky and chaotic time, so unfamiliar to almost everyone but scholars that it is hard to bring to life. The tangibles in the lives of the British aborigines—their clothes and dwellings, their methods of farming and fishing, their styles of warfare and amusement—must be laboriously reconstructed, and even then they are wanting in recognizable pictorial detail. The editors do what they can, but their stories do not quite waken from their archaic slumber. Less weighty, but also more suitable for school than for extracurricular fun, is "Hero Tales from the Age of Chivalry" (World), retold from the Froissart Chronicles by Grant Uden; this is a first-rate selection of battles and tournaments of the fourteenth century, and it lends animation to the Hundred Years' War.

Aficionados of a certain genre will probably be delighted to find the same story, with somewhat different props, appearing miles and miles and even continents apart. In Funk & Wagnalls' "Russian Folk Tales," translated by Natalie Duddington (one of the liveliest of the collections), we read of Marya, a downtrodden child with a cruel stepmother. Marya would famish on her measly ration of black bread if she did not feast like a princess every day when she climbs into the right ear of a brown cow and out the other to find a delicious meal laid out on the grass for her. In Kenya, her counterpart appears in "African Folk Tales" (Funk & Wagnalls again)—Nyambura, similarly abused by a stepmother but spared starvation through the largesse of a black cow, who feeds her milk and porridge and fine honey in a calabash. In Africa, the spinning of tales often goes on all night and sometimes into the next day, the speakers and audience taking time out only to wet their whistles. In the uncomplicated times before the territorial imperative had been invented, hyenas and partridges, hares and baboons and men all spoke the same language and lived in much the same way. Jessie Alford Nunn, in her introduction to "African Folk Tales," relates the story of a young cockerel who was sent from a settlement of fowls to borrow coals from a farmer who lived in a house nearby; the industrious chickens had been so busy harvesting their maize that they had not properly banked their fires and had no way to cook their dinner. The young emissary was invited to have a bite of roasted locust and corn-meal mush at the family table; neighbors dropped in, the tall tales began, beer was brought round, and in no time at all the cock was so engrossed and relaxed that he forgot his errand altogether, and, what with breakfast and a long nap and supper and more beer and more storytelling through the next night, he never did go home, and with a nubile hen who

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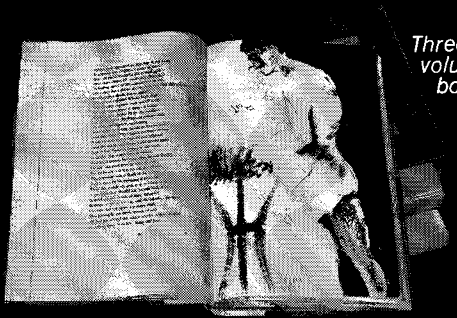

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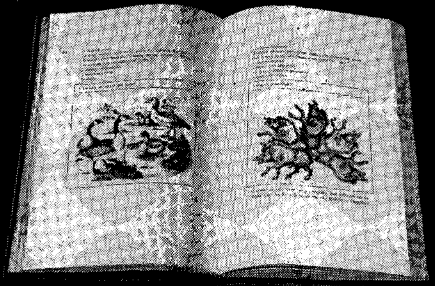

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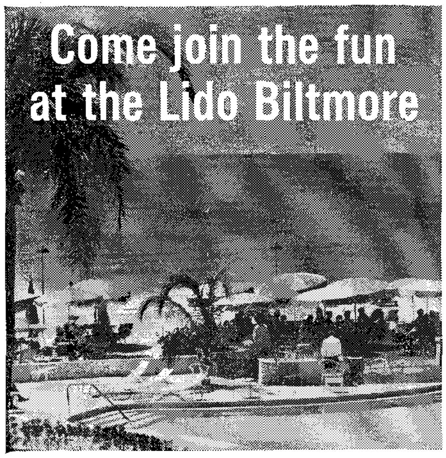

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had been sent to look for him he established a dynasty, and thus it is that chickens live with man.

Nearly all these collections concentrate on one country or one period of history, and it is a relief to come on a catholic anthology, "The Curse of the Dragon's Gold" (Doubleday), by Jacynth Hope-Simpson, who has chosen to retell, in contemporary idiom, twenty favorites from Greece and Rome, Egypt, France, Germany, and Great Britain. "The Disgraceful Baby" is a joyous story of Hermes' plaguing of Apollo; Hermes, a babe in arms, prefers red meat to his mother's milk and steals the sun god's oxen, which he slaughters and roasts over a great fire he has cunningly made by rubbing two sticks between his pudgy baby hands. The love and sorrow of Tristan and Iseult are told with simple poignance in " 'In You My Death, in You My Life;' " the cannibalist Grendel and his mother are a stunningly nasty pair in "The Water-Monsters," and Beowulf's hand-to-hand engagements with them are cliff-hangers, first in Hrothgar's hall, where Grendel nightly drinks his fill of warriors' blood, and then in the noisome lair beneath the waters of the evil lake where the old lady vilely lives. Mrs. Hope-Simpson's manner is so self-possessed and good-natured, and her feeling for antiquities is so free and easy, that she does not clot her prose with crossword-puzzle words or hang up her narrative with condescending exposition. Also by Mrs. Hope-Simpson, and to be recommended, is "The Unknown Island" (Coward-McCann), the odyssey of an Athenian boy to Syracuse and his emergence from his parochial cocoon into a surprisingly different world when he takes up with a Sicilian peasant boy whose gods are strange, whose Greek is barbaric, and whose country has a hot and somnolent air, but who is, when these regional appurtenances are stripped away, simply a reticent yet convivial red-haired boy.

Fiction written for those just entering their teens falls into a handful of stereotypes. There are the historical novels, like "The Unknown Island" and "The Cow Neck Rebels" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by James Forman, in which the Battle of Long Island is fought again, before the eyes of two Scottish brothers who, having been brought up on the anti-British traditions of Rob Roy and Robert the Bruce and the mighty fallen at Culloden, come from Quebec to take up arms against the King. Faraway places are as attractive to the purveyors of juvenile liter-

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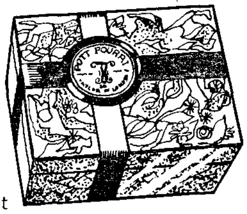

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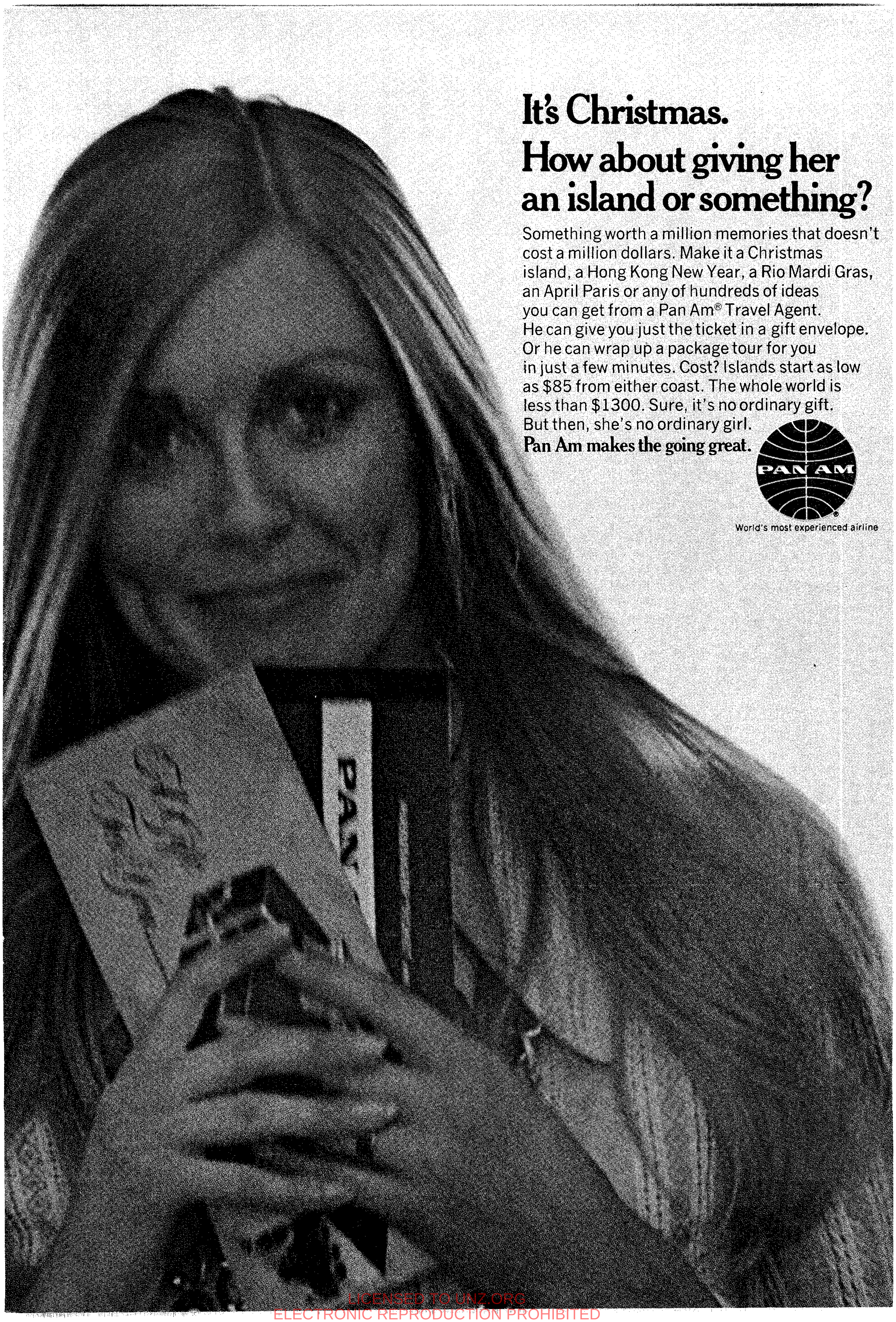

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Apart from the books about days of yore and yonder places, there are the novels of dislocation: a family (usually a large one) moves from the city to the country or vice versa, and in adjusting themselves to their new surroundings the children get their comeuppance from their new neighbors but end up being friends, or else they come upon artifacts left behind by the former inhabitants of the house or the farm that lead them through a sequence of adventures, often hair-raising, fetching them up finally at the solution of an old mystery or the discovery of treasure. Another variation on the dislocation theme is the dispatching, because of the divorce or deaths of their parents (it is surprising how many mothers and fathers of large fictional broods are so imprudent as to travel on the same plane), of children to live with relatives, or, if they are rich, to boarding school in Lausanne. Frequently, an object imbued with magical properties—a doll found in an antique store or a grandfather clock in an attic—reverses time and sets the children back into another century or projects them ahead to a time when people go for weekends to the moon. "Go to the Room of the Eyes" (Little, Brown), by Betty K. Erwin, removes the very agreeable Evans family from the country to a big old house in Seattle; built in numerous styles, it is a conglomerate of pillars and balconies, bay windows and turrets, and it has a ballroom that even in its dereliction of peeling paint and fissured plaster and rotting floorboards testifies to grand and giddy parties held there long ago when the Stanhopes owned the house. Almost at once, Susan, the oldest of the six children, comes across the first of a series of enigmatic clues that send them poking and prying into every spooky nook and cranny of the eccentric place, not

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knowing what it is they are looking for but obedient to the conundrums they find on scraps of paper as they arrive at each new stage of the treasure hunt. They are told finally, "Ask Fred to bring the key." Fred is a toy bear left over from the Stanhopes' tenure (which coincides with the Cleveland Administration or thereabouts), but, as the children learn, the toy was the namesake of a gardener in the employ of the family and so beloved by them that he stood to inherit when the patriarch Stanhope died. After a ruckus with his wife, Fred went sulking off to Alaska before he could realize his expectations. These, in the form of stock certificates tucked away in a black box in a walled-up room, are what the persevering Evans children find. Moreover, they can return the small fortune to its rightful owner, since the gardener's grandson, also named Fred, has insinuated himself into their lives. Jody Evans, who is seven, is one of the least offensive mathematical geniuses one is likely to encounter; the baby, Dinky, does not talk baby-talk; and the supernumerary characters, including a policeman dressed up like a nurse to lure muggers, are all reasonable and unembarrassingly droll. Even better in this category is "The Runaway Summer" (Lippincott), by Nina Bawden, and it is, indeed, so good that with luck it could last through several generations. Mary's parents are getting a divorce and she has been farmed out to her grandfather and her Aunt Alice, a well-intentioned woman but one whose chin is lightly bristled and who habitually and exasperatingly says things like "Between you and me and the gatepost" and "Tell it not in Gath." Mary, eleven, a reader of Dickens, is outraged by everything in her life—by porridge and woollen vests and loneliness and Aunt Alice's silliness; she does not miss her parents (they wrangled over bills at breakfast), but she misses Noakes, her half-blind, disreputable, bad-tempered cat. She is outspokenly wrathful and gives everyone pieces of her mind with talented spite, makes dreadful faces at old ladies, and shocks small children by loudly saying "Damn!" Impelled by her misery and spleen, she determines to do something really wicked, but her first and only felony, the theft of two Crunchie Bars, sets her forth on so complicated and absorbing an adventure that she forgets her nebulous plans to be a bank bandit or an axe murderer and instead, with a pleasant lad named Simon, becomes the savior and guardian of a kidnapped boy from India, the child of a family important in diplomatic circles. The plot is ingenious, the landscapes and the sensations and the fraudulence and the generosity of childhood are perfectly immediate and perfectly authentic, but it is Mary who carries off top honors, managing with wonderful invisible legerdemain to be quite as entertaining when she becomes a tractable little girl as she was when she was an ornery minx.

"Lady Jane," by Mrs. C. W. Jamison, first published in *St. Nicholas* in 1891, has been reissued by the Delacorte Press. It is a period piece representative of the sort of story I've been talking about. Lady Jane, as pretty as a picture, with pure-gold hair and blue-violet eyes, is orphaned at the age of five and falls into the hands of an unscrupulous Creole *blanchisseuse de fin* in New Orleans. Underhanded and thieving as Mme. Jozain is, she is not a patch on her rascally son, but, through lucky accidents and true-blue friends and a nobility of spirit that is well nigh holy, Lady Jane survives the skulduggery of this pair and is in good time reunited with her rich grandfather. As a tear-jerker, this is a jim-dandy. I loved it.

If it were possible, I would invoke a merciful censor to obliterate from memory the plethora of up-to-date novels that aim to face candidly the problems besetting "young adults," who in their time, unless the vernacular undergoes a radical change for the better, will become "senior citizens." Although my experience with this denomination is limited, I cannot believe that all people between the ages of fifteen and seventeen are as prurient, mendacious, self-serving, and chicken or, to turn the coin over, as judicious, civic-minded, and priggish as they are made out to be by the perpetrators of these unwholesome tracts. The improbable characters who shuffle and snuffle and sneak through these pages are so preoccupied with palaver about sex that they have no time to daydream about love; they are so reliant on the term "generation gap" to explain and excuse all melancholy and indolence and irascibility (what was known as "growing pains" before the generation-gap syndrome sprang into being) that they are unable to grow into a personality—or, to stick to the current lingo, "a life style." And whether they are crippled with ennui or the condi-

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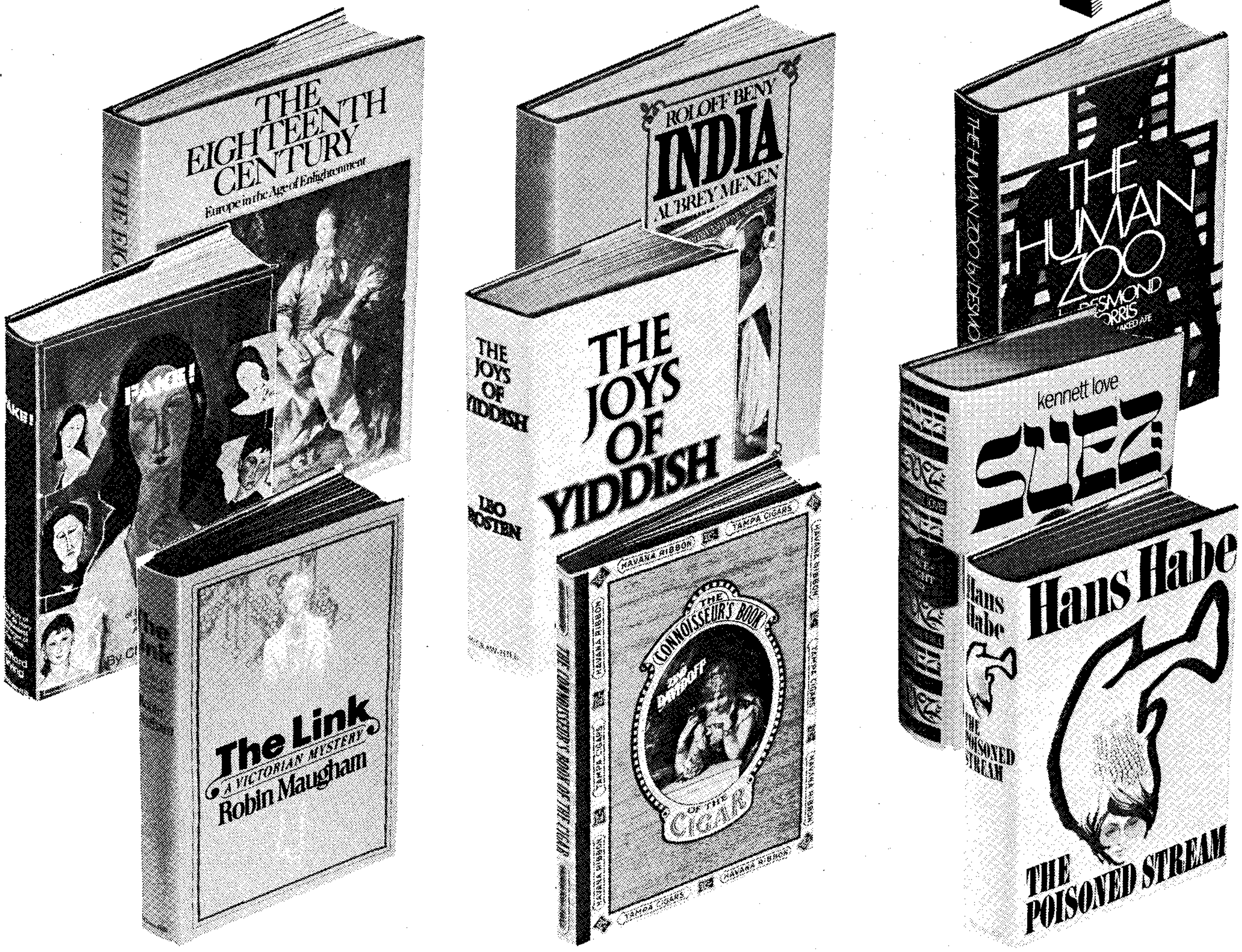
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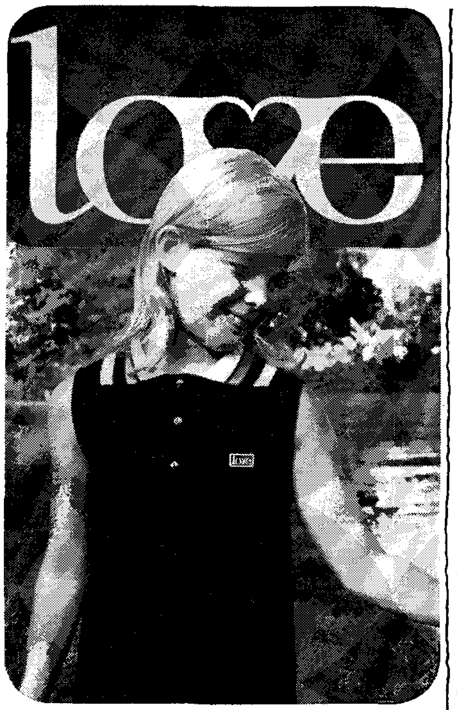

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tion known as "cool" or are aflame with protest, they are indistinguishable from one another and they are all bores. The randiness of these books, written in the manner of true confessions, is too sodden to be dangerous, but trees should not be cut down to furnish the pulp on which they are printed.

Fortunately, literate readers will pass such matter by and proceed directly from "The Runaway Summer" or "Go to the Room of the Eyes" to respectable writing that has not been tailored to suit any age in particular. Like Miss Bawden's crosspatch Mary, they will take up Dickens or Thomas Hardy or Dumas. This year, there are several very good anthologies of short stories to please palates that are beginning to be worldly. In her introduction to "Voices from France: Ten Stories by French Nobel Prize Winners" (Doubleday), Miriam Morton speaks of the "vital relevance" of these stories today, for they "evoke compassion and wonder, and occasionally laughter, at the contradictions, the ironies, the absurdities, and the neuroticism universally common to the human condition." She adds, as if on second thought, "In fact, one finds an astounding contemporaneity among all the world's great writers." Both statements, naturally, are true, but the first, while it is only an elaboration of the second, could be misleading, since "relevant" could be construed as "timely" or "topical." "The Guest," by Camus, achieves its power through its very timelessness; bare of detail and innocent of explication, it is a parable of unrewarded and self-sustaining integrity and of absurdity, the Lucretian random element in the universe. "The Immaculate Arlésiennes" and "The Complaint of the Bulls of the Camargue," both by Frédéric Mistral, are rowdily radiant pieces of Provençal folklore that have nothing to do with campus unrest or race riots, and Anatole France's "Putois" is a delighting lesson in how a fabrication can, when well documented, acquire an uncontrovertible reality; in this case, Putois is an imaginary gardener with no substance in fact but his name, yet he comes to be so well known as a thief and an idler and a drunk and the seducer of eleven thousand maidens that even a newspaper takes him to task, describing his Neanderthal visage and his tatterdemalion clothes. In "Pierre and Luce," an excerpt from the novel by Romain Rolland, a young man of the nineteen-sixties could most certainly recognize his image, for

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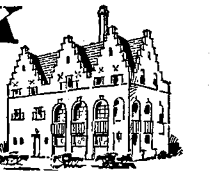

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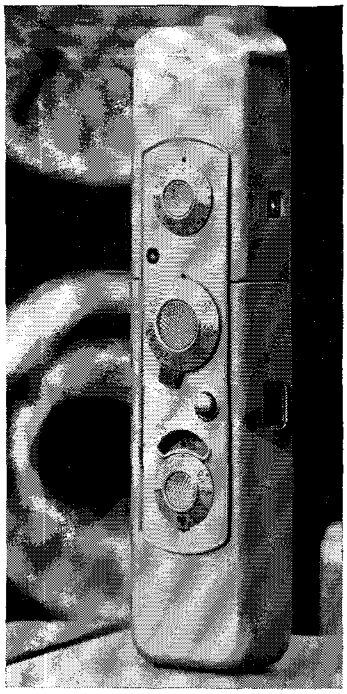
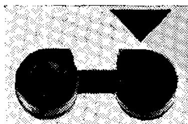
Pierre, eighteen years old in 1918, has been called up to serve in the Army, and, angry and bewildered, he broods thus: "But what sense does the world and its anguish make to a youth? If he is sincere and sane, how can he interest himself in the gory squabbles of nations poised head to head like stupid rams on the edge of an abyss in which they are both going to wind up?" My objection to Miss Morton's come-on in her introduction is the only one I have to this intelligently arranged garland, in which Gide, Sartre, Mauriac, and Martin du Gard are also represented.

In "Rogues' Gallery," edited by Walter Gibson, and "Shapes of the Supernatural" (both Doubleday), compiled by Seon Manley and Gogo Lewis, there is enough hallmarked murder and diabolism to keep anyone sleepless for nights on end. It is especially gratifying to find, in "Rogues' Gallery," Raffles, the gentleman burglar, back on the job in E. W. Hornung's "Nine Points of the Law," the piece of tomfoolery related by Raffles' associate, the bumbling, Watsonesque Bunny. Carter Dixon is here with a gem of a sealed-room mystery, "The Footprint in the Sky," the resolution of which calls up an image so preposterously comic that one wishes it could be transcribed to the screen with Jacques Tati in the role of the villain. Hercule Poirot, Agatha Christie's infallible sleuth, with his fastidiousness of person and his macaronic speech, handily undoes the machinations of kidnappers in "At the Stroke of Twelve." Other superbly constructed thrillers are by Vincent Starrett, John D. MacDonald, and Raymond Chandler. Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Lewis have chosen for "Shapes of the Supernatural" ten stories from the nineteenth century and ten from the twentieth, printing them in pairs to indicate the continuity as well as the differences in notions about the preternatural, from werewolves and vampires to the monstrosities that might conceivably arise in modern laboratories. "Mad Monkton," a masterpiece by Wilkie Collins, will serve as a good introduction to his longer works, and Fitz-James O'Brien's classic, "The Diamond Lens," should whet the appetite for more of this much neglected writer. The roster is an impressive one, including the names H. B. Marryat, Conan Doyle, Poe, Dickens, M. R. James, Hawthorne, H. G. Wells, and Hector Bolitho.

"A St. Nicholas Anthology" (Meredith Press), edited by Burton C. Frye, will appeal to teachers and to





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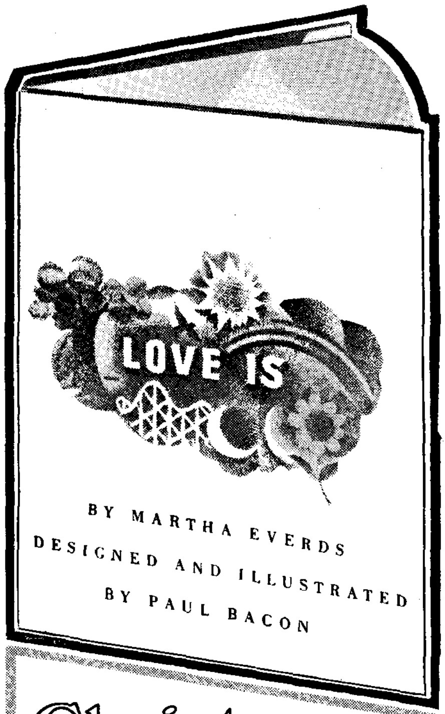
the rocking-chair set, who may recall the magazine from their childhood. No one can fail to be impressed by the list of the contributors to *St. Nicholas* from 1873 to 1915: Kipling, Louisa May Alcott, Howard Pyle, Emily Dickinson, Agnes Repplier, Bret Harte, Theodore Roosevelt, Sidney Lanier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Roosevelt's account of buffalo-hunting on the Brazos in the eighteen-eighties is an exciting and informative American heirloom, and one that may come as a surprise to generations accustomed to golf-playing presidents. "Personally," wrote Roosevelt, "I have but once been as long as twenty-six hours without water."

SOME of the best-written and best-designed books for the young from the age of six to sixteen or so are those on both the physical and the natural sciences. For small children, there are two series—Let's-Read-and-Find-Out-Science Books (Crowell) and Science I Can Read Books (Harper & Row)—which should be invaluable to parents who do not have ready answers to hard questions. Both series are likably illustrated, and most of the books have a simple story to sugar-coat the pills of facts—although the facts put forth are so interesting that they should be savored like candy. "What I Like About Toads," by Judy Hawes, and "My Visit to the Dinosaurs," by Aliki (both Crowell), are filled with awe-inspiring statistics: "One toad ate 86 house flies in ten minutes!" and a plant-eating dinosaur, Trachodon, "had 1,600 flat teeth to crush and grind its food." "Catch a Whale by the Tail" (Harper & Row), by Edward R. Ricciuti, tells of the journey of Roberta, a white whale, from her home in the North to a city aquarium, where she will be a playmate—and, in time, a wife—for Robert, the white whale already in residence. Geoffrey Moss has made entrancing pictures of the genial curators and keepers and the clowning whales to go with the sprightly text; when Robert goes down to the bottom of his pool, he "looks bumpy and saggy like a giant sweet potato. But when he comes up for air, Robert looks like a submarine—slim and smooth." Using the first person, R. L. Penney, in "The Penguins Are Coming!" (Harper & Row), tells of his trip to Antarctica to observe the courting of the Adelie penguins, which are not only monogamous but return for each nesting to the identical spot. The illustrations, by Tom Eaton, will inspire fledgling ornithologists to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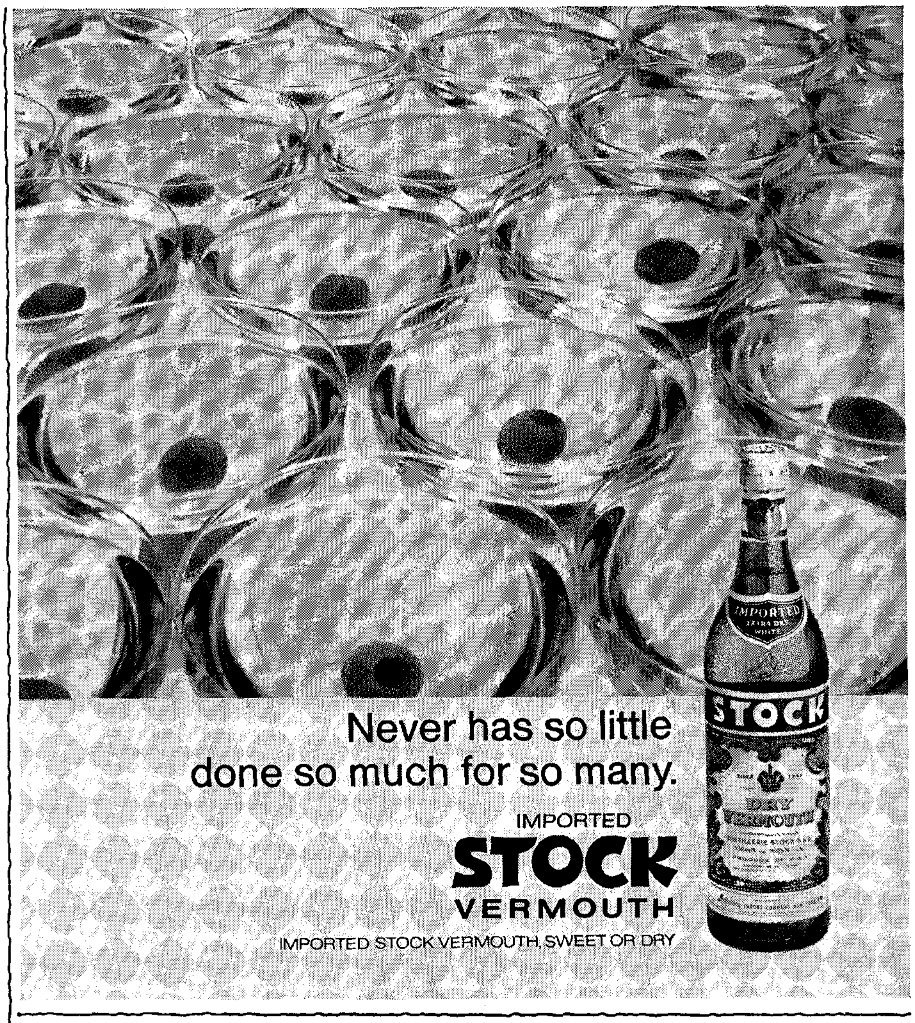
pack at once for the South Pole to see these queer birds in their formal, furlike feather suits. "Wolfie" (Harper & Row), by Janet Chenery, defines arachnids and specifically examines the habits of a wolf spider to which two little boys feed flies in the privacy of an unused doghouse. Ellsworth Rosen tells in rhyme what it is like "To Be a Bee" (Houghton Mifflin), and Teco Slagboom shows in pretty black-and-white drawings leaf-cutting bees and carpenter bees at work, the way combs are constructed, and the way hives are protected from marauding mice and wasps. Rosemary Wells and Susan Jeffers jocularly illustrate Charlotte Pomerantz's story in verse of Mendel's experiments with garden peas and his establishment of genetics—"Why You Look Like You Whereas I Tend to Look Like Me" (Young Scott Books).

For more advanced naturalists, "The Wonderful World of Life" (Doubleday), by Julian Huxley, lucidly discusses the complicated processes of evolution; "The Vital Process: Photosynthesis" (another Doubleday), by Jeffrey J. W. Baker, investigates the biological and chemical ways in which all living things get their food; and "Discovering the Outdoors" (Natural History Press), edited by Laurence P. Pringle, offers instructions on what to look for and compare and study in fields, forests, and ponds. Many other books are devoted to the rituals and habitats, the nourishment and styles of mating, of the bison and the bat, the elk and the raccoon, the pheasant and the roe deer, epiphytes and plankton.

Doubleday's Exploring Mathematics series is a wholly admirable collection for ten-year-olds; succinctly and attractively written by Arthur G. Razzell and K. G. O. Watts, "Circles and Curves," "A Question of Accuracy" (this one having to do with measurements), and "Three and the Shape of Three" are immaculately illustrated by Ellen Raskin. In something of the same spirit, "Have a Ball" (Prentice-Hall), by A. Harris Stone and Bertram M. Siegel, with drawings by Peter P. Plasencia, is an introduction to principles of physics. "The Attractive Universe" (World), by E. G. Valens and with photographs by Berenice Abbott, elucidates gravity and the shape of space. Two books by the prodigiously prolific Isaac Asimov, which trace the history of scientific thought from Thales to the twentieth century, are "Great Ideas of Science" (Houghton Mifflin) and "Twentieth Century Dis-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covery" (Doubleday). An engrossing fun-and-games book is "Puzzles, Patterns, and Pastimes from the World of Mathematics" (Doubleday), by Charles F. Linn, which includes posers from ancient Greece and Egypt.

If there are blasé minors on your list, do not despair, for there are plenty of esoterica to enliven jaded appetites:

"The Young Calligrapher" (Warne), by William C. Cartner.

"Silent Sentinels, the Story of Locks, Vaults, and Burglar Alarms" (Doubleday), by Robert Kraske.

"Men, Money, and Automobiles" (World), the story of the automobile industry, by Leonard M. Fanning.

"Our Noisy World, the Problem of Noise Pollution" (Doubleday), by John Gabriel Navarra.

"Around the World" and "Portraits of Greatness" (Barre), by Elizabeth and Klaus Gemming—two in a series called Learning Through Stamps.

"The Rock Revolution, What's Happening in Today's Music" (Crowell-Collier), by Arnold Shaw.

"Smokejumpers and Fire Divers" (Golden Gate Junior Books), by Terry Shannon and Charles Payzant, which has to do with firefighting in forests and harbors.

"Metal and Wire Sculpture" (Sterling), by Elmar Gruber.

"Clocks, from Shadow to Atom" (Follett), by Kathryn Kilby Borland and Helen Ross Speicher.

"Of Dikes and Windmills" (Doubleday), by Peter Spier.

Mothers with domestic little girls and no objection to having their kitchens messed up with honey will welcome "The Pooh Cook Book," written by Virginia H. Ellison, with appropriate illustrations by Ernest H. Shepard (Dutton) and with snippets of text from the Milne books. And fathers who have spent all their money on books for the children's stockings might well start their heirs on the path to breadwinning for the old folks by giving them "Stock Market abc" (Follett), by Joanne K. Friedlander and Jean Neal. —JEAN STAFFORD

•

INTELLECTUAL APATHY: The committee has repeatedly concerned itself with alleged intellectual apathy on campus and may prepare a report on this topic.—*Report of the General Scholastic Requirements Committee presented to the University Senate of the University of Connecticut.*

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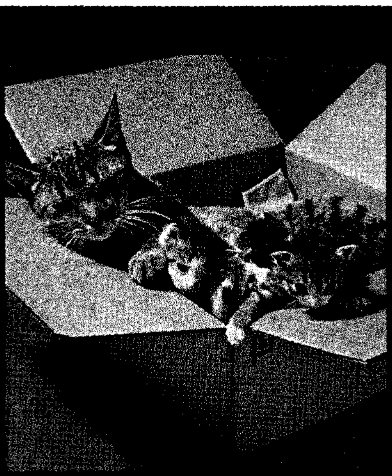
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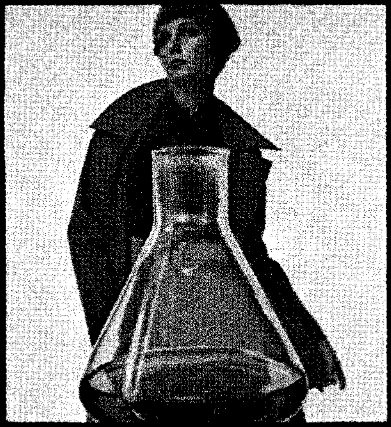
Chemicals: $245 million.

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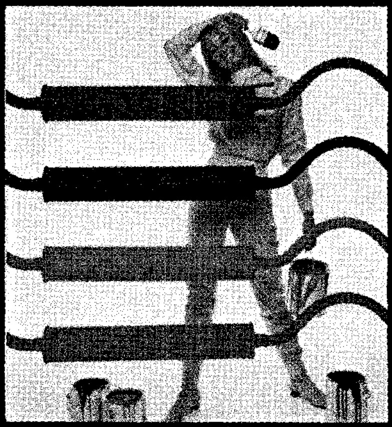
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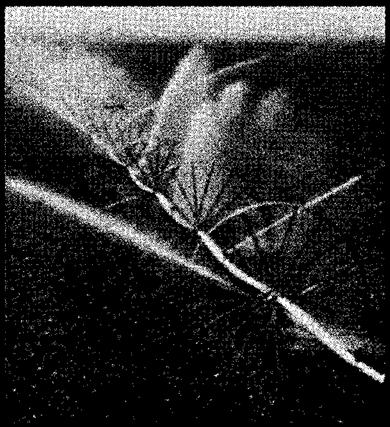
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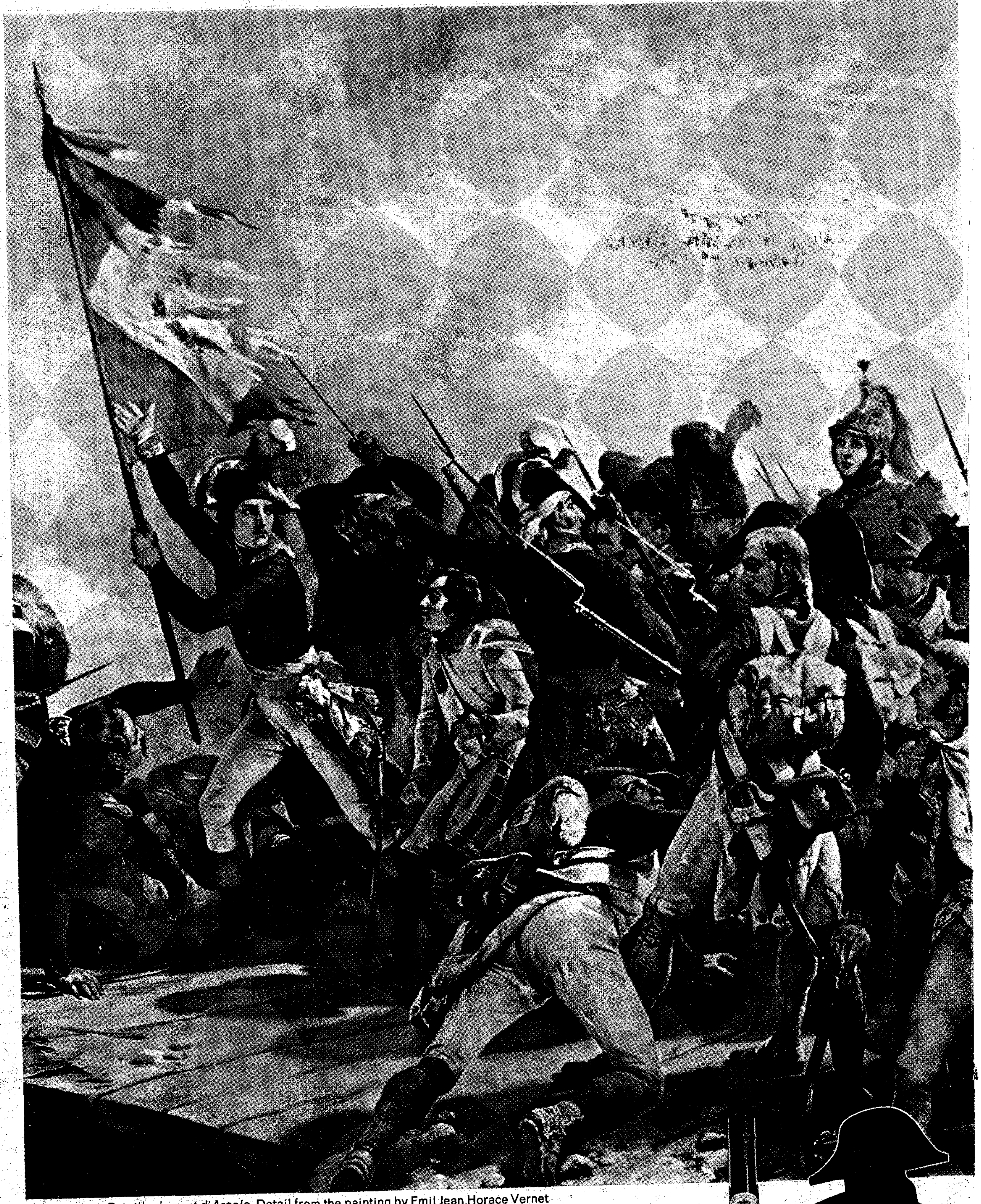

Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

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